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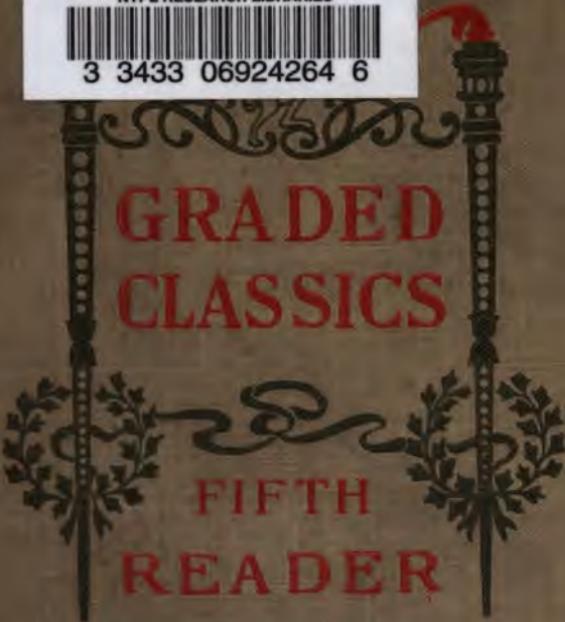
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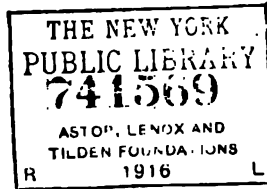


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Nello drawing the likeness of Alois and Patrasche, See p. 145.)





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1915



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A Prayer

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties.

Help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day; bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

FIFTH READER

DUTY

You must study to be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot: you would wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with anyone, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act and say nothing to the injury of anyone. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path to peace and honor.

For words marked * see vocabulary near the end of this book.

In regard to duty, let me in conclusion of this hasty letter inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as “the dark day”—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and, as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man’s mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more; you should never wish to do less. Never let your mother or me wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.

ROBERT E. LEE

(From a letter to his son, G. W. Custis Lee)

LAND OF THE SOUTH

Land of the South!—imperial land!—

How proud thy mountains rise,
How sweet thy scenes on every hand,
How fair thy covering skies!

But not for this, oh! not for these,

I love thy fields to roam;
Thou hast a dearer spell to me,—
Thou art my native home!

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth,
Unequalled, to the sea;

Thy hill and valleys bloom with health,
And green with verdure be;

But not for thy proud ocean streams,
Not for thine azure dome,

Sweet, sunny South, I cling to thee,—
Thou art my native home!

I've stood beneath Italia's clime,
Beloved of tale and song,—

On 'Helvyn's hills, proud and sublime,
Where nature's wonders throng;

By 'Tempe's classic sunlit streams,
Where gods, of old, did roam:

But ne'er have found so fair a land
As thou, my native home!

Land of the South!—imperial land!—
 Then here's health to thee:
 Long as thy mountain barriers stand,
 May'st thou be blest and free!
 May dark dissension's banner ne'er
 Wave o'er thy fertile loam!
 But should it come, there's one will die,
 To save his native home!

A. B. MEEK

JACKSON'S PARTING WITH HIS OLD BRIGADE

Before leaving the army of the Potomac, Jackson took an affectionate farewell of the troops with whom he had been so long and so intimately associated. On the morning of the 4th of October, 1861, the gallant "Stonewall Brigade" was drawn up near its encampment at Centreville. All the regiments except the Fifth, which was on picket, were present. Drawn up in close columns, the officers and soldiers, who on the immortal 21st of July had won such glory under the guidance of their gallant general, stood with sad hearts and sorrowful countenances to bid him farewell, while thousands of troops from other parts of the army stood by in a respectful silence.

In a short time General Jackson, accompanied by his staff, left his quarters and rode slowly toward the brigade. He was received by them in silence. Until this

moment his appearance had never failed to draw from his men the most enthusiastic cheers; but now not a sound was heard. A deep and painful silence reigned over everything; every heart was full. And this silence was more eloquent than cheers could have been.

As they reached the center of the line, the staff halted, and the general rode forward slowly to within a few paces of his men. Then pausing, he gazed for a moment wistfully up and down the line. Beneath the calm, quiet exterior of the hero there throbbed a warm and generous heart, and this parting filled it with inexpressible pain. After a silence of a few moments, General Jackson turned to his men and addressed them as follows:—

“Officers and Soldiers of the First Brigade! I am not here to make a speech, but simply to say farewell. I first met you at Harper’s Ferry in the commencement of this war, and I cannot take leave of you without giving expression to my admiration of your conduct from that day to this, whether on the march, the bivouac, the tented field, or on the bloody plains of Manassas, where you gained the well-deserved reputation of having decided the fate of the battle. Throughout the broad extent of the country over which you have marched, by your respect for the rights and the property of citizens, you have shown that you were soldiers, not only to defend, but able and willing both to defend and protect. You have already gained a brilliant and deservedly high

reputation throughout the army of the whole Confederacy, and I trust, in the future, by your deeds on the field and by the assistance of the same kind Providence who has heretofore favored our cause, you will gain more victories and add additional luster to the reputation you now enjoy. You have already gained a proud position in the future history of this our second war of independence. I shall look with great anxiety to your future movements; and I trust, whenever I shall hear of the First Brigade on the field of battle, it will be of still nobler deeds achieved and higher reputation won."

Having uttered these words, Jackson paused for an instant, and his eye passed slowly along the line as though he wished thus to bid farewell individually to every old, familiar face, so often seen in the heat of battle and so dear to him. The thoughts which crowded upon him seemed more than he could bear—he could not leave them with such formal words only—and that iron lip, which had never trembled in the hour of deadliest peril, now quivered. Mastered by an uncontrollable impulse, the great soldier rose in his stirrups, threw the reins on the neck of his horse with an emphasis which sent a thrill through every heart, and, extending his arm, added in tones of the deepest feeling:—

"In the army of the Shenandoah you were the First Brigade! In the army of the Potomac you were the First Brigade! In the second corps of the army you are



"You are the first brigade in the affections of your General."

the First Brigade! You are the First Brigade in the affections of your general; and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed down to posterity as the First Brigade in this our second war of independence. Farewell!"

For a moment there was a pause, and then there arose cheer after cheer so wild and thrilling that the very heavens rang with them. Unable to bear calmly such affecting evidence of attachment, General Jackson hastily waved farewell to his men, and, gathering his reins, rode rapidly away.

CONFEDERATE SCRAPBOOK

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived or so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it

far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
 The soldier's last tattoo;
 No more on life's parade shall meet
 That brave and fallen few.
 On Fame's eternal camping ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And glory guards, with solemn round,
 The bivouac of the dead.

O'HARA

It would have been very odd if with such a farm and such a system of farming they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings the well-deserved nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with *him*. He *was* usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

A SUMMER SHOWER

Welcome, rain or tempest
From yon airy powers;
We have languished for them
Many sultry hours,
And earth is sick and wan, and pines with all her flowers.

What have they been doing
In the burning June?
Riding with the 'genii?
Visiting the moon?
Or sleeping on the ice amid an Arctic noon?

Bring they with them jewels
From the sunset lands?
What are these they scatter
With such lavish hands?
There are no brighter gems in 'Raolconda's sands.

Pattering on the gravel,
Dropping from the eaves,
Glancing on the grass, and
Tinkling on the leaves,
They flash the liquid pearls as flung from fairy sieves.

HENRY TIMROD





THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER; OR, THE
BLACK BROTHERS



IN a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was in old time a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward over the face of a crag so high, that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains,

and wound away through broad plains and past populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to everyone who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers called Schwartz, Hans and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men with overhanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you could not see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying *them*.

It would have been very odd if with such a farm and such a system of farming they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to 'mass; grumbled perpetually at paying 'tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings the well-deserved nickname of the "Black Brothers."

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Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an 'inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring 'mal-edictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door without the slightest regard.

It was drawing toward winter and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure when they have such a nice piece of mutton as this and nobody else has so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

“It must be the wind,” said Gluck; “nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door.”

No, it wasn’t the wind; there it came again very hard; and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky lashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four-feet-six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a “swallow tail,” but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in

calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another and a more energetic "concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with his mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door; I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir,—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman "petulantly. "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there, *blazing*, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with no-

body to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head so long out of the window by this time that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the 'savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the 'hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did not dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable. Never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching for a quarter of an hour the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor; "may I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But,—sir,—I'm very sorry," said Gluck hesitatingly; "but—really, sir,—you're—putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman humbly; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday nor to-day."

They surely couldn't miss just a little bit from the 'knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.


Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

"Amen!" said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible 'velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.



"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck deprecatingly, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but at the instant the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen without making it a drying house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

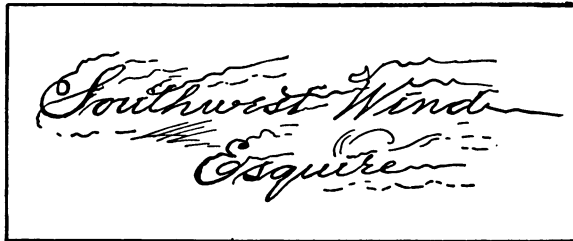
"Pray, gentlemen—"

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling); gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night

“Pray Heaven it may!” said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck’s little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:—





II



SOUTHWEST WIND, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend

with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

“Suppose we turn goldsmiths?” said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. “It is a good knave’s trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold without anyone’s finding it out.”

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the alehouse next door. So they melted all their gold without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water.

The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into and mixed with a beard

and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink from the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively v^raverred that once after emptying it full of v^rRhenish seventeen times he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the alehouse, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He v^rsauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains, which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day; and when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the

rocks of the mountain tops all crimson and purple with the sunset. There were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell in a waving column of pure gold from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear metallic voice close at his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he did not speak, but he could not help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what is that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la;" no

words, only a soft, running, effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in: yes, it seemed to be coming not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room for a minute or two with his hands up and his mouth open, when the singing stopped and the voice became clear and distinct.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice passionately, "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping, apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full halfway to the ground in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they

ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative in expression of a very ^vpertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two.

“No, it wouldn’t, Gluck, my boy,” said the little man at last.

This was certainly rather an abrupt way of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck’s thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf’s observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute what he said.

“Wouldn’t it, sir?” said Gluck very mildly and submissively indeed.

“No, indeed,” said the dwarf conclusively. “No, it wouldn’t.” And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high and setting them down very hard.

This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity over-

come his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns some six feet long in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the king of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct toward your wic'ed brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river *shall turn to gold*. But no one failing in his first can

succeed in a second attempt; and if anyone shall cast unholy water into the river it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone."

So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling,—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"





III



HE King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary 'exit related in the last chapter, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed.

In the morning, however, the steadiness with which Gluck 'adhered to his story obtained him some degree

of credence; the immediate consequence of which was that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

On hearing this, Hans contrived to escape and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see

but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars and looking very disconsolate.

“Good morning, brother,” said Hans; “have you any message for the King of the Golden River?”

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz’s face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was indeed a morning that might have made anyone happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced in long level rays through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and far beyond and above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept in the blue sky the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower



Hans marched off in the highest spirits.

and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed. Forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised on surmounting them to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He mounted it though, with the boldness of a practised mountaineer; yet he thought he had never in all his life traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier.

The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, dis-

torted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lurid lights played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters.

These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet; tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless and

penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt.

"Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may at least cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its

breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" He stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset: they

shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs: he staggered, shrieked and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE.





IV



POOR little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard and so neatly and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine. He went then and gave it all to Schwartz, and

Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now, when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and he determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. He got up early in the morning before the sun rose, took some bread and wine in a basket, put his holy water in a flask and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright: there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. As he went, he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low

bank of black cloud rising out of the west. When he had climbed for another hour, the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist of the color of blood had come over the sun. The bank of black cloud too had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned. As he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you?*" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. When he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

A sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. The bank of black cloud rose to the zenith,

and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes over the whole heavens. The sky where the sun was setting was all level, like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black like thunderclouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met as he cast the flask into the stream. As he did so, the lightning glared into his eyes, the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the

TWO BLACK STONES.





V.



WHEN Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry and did not know what to do. He had no money, so he was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard and gave him very little money. After a month or two, Gluck grew tired and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He

had several bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. After he had crossed over, he lay a long time to rest on the grass, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. After he had climbed for an hour, he became dreadfully thirsty and was going to drink as his brothers had done, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water: "Only, pray, don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. The path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it; some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it, and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Gluck struggled with himself and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Having done this, it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down

the hill; and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star. He then turned and began climbing again. And behold there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white, transparent lilies. Crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet after he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. But just as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—precisely as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt." He tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and he stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the king and his gold too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right;" for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too."

"Oh dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf; "they poured unholy water into my stream: do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir—your Majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that



Before Gluck stood the King of the Golden River.

grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River; its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. When he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf and descended the other side of the mountains toward the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. Now, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft

of the rocks above it and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

As Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door: so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. For him the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen two BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley

THE BLACK BROTHERS.



THE HERITAGE

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hands with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,

A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
 King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
 A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
 Content that from employment springs,
 A heart that in its labor sings;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 A patience learned of being poor,
 Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
 A fellow-feeling that is sure
 To make the outcast bless his door;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
 That with all others level stands;
 Large charity doth never soil,
 But only whiten, soft white hands,—
 This is the best crop from thy lands;

A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
 There is worse weariness than thine
In merely being rich and great:
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,
 And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

AN ARMY OF TWO

About eight o'clock on the morning that succeeded the night in which Horse Shoe Robinson arrived at Musgrove's, the stout and honest sergeant might have been seen leaving the main road from Ninety-Six, at the point where a path leading to David Ramsay's separated from it. He had experienced considerable delay in his morning journey by finding himself frequently in the neighborhood of small foraging parties of Tories, whose movements he was obliged to watch for fear of an encounter. He had once already been compelled to use his horse's heels in what he called "fair flight;" and once to hide himself a full half-hour under cover of the thicket afforded him by a swamp. He now, according to his own phrase, "dived into the little road that scrambled down through the woods toward Ramsay's, with all his eyes about him, looking out as sharply as a fox on a foggy morning;" and with this circumspection he was not long in arriving within view of Ramsay's house.

Like a practised soldier, whom frequent frays have taught wisdom, he resolved to reconnoiter before advancing upon a post that might be in possession of an enemy. He therefore dismounted, fastened his horse in a fence corner, where a field of corn concealed him from notice, and then cautiously crept forward until he

came immediately behind one of the outhouses. The barking of a house dog brought out a negro boy, to whom Robinson instantly addressed the query—

“Is your master at home?”

“No, suh. He got his horse, and gone off.”

“Where is your mistress?”

“Shellin’ beans, suh.”

“I didn’t ask you,” said the sergeant, “what she is doing, but where she is.”

“In course she in de house, suh,” replied the negro with a grin.

“Any strangers there?”

“Dar was plenty on ’em while ago, but dey been gone a good bit.”

Robinson having thus satisfied himself as to the safety of his visit, directed the boy to get his horse and lead him up to the door. He then entered the dwelling.

“Mistress Ramsay,” said he, as he entered, “luck to you, ma’am, and all your house!”

“Good lack, Mr. Horse Shoe Robinson!” exclaimed the matron, putting aside the trencher in which she had been shelling beans, and offering the sergeant her hand. “What has brought you here? What news? Who are with you? For patience sake, tell me!”

“I am alone,” said Robinson, “and a little wettish from the rain, mistress,” he added, as he took off his hat and shook the water from it. “Where’s Davy?”

“He’s gone over to the meetinghouse, hoping to hear something of the army at Camden; perhaps you can tell us the news from that quarter?”

“Faith, that’s a mistake, Mistress Ramsay. Though I don’t doubt that they are ’hard upon the scratches, by this time. But, at this present speaking, I command the flying artillery. We have but one man in the corps, and that’s myself; and all the guns we have is this piece of ordnance, that hangs in this old belt by my side” (pointing to his sword)—“and that I captured from the enemy at ’Blackstock’s. I was hoping I might find your son John at home; I have need of him as a recruit.”

“No, Mr. Robinson, John is still over there with Sumter; and the general thinks so much of him that he can’t spare him to come home. We thought that he might have been here to-day; yet I am glad he didn’t come, for he would have been certain to get into trouble. Who should come in, this morning, just after my husband had left, but a dandy young ’ensign, that belongs to Ninety-Six, and four great Scotchmen with him, all in red coats; they had been out thieving, I warrant, and were now going home again. And who but them! Here they were, swaggering all about my house—and calling for this, and calling for that—as if they owned everything on the plantation. And it made my blood rise, Mr. Horse Shoe, to see them run out into the yard, and catch up my chickens and ducks, and kill as many as

they could string about them—and I not daring to say a word, though I did give them a little piece of my mind, too.”

“Who is at home with you?” inquired the sergeant eagerly.

“Nobody but my youngest boy, Andrew,” answered the dame. “And then, the filthy, toping rioters—” she continued, raising her voice.

“What arms have you in the house?” asked Robinson without heeding the dame’s rising anger.

“We have a rifle and a horseman’s pistol that belongs to John.—They must call for a drink, too, and turn my house of a Sunday morning into a tavern.”

“They took the route toward Ninety-Six, you said, Mistress Ramsay?”

“Yes, they went straight forward upon the road. But, look you, Mr. Horse Shoe, you’re not thinking of going after them?”

“Isn’t there an old field about a mile from here on that road, with a lopsided, rickety log cabin in the middle of it?” inquired the sergeant, still intent upon his own thoughts.

“Yes.”

“And nobody lives in it? It has no door to it?”

“There hasn’t been anybody living in it these seven years.”

“I know the place very well,” said the sergeant,

thoughtfully; "there is a skirt of woods just on this side of it."

"That's true," replied the dame; "but what is it you are thinking about, Mr. Robinson?"

"How long before this rain began was it that they quitted this house?"

"Not above fifteen minutes."

"Mistress Ramsay, bring me the rifle and pistol both, and the powderhorn and bullets."

"As you say, Mr. Horse Shoe," answered the dame as she turned round to leave the room; "but I am sure I can't imagine what you mean to do."

In a few moments the woman returned with the weapons, and gave them to the sergeant.

"Where is Andy?" asked Horse Shoe.

The hostess went to the door and called her son, and almost immediately afterward a sturdy boy of about twelve or fourteen years of age entered the apartment, his clothes dripping with rain. He modestly and shyly seated himself on a chair near the door, with his soaked hat flapping down over a face full of freckles.

"How would you like a scrummage, Andy, with the Scotchmen that stole your mother's chickens this morning?" asked Horse Shoe.

"I'm agreed," replied the boy, "if you will tell me what to do."

"You are not going to take the boy out on any of your

desperate projects, Mr. Horse Shoe?" asked the mother, with tears starting to her eyes. "You wouldn't take such a child as that into danger?"

"Bless your soul, Mrs. Ramsay, there's no danger about it. Don't take on so. It's a thing that is either done at a blow, or not done,—and there's an end of it. I want the lad only to help me bring home the prisoners."

"Ah, Mr. Robinson, I have one son already in these wars—God protect him!—and you men don't know how a mother's heart yearns for her children in these times. I cannot give another," she added as she threw her arms over the shoulders of the youth and drew him to her bosom.

"Oh! it's nothing," said Andrew in a cheerful tone. "It's only the snapping of a pistol, mother; if I'm not afraid, you oughtn't to be."

"I give you my word, Mistress Ramsay," said Robinson, "that in one hour I will bring or send your son back safe, and that he sha'n't be put into any sort of danger whatever; come, that's a good woman!"

"You are not deceiving me, Mr. Robinson?" asked the matron wiping away a tear. "You wouldn't mock the sufferings of a weak woman in such a thing as this?"

"On the honesty of a soldier, ma'am," replied Horse Shoe, "the lad shall be in no danger."

"Then I shall say no more," answered the mother.

"But Andy, my child, be sure to let Mr. Robinson keep before you."

Horse Shoe now loaded the firearms, and having slung the pouch across his body, he put the pistol into the hands of the boy; then shouldering his rifle, he and his young ally left the room. As the light-hearted sergeant crossed the threshold, he turned and said with an encouraging laugh, "We will teach them, Mistress Ramsay, Pat's point of war—we will *surround* the ragamuffins."

II

"Now, Andy, my lad," said Horse Shoe, after he had mounted Captain Peter, as his horse was named, "you must get up behind me. Turn the lock of your pistol down," he continued, as the boy sprang upon the horse's rump, "and cover it with the flap of your jacket to keep the rain off. It won't do to hang fire at such a time as this."

The lad did as he was directed, and Horse Shoe, having secured his rifle in the same way, put his horse to a gallop along the road that led in the direction of the old log cabin.

After traveling about half a mile at this gait, the sergeant reined in his horse as he came to a body of woods, and advanced at a pace a little above a walk.

"Andy," he said, "we have rather a ticklish sort of a job before us, so I must give you your lesson, which

you will understand better by knowing something of my plan. As soon as your mother told me that these thieving villains had left her house about fifteen minutes before the rain came on and that they had gone along upon this road, I remembered the old field up here and the little log hut in the middle of it. It was natural to suppose that they were near that hut when this rain came up; and then, it was the most supposable case in the world that they would go into it, as the driest place they could find. So now, you see, it's my calculation that the whole batch is there at this very point of time. We will go slowly along until we get in sight of the old field, at the other end of these woods; and then, if there is no one on the lookout, we will open our first trench. You know what that means, Andy?"

"It means, I s'pose, that we'll go right smack at them," replied Andrew.

"Pretty exactly," said the sergeant. "But listen to me. Just at the edge of the woods you will have to get down and put yourself behind a tree. I'll ride forward as if I had a whole troop at my heels, and if I find them, as I expect, they will have a fire kindled, and as likely as not they'll be cooking some of your mother's fowls."

"Yes, I understand," said the boy eagerly.

"No, you don't," replied Horse Shoe, "but you will when you hear what I am going to say. If I get at them unawares, they'll be mighty apt to think they are sur-

rounded, and will bellow like fine fellows for quarter. And thereupon, Andy, I'll cry out 'stand fast,' as if I was speaking to my own men; when you hear that, you must come up full tilt, because it will be a signal to you that the enemy has surrendered. Then it will be your business to run into the house and bring out the muskets, as quick as a rat runs through a kitchen; and when you have done that, why, all's done. But if you should hear any popping of firearms—that is, more than one shot, which I may chance to let off—do you take that for a bad sign and get away as fast as you can heel it. You comprehend?"

"Oh! yes," replied the lad, "and I'll do what you want, and more too, maybe, Mr. Robinson."

"Captain Robinson, remember, Andy; you must call me captain in the hearing of these Scotchmen."

"I'll not forget that, either," answered Andrew.

By the time that these instructions were fully impressed upon the boy, our adventurous and forlorn hope, as it may be fitly called, had arrived at the place which Horse Shoe Robinson had designated for the commencement of active operations. They had a clear view of the old field, and when they discovered smoke arising from the chimney of the hovel, they felt sure that the enemy was exactly where they wished him to be. Andrew was soon posted behind a tree, and Robinson tarried only a moment to make the boy repeat the signals agreed on,

in order to ascertain that he had them correctly in his memory. Being satisfied from this experiment that the intelligence of his young companion might be depended upon, he galloped across the intervening space, and in a few seconds abruptly reined up his steed in the very doorway of the hut. The party within was gathered around a fire at the further end of the room, and in the corner near the door were four muskets thrown together against the wall. To spring from his saddle and thrust himself just inside of the door was a movement which the sergeant executed in an instant, shouting at the same time—

“Halt! File off right and left to both sides of the house and await orders. I demand the surrender of all here,” he added, as he planted himself between the party and their weapons. “I will shoot down the first man that budges a foot.”

“Leap to your arms,” cried the young officer who commanded the little party inside of the house. “Why do you stand?”

“I don’t want to do you or your men any harm, young man,” said Robinson as he brought his rifle to a level, “but, by my father’s son, I will not leave one of you to be put upon a muster roll if you raise a hand at this moment.”

Both parties now stood for a brief space, eyeing each other in a fearful suspense, during which there was an


expression of doubt and irresolution visible on the countenances of the soldiers, as they surveyed the broad proportions and met the stern glance of the sergeant; the delay also began to raise an apprehension in the mind of Robinson that his stratagem would be discovered.

"Shall I let loose upon them, captain?" said Andrew Ramsay, now appearing most unexpectedly to Robinson at the door of the hut. "Come on, boys!" he shouted, as he turned his face toward the field.

"Keep them outside of the door—stand fast," cried the doughty sergeant with admirable promptitude, in the new and sudden posture of his affairs caused by this opportune appearance of Andy. "Sir, you see that it's not worth while fighting five to one; and I should be sorry to be the death of any of your brave fellows; so take my advice and surrender to the Continental Congress and this scrap of its army which I command."

During this appeal the sergeant was ably seconded by the lad outside, who was calling out first on one name and then on another, as if in the presence of a troop. The device succeeded, and the officer within, believing the forbearance of Robinson to be real, at length said:

"Lower your rifle, sir. In the presence of a superior force, taken by surprise and without arms, it is my duty to save bloodshed. With the promise of fair usage and the rights of prisoners of war, I surrender this little foraging party under my command."



"I'll make the terms agreeable," replied the sergeant. "Never doubt me, sir. Right hand file, advance, and receive the arms of the prisoners!"

"I'm here, captain," said Andrew in a conceited tone, as if it were a mere occasion of merriment; and the lad quickly entered the house and secured the weapons, retreating with them some paces from the door.

"Now, sir," said Horse Shoe to the ensign, "your sword, and whatever else you have about you of the munitions of war."

The officer delivered up his sword and a pair of pocket pistols. As Horse Shoe received these tokens of victory, he asked with what he intended to be an elegant and condescending composure, "Your name, sir, if I may take the freedom?"

"Ensign St. Jermyn, of his Majesty's seventy-first regiment of light infantry."

"Ensign, your servant," added Horse Shoe, still preserving this unusual exhibition of politeness. "You have defended your post like an old soldier, although you haven't much beard on your chin; but, seeing you have given up, you shall be treated like a man who has done his duty. You will walk out now, and form yourselves in line at the door. I'll engage my men shall do you no harm; they are of a merciful breed."

When the little squad of prisoners submitted to this command and came to the door, they were stricken with

equal astonishment and mortification to find, in place of the detachment of cavalry which they expected to see, nothing but a man, a boy and a horse. Their first emotions were expressed in curses, which were even succeeded by laughter from one or two of the number. There seemed to be a disposition on the part of some to resist the authority that now controlled them; and sundry glances were exchanged, which indicated a purpose to turn upon their captors. The sergeant no sooner perceived this than he halted, raised his rifle to his shoulder, and at the same instant gave Andrew Ramsay an order to retire a few paces and to fire one of the captured pieces at the first man who opened his lips.

"By my hand," he said, "if I find any trouble in taking you all five safe away from this house, I will thin your numbers with your own muskets! And that's as good as if I had sworn to it."

"You have my word, sir," said the ensign. "Lead on, and we will follow."

"By your leave, my pretty gentleman, you will lead, and I'll follow," replied Horse Shoe. "It may be a new piece of drill to you; but the custom is to give the prisoners the post of honor."

"As you please, sir," answered the ensign. "Where do you take us?"

"You will march back by the road you came," said the sergeant.

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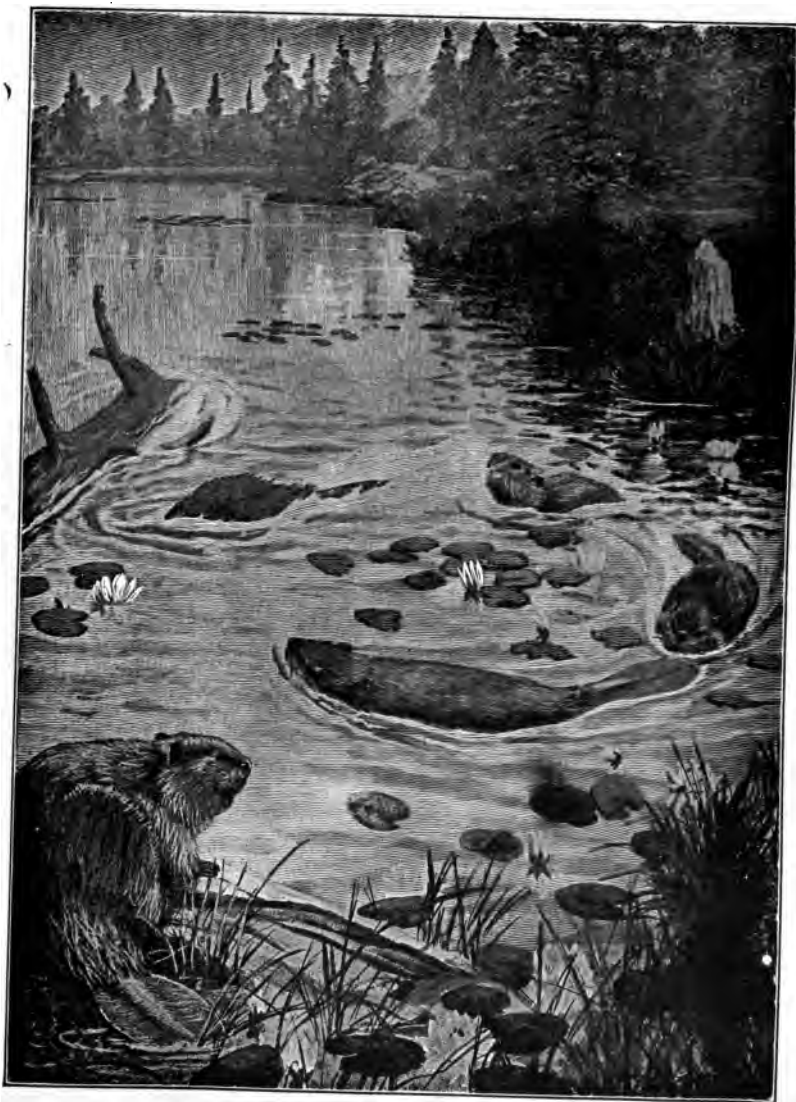
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THE STORY OF THE BEAVER



HE tail came down on the water with a “whack!” that sent the echoes flying back and forth across the pond; and its owner ducked his head, arched his back, and dived to the bottom. It was a very curious tail, broad and flat and paddle-shaped, and covered with what looked like fish scales, but were really sections and indentations of horny, blackish-gray skin. Except its owner’s relatives, there was no one else in all the animal kingdom who had one like it. But the strangest thing about it, as you shall see, was the many different ways in which he could use it.

In a moment his little brown head reappeared, and he and his brothers and sisters chased each other round and round, ducking and diving and splashing, and having the jolliest kind of a time. Now they raised such a commotion that they sent the ripples washing along the grassy edges of the pond, and now they climbed upon a log and poked their noses into each other’s fat little sides, each trying to push the other back into the water. It isn’t the usual thing for young beavers to be out in broad daylight, but all this happened in the good old days before the railroads came, when this part of northern Michigan was less infested



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They chased each other round and round.

with men than it is to-day. By and by the youngsters scrambled out upon the bank, and when their fur had dripped a little while, they set to work to comb it. Up they sat on their hind legs and tails, and scratched their heads and shoulders with the long brown claws of their small, black, hairy hands. Then the hind feet came up one at a time, and combed and stroked their sides till they were dry and the fur was soft and smooth and glossy as velvet.

After that they had to have another romp. They were not half so graceful on land as they had been in the water. In fact, they were not graceful at all, and the way they shuffled and pranced, and stood around on their hind legs, and wheeled like baby hippopotami, and slapped the ground with their tails was one of the funniest sights in the heart of the woods.

But even baby beavers will sometimes grow tired of play, and at last they all lay down on the grass in the warm, quiet sunshine of the autumn afternoon. The wind had gone to sleep, the pond glittered like burnished steel in its bed of grassy beaver-meadow, the friendly woods stood guard all around, the enemy was far away, and it was a very good time for five little beavers to take a nap.

The funniest and liveliest of them all was the one who owned the tail which was to be a tail of two cities—the tail which, when I last saw it, was lying on the ground

in front of Charlie Koo's shack. He was the one whom I shall call the Beaver—with a big B.

The city in which the rat first made its appearance was a very ancient one, and may have been the oldest town on the North American Continent. Nobody knows when the first stick was laid in the dam that changed a small natural pond into a large artificial one: but it was probably centuries ago, and, for all we can tell, it may have been thousands of years back in the past. Generations after generations of beavers had worked upon it, building it a little higher and a little higher, a little longer and a little longer, year after year: and raising their lodges as the water rose around them.

There was a maritime city, for most of its streets were of water, like those of Venice: rich cargoes of food stuffs came floating to its very doors: and they themselves were navigators from their earliest youth, and took to the water as naturally as ducks or Englishmen. They were lumbermen too: and when the timber was all cut from along the shores of the pond, they dug canals across the low, level, marshy ground, back to the higher land where the birch and the poplar still grew, and floated the branches and the smaller logs down the artificial waterways. And there were land roads as well as canals, for here and there narrow trails crossed the swamp, showing where generations of busy workers had passed back and forth between the felled tree and the

water's edge. Streets, canals, public works, dwellings, commerce, lumbering, rich stores laid up for the winter—what more do you want to constitute a city, even if the houses are few in number, and the population somewhat smaller than that of London or New York?

There was a time, not very long before our Beaver was born, when for a few years the city was deserted. The trappers had swept through the country, and the citizens' skulls were hung up on the bushes, while their skins went to the great London fur market. Few were left alive, and those few were driven from their homes and scattered through the woods, till the trappers, concluding that the ground was worked out and that there was no use in staying there any longer, pushed on toward the north and west. Then, one by one, the beavers came back to their old haunts. The broken dam was repaired; new lodges were built, and new beavers born in them; and again the ancient town was alive with the play of the babies and the labors of the civil engineers. Not so populous, perhaps, as it had once been; but alive and busy and happy. And so it was when our Beaver came into the world.

The first year of his life was an easy one, especially the winter, when there was little for anyone to do except to eat and sleep, and now and then to fish for the roots of the yellow water lily in the soft mud at the bottom of the pond. Probably the young Beaver accomplished

more than his parents that winter, for if he could not work he could at least grow. Of course they may have been growing too; but it was less noticeable in them than in him. Not only was he increasing in size and weight, but he was laying up strength and energy for the coming labors of life. It would take muscle to force those long yellow teeth of his through the hard, tough flesh of the maple or the birch or the poplar. It would take vigor and push to roll the heavy billets of wood over the grass tufts to the edge of the water. And, most of all, it would take strength and nerve and determination to tear himself away from a steel trap and leave a foot behind. So it was well for the Beaver that for a time he had nothing to do but grow.

Spring came at last, and many of the male beavers prepared to depart. The ladies seemed to prefer not to be bothered by the presence of men-folks during the earliest infancy of the children; and the men, probably nothing loath, took advantage of the opportunity to travel and see something of the world, wandering by night up and down the streams, and hiding by day in burrows under the banks. For a time they enjoyed it, but as the summer dragged by they straggled homeward one after another. The new babies who had arrived in their absence had passed the most troublesome age, and it was time to begin work again. The dam and the lodges were in need of repairs, and there was much

food to be gathered and laid up for the coming winter.

Now, on a dark autumn night behold the young Beaver toiling with might and main. His parents have felled a tree, and it is his business to help them cut up the best portions and carry them away. He gnaws off a small branch, seizes the butt end in his teeth, swings it over his shoulder and makes for the water, keeping his head twisted around to the right or left, so that the end of the branch may trail on the ground behind him. Perhaps he even rises on his hind legs and walks almost upright, with his broad, strong tail for a prop to keep him from tipping over backward, if his load happens to catch on something. Arrived at the canal or at the edge of the pond, he jumps in and swims for town, still carrying the branch over his shoulder, and finally leaves it on the growing pile in front of his father's lodge. Or perhaps the stick is too large to be carried in such a way. In that case it must be cut into short billets and rolled, as a cant hook man rolls a log along a skidway. Only the Beaver has no cant hook to help him. All that he can do is to push with all his might; and there are so many, many grass tufts and little hillocks in the way! Sometimes the billet rolls down into a hollow, and then it is very hard to get it out again. He works like a beaver, and pushes and shoves and toils with tremendous energy; but I am afraid that more than one choice stick never reaches the water.



Lumbering.


II

One black November night our hero's father, the wisest old beaver in all the town, went out to his work and never came home again. A trapper had found the rebuilt city—a scientific trapper, who had studied his profession for years and knew how to go to work. He kept away from the lodges as long as he could, and before he set a single trap he looked the ground over very carefully, located the different trails that ran back from the water's edge toward the timber, visited the stumps of the felled trees, and paid particular attention to the tooth marks on the chips. No two beavers leave marks that are exactly alike. The teeth of one are flatter or rounder than those of another, while a third has large or small nicks in the edges of his yellow chisels; and each tooth leaves its own signature behind it. By noting all these things the trapper concluded that a particular runway in the wet, grassy margin of the pond was the spot where a certain old beaver always left the water in going to his night's labor. That beaver, he decided, had best be the first one taken, for he was probably the head of a family, and an elderly person of much wisdom and experience, and if one of his children should be caught first, he might become alarmed and take the lead in a general exodus.

So the trapper set a heavy double-spring trap in the edge of the water at the foot of the runway, and covered

it with a thin sheet of moss. And that night, as the beaver came swimming up to the shore, he put his foot down where he shouldn't, and two steel jaws flew up and clasped him around the thigh. He had felt that grip before. •Was not half of his right hand gone, and three toes from his left hind foot? But this was a far more serious matter than either of those mishaps. It was not a hand that was caught this time, nor yet a toe or toes. It was his right hind leg, well up toward his body, and the strongest beaver that ever lived could not have pulled himself free. Now, when a beaver is frightened, he of course makes for deep water. There, he thinks, no enemy can follow him; and, what is more, it is the highway to his lodge and to the burrow that he has hollowed in the bank for a refuge if his house should be attacked. So this beaver turned and jumped back into the water the way he had come; but, alas! he took his enemy with him. The heavy trap dragged him to the bottom like a stone, and the short chain fastened to a stake kept him from going very far. He never saw the light again. For a few minutes he struggled with all his might, and the soft black mud rose about him in inky clouds. Then he •quieted down and lay very, very still; and the next day the trapper came along and pulled him out by the chain.

Something else happened the same night. Another wise old beaver, the head man of another lodge, was killed by a falling tree. He ought to have known better.



I really don't see how he could have been so careless and reckless, but the best of us will make mistakes at times, and any pitcher may go once too often to the well. I suppose that he had felled hundreds of trees in the course of his life, and he had never yet met with an accident; but this time he thought he would take one more bite after the tree had really begun to fall. So he thrust his head again into the narrowing notch, and the wooden jaws closed upon him with a nip that was worse than his own. He tried to draw back, but it was too late: his skull crashed in, and his life went out like a candle.

And so, in a few hours, the city lost two of its best citizens, the two whom it could least afford to lose. If they had been spared, they might perhaps have known enough to scent the coming danger and to lead their families away from the doomed town, deeper into the heart of the wilderness. As it was, the trapper had things all his own way, and by working carefully and cautiously he added skin after skin to his store of beaver pelts. I haven't time to tell you of all the different ways in which he set his traps; of the various baits that he used, from castoreum to fresh sticks of birch or willow; or of those other traps, still more artfully set, which had no bait at all, but were cunningly hidden where the poor beavers would be almost certain to step into them before they saw them. After all, it was his awful success that was important rather than the way in which it was

achieved. Our friend's mother was one of the next to go, and the way his brothers and sisters disappeared one after another was a thing to break one's heart.

One night he himself came swimming down the pond homeward bound, and as he swam and approached the 'submarine entrance' of the lodge he noticed some stakes driven into the mud—stakes that had never been there before. They seemed to form two rows one on each side of his course, but there was just room for him to pass between them, and he went straight ahead. His hands had no work between the fingers, and were of little use in swimming, so he had folded them back against his body; but his big webbed feet were working like the wheels of a twin-screw steamer. Suddenly, halfway down the lines of stakes, his breast touched the point of a steel trap, and the jaws flew up with a click and snap as a vise. Fortunately there was nothing that they could take hold of. They struck him so hard that they lifted him bodily upward, but they caught nothing but a few hairs.

Even a scientific trapper may sometimes make mistakes; and when this one came around to visit his trap and found it sprung but empty, he concluded that the beavers had learned its secret and had sprung it on purpose. There was no use, he decided in trying to capture such intelligent animals in their own doorway, and he

took the trap up and set it in a more out-of-the-way spot. And so one source of danger was removed, all because our hero was lucky enough to touch the pan with his breast instead of with a foot.

A week later the Beaver was really caught by his right hand, and met with one of the most thrilling adventures of his life. Oh, but that was a glorious night! Dark as a pocket, no wind, thick black clouds overhead, and the rain coming down in a steady, steady drizzle—just the kind of a night that the beavers enjoy, when the friendly darkness shuts their little city in from all the rest of the world, and when they feel safe and secure. Then, how the long yellow teeth gouge and tear at the tough wood, how the trees come tumbling down, and how the branches and the little logs come hurrying in to augment the winter food-piles! Often of late the Beaver had noticed an unpleasant odor along the shores—an odor that frightened him; but to-night the rain had washed it all away, and the woods smelled as sweet and clean as if God had just made them over new. And on this night, of all others, the Beaver put his hand squarely into a steel trap.

Fortunately he was in a shallow portion of the pond, and the chain was too short for him to reach water deep enough to drown him; but now a new danger appeared, for there on the low, mossy bank was an otter, glaring at him through the darkness. Beaver meat makes a very

acceptable meal for an otter, and the Beaver knew it. And he knew also how utterly helpless he was either to flee or to resist with that heavy trap on his arm and its chain binding him to the stake. His heart sank lower and lower, and he trembled from his nose to the end of his tail, and whimpered and cried like a baby. But, strange to say, it was the trapper who saved him, though it was done quite unintentionally. As the otter advanced to the attack there came a sudden sharp click, and in another second he too was struggling for dear life. Two traps, not one, had been set in the shallow water. The Beaver had found the first, and his enemy the second.

The full story of that night's work, with all its details of fear and suffering and pain, will never be written; and perhaps it is well that it should not be. But, if you like, I can give you a few of the facts. The Beaver soon found that he was out of the otter's reach, and he set to work to free himself from the trap. Round and round he twisted, till there came a little snap, and the bone of his arm broke short off in the steel jaws. Then for a long, long time he pulled and pulled with all his might, and at last the skin was rent apart, and the muscles and sinews were torn out by the roots. His right hand was gone, and he was so weak and faint that it seemed as if all the strength and life of his whole body had gone with it. But no matter, he was free, and he

swam away to the nearest burrow and lay down to rest. The otter tried to do the same, but he was caught by the thick of his thigh, and his case was a hopeless one. Next day the trapper found him alive, but very meek and quiet, worn out with fear and useless struggles. In the other trap were a beaver's hand and some long shreds of flesh and sinew which must once have reached well up into the shoulder.

We shall have to hurry over the events of the next winter—the last winter in the city's history. By the time the Beaver's wound was healed—nature was good to him, and the skin soon grew over the torn stump—the pond was frozen over. The beavers, only half as numerous as they had been a few weeks before, kept close in their lodges and burrows; and for a time they lived in peace and quietness, and their numbers suffered no further diminution. Then the trapper took to setting his traps through the ice, and before long matters were worse than ever. By spring the few that remained were so thoroughly frightened that the ancient town was again abandoned—this time forever. The beavers scattered, some going one way and some another. The lodges fell to ruins, the burrows caved in, the dam gave way, and the pond and canals were drained; and that was the end of the first of our two cities. Yet not quite the end, either. The beavers have vanished from their ancient habitation, but their work remains in the broad meadows

cleared of timber by their teeth, and covered with rich black soil by the inundations from their dam. The farmers of generations to come will have reason to rise up and bless those busy little citizens—but I don't suppose they will ever do it.

III

I told you in the first place that our Beaver's tail was a tail of two cities. The first city, as we have already seen, was ancient and historic. The second was brand-new. Let us see how it had its beginnings. The Beaver got married about the time that he left his old home. Except for his missing hand, his wife was so like him that it would have puzzled you considerably to tell which was which, and you might even have supposed that she was his twin sister.

Do you want to know what they looked like? They measured about three feet six inches from tip of nose to tip of tail, and they weighed perhaps thirty pounds apiece. Their bodies were thick and clumsy, and covered with beautiful chestnut-brown fur. Their heads were somewhat like those of gigantic rats, with small, light-brown eyes, little round ears covered with hair, and long, orange-colored incisors looking out from between the parted lips. One portrait will answer for both of them.

They wandered about for some time, looking for a

suitable location and examining several spots in the beds of various little rivers, none of which seemed to be just right. But at last they found a place in the heart of the woods where a shallow stream ran over a hard, stony bottom; and here they set to work.

Alder bushes, laid lengthwise of the current, were the first materials used; and for a time the water filtered through them with hardly a pause. Then the beavers began laying mud and stones and moss upon this brush foundation, scooping them up with their hands, and holding them under their chins as they waddled or swam to the dam. The Beaver himself was not very good at this work, for, as we know, his right hand was gone, and it was not easy for him to carry things; but he did the best he could, and together they accomplished a great deal. The mud and the grass and such-like materials were deposited mainly on the upper face of the dam, where the pressure of the water only sufficed to drive them tighter into the brush; and thus, little by little, a smooth bank of earth was presented to the current, backed up on the lower side by a tangle of sticks and poles, over the top of which the surplus water trickled in tiny rills.

That first year the beavers did not try to raise the stream more than a foot above its original level. There was much other work to be done—a house to be built and food to be laid in—and if they spent too much time on



Bulldozing the Dam.

the dam, they might freeze or starve before spring. A few rods upstream was a low, grassy point, which the rising waters had converted into an island, and here they built their lodge—a hollow mound of sticks and mud, with a small, cave-like chamber in the center, and two tunnels starting from the floor and reaching out under the pond—"angles," the trappers call them. The walls were masses of earth and wood and stones, so thick and solid that even a man with an ax would have found it difficult to penetrate them. Only at the very apex of the mound there was no mud—nothing but tangled sticks through which a breath of fresh air now and then found its way. In spite of this feeble attempt at ventilation I am obliged to state that the atmosphere of the lodge was often a good deal like that of the Black Hole of Calcutta; but beavers are so constituted that they do not need much oxygen, and they did not seem to mind it. In all other respects the house was neat and clean. The floor was only two or three inches above the level of the water in the angles, and would naturally have been a bed of mud; but they mixed little twigs with it, and stamped and pounded it down until it was hard and smooth. I think likely the Beaver's tail had something to do with this part of the work, for he was fond of slapping things with it, and it was just the right shape for such use. With the ends of projecting sticks cut off to leave the walls smooth and even, and with long grass carried in

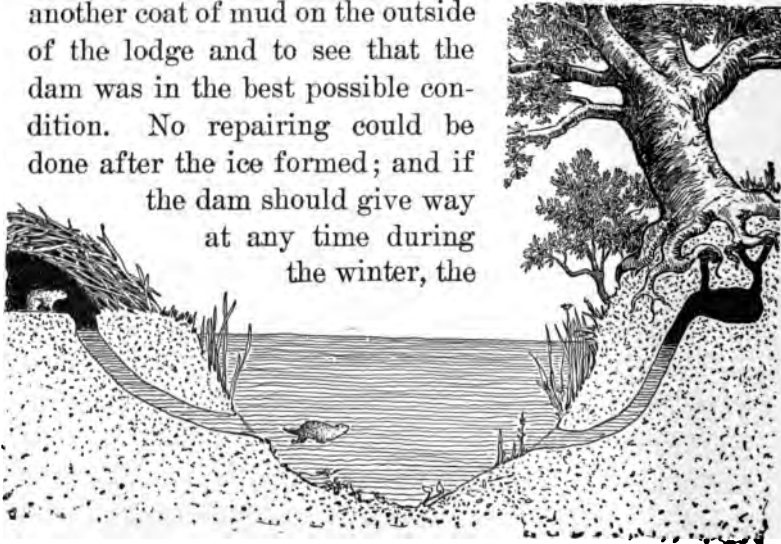
to make the beds, the lodge was finished and ready for its occupants.

And now you might have seen the beavers coming home to rest after a night's labor at felling timber—two little heads plowing through the water toward the island. In front of the lodge each tail-rudder gives a slap and a twist, and they dive for the submarine door of one of the angles. In another second they are swimming along the dark, narrow tunnel, making the water surge around them. Suddenly the roof of the passage rises above the water, and their heads pop up into the air. A yard or two farther, and they enter the chamber of the lodge, with its level floor and its low, arched roof. And there in the darkness they lie down on their grass beds and go to sleep. It is good to have a home of your own where you may take your rest when the night's work is done.

Near the upper end of the pond, where the bank was higher, they dug a long burrow, running back ten or fifteen feet into the ground. This was to be the last resort if the castle should ever be stormed. It was a weary task, digging that burrow, for its mouth was deep under the water, and every few minutes the beavers had to stop work and come to the surface for breath. Night after night they scooped and shoveled and burrowed, but it was done at last, and they felt easier in their minds when they knew that it was ready for use in case of necessity.

From its mouth in the depths of the pond it sloped gradually upward to a dry chamber under the roots of a large birch. Here, where a few tiny holes were not likely to be noticed from the outside, two or three small openings, almost hidden by moss and dead leaves, let in the air and an occasional ray of light. The big tree made a solid roof overhead, and the chamber was large enough, with a little crowding, to accommodate a whole family of beavers.

There was only one other heavy task, and that was the gathering of the wood whose bark was to serve as food through the winter. This too was finally finished; and the very last thing the beavers did that fall was to put another coat of mud on the outside of the lodge and to see that the dam was in the best possible condition. No repairing could be done after the ice formed; and if the dam should give way at any time during the winter, the



pond would be drained and the entrances of the lodge and the burrow would be thrown open to any prowling marauders that might happen to pass that way.

There came a quiet, windless day, when the sky was covered with gray clouds, and when the snowflakes floated lazily downward, some to lose themselves in the black water, and some to robe the woods and the shores in white. At night the clouds broke up and the stars shone forth; and then the cold and the frost grew keener and keener, till long crystal spears shot out across the pond; and at last a glassy covering spread from shore to shore.

I do not think the cold was unwelcome. The beavers were shut in for the winter, but they had each other, and there was a little world of their own down under the ice and snow. The chamber of the lodge was home, and just outside was their food storehouse—the big pile of wood which had cost so much labor to gather. One of the entrances was shorter and straighter than the other, and through this they brought in sticks from the heap, and laid them on the floor between the beds, where they could devour the bark at their leisure. If they grew restless and wanted to go a little further afield, there was the bottom of the pond to be explored, and the big, luscious roots of the yellow water lily to be dug up for a change of diet. It was a peaceful time, a time of rest from the labors of the past year, and of growing fat and strong

for the work of the year to come. We have much goods laid up for many months ; let us eat, drink and be merry, and hope that the trappers will not come to-morrow.

IV

The babies came in May, and I suppose that the young father and mother were almost as proud and happy as some people under similar circumstances. The Beaver did not wander very far from home that spring and summer, nor was he away very long at a time. There were five of the children, and they were very pretty—about as large as rats, and covered with thick, soft, silky, reddish-brown fur, but without any of the longer, coarser, chestnut-colored hairs that formed their parents' outer coats. They were decidedly playful, and though the parent beavers had always found the lodge pleasant enough, yet it was a very different place after these arrivals. For a while they had to be nursed like other babies, but by and by the father and mother began to bring in little willow twigs, about the size of lead pencils ; and if you had been there and your eyes had been sharp enough to pierce the gloom, you might have seen the youngsters exercising their brand-new teeth and learning to sit up and hold sticks in their baby hands while they ate the bark. And wouldn't you have liked to be present when the five little beavers first went swimming down the long, dark tunnel, and, rising to the sur-

face, looked around on their world of woods and water—on the quiet pond, with its glassy smoothness broken only by their own ripples; on the tall trees, lifting their fingers toward the sky; and on the stars, marching silently across the heavens and looking down with still, unwinking eyes on another family of babies that had come to live and love and be happy for a little while on God's earth?

One of the children was killed by an otter before the summer was over, but I am pleased to say that the other four grew up and were a credit to their parents.

The babies were not the only addition to the new city during that year, for about midsummer another pair of beavers came and built another lodge at the upper end of the pond. It was a busy season for everybody, for our old friends as well as for the newcomers. The food-sticks which had been peeled of their bark during the winter furnished a good supply of construction material; and the dam was built up several inches higher, lifting the level of the pond and making it necessary to raise the floor of the lodge in order to keep it dry. This also necessitated raising the roof, which was done by the simple process of hollowing it out from within and adding more material on the outside. In the same way the lodge was made both longer and broader, so as to accommodate the increased family and the still further increase that was to be expected next spring. More

burrows were dug in the shores of the pond—you can't have too many of them—and a much larger stock of food was gathered, for there were six mouths, instead of two, to be fed through the coming winter. The second pair of beavers were also busy with lodge and burrow and storehouse, and so the days slipped by very rapidly.

Only once that year did a man come to town, and then he did not do anything very terrible. He was not a trapper—he was only an amateur naturalist, who wanted to see the beavers at their work, and who thought he was smart enough to catch them at it. His plan was simple enough: he made a breach in the dam, and then climbed a tree and waited for them to come and mend it. It was a bright, moonlit night, and he thought he would see the whole thing and learn some wonderful secrets. The Beaver was at work in the woods not very far away, and presently he came down to the edge of the pond, rolling a heavy birch cutting before him. He noticed at once that the water was falling, and he started straight for the dam to see what was the matter. The amateur naturalist saw him coming, a dark speck moving swiftly down the pond, with a long V-shaped ripple spreading out on both sides like the flanks of a flock of wild geese.

But the Beaver was doing some thinking while he swam. He had never before known the water to fall so suddenly and rapidly; there must be a very bad break in the dam. How could it have happened? It looked

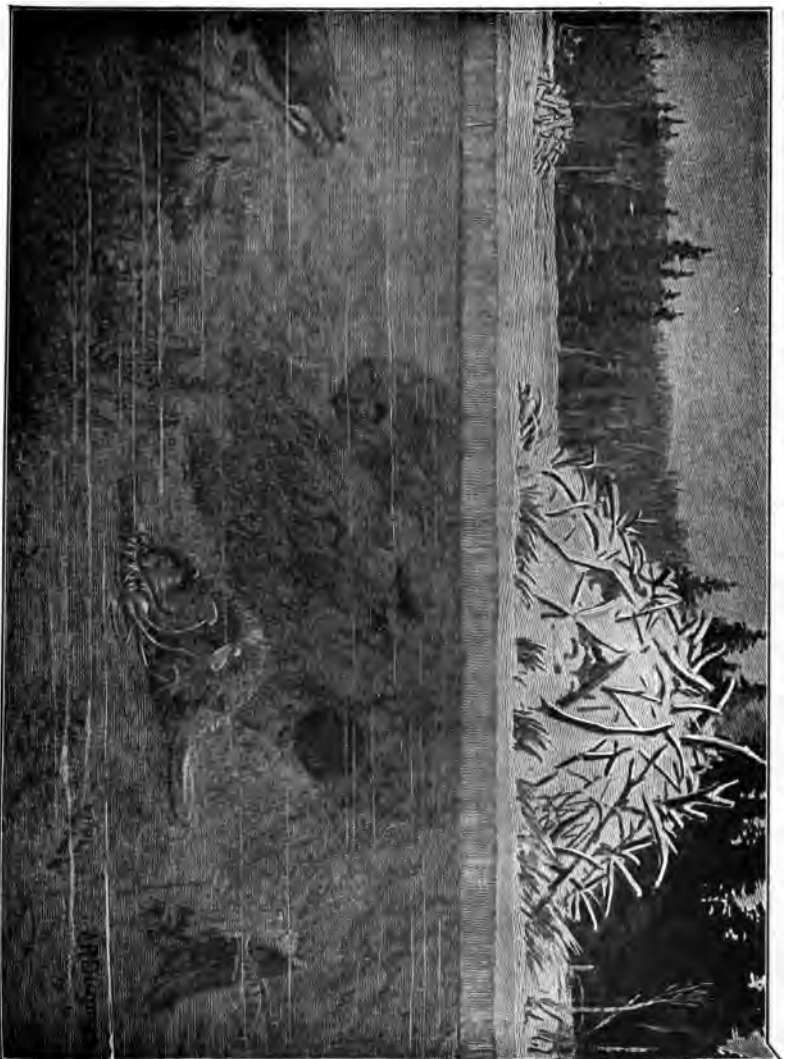
suspicious. In fact, it looked so very suspicious that just before he reached the dam he stopped to reconnoiter, and at once caught sight of the naturalist up in the tree. His tail rose in the air, and came down with the most tremendous "whack!" of its existence, a stroke that sent the spray flying in every direction, and that might have been heard three-quarters of a mile away. His wife heard it and paused in her work of felling a tree; the children heard it; the neighbors heard it; and they all knew that it meant business. The Beaver dived like a √loon and swam for dear life, and he did not come to the surface again till he had reached the farther end of the pond and was out of sight behind a grassy point. There he stayed, now and then striking the water with his tail as a signal that the danger was not yet over. It isn't every animal that can use his √caudal appendage as a third hind leg, as a rudder, as a trowel for smoothing the floor of his house, and as a √tocsin for alarming his family and fellow-citizens.

The naturalist remained in the tree till his teeth were chattering and he was fairly blue with cold, and then he scrambled down and went back to his camp, where he had a violent chill. The next night it rained; and, as he did not want to get wet, there was nothing to do but stay in the tent. When he visited the pond again, the dam had been repaired and the water was up to its usual level. He decided that watching beavers wasn't very

interesting, hardly worth the trouble it cost, and he guessed he knew enough about them anyhow. So the next day he packed up his camp outfit and left for home.

In the following year the population was increased to eighteen, for six more babies arrived in our Beaver's lodge, and four in the neighbors'. In another twelve-month the first four were old enough to build lodges and found homes of their own; and so the city grew, and our Beaver and his wife were the original inhabitants, the first settlers, the most looked-up-to of all the citizens. You are not to suppose that the Beaver was mayor of the town, however. There was no city government. The family was the unit, and each household was a law unto itself. But that did not keep him from being the oldest, the wisest, the most knowing of all the beavers in the city, just as his father had been a generation before in another city.

I don't believe you care to hear all about the years that followed. They were years of peace and growth, of marriages and home-building, of many births and a few deaths, of winter rest and summer labor, and of quiet domestic happiness. There was little excitement, and, best of all, there were no trappers. The time came when the Beaver might well say, as he looked around on the community which he and his wife had founded, that he was a citizen of no mean city. But this could not last.



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At home under the ice and snow.

A great calamity was coming—a calamity beside which the slow destruction of the former town should seem tame and uninteresting.

V

On a bright February day the Beaver and his wife left their lodge to look for lily roots. They had found a big fat one and were just about to begin their feast when they heard footsteps on the ice overhead, and the voices of several men talking eagerly. They made for the nearest burrow as fast as they could go, and stayed there the rest of the day. When they returned to the lodge, they found—but I'm going too fast.

The men were Indians and half-breeds, and they were in high feather over their discovery. Around this pond there must be enough beaver skins to keep them in groceries and tobacco and whiskey for a long time to come. One of the Indians was an elderly man, who in the old days had trapped beaver in Canada for the Hudson Bay Company, and he assumed the direction of the work. First of all they chopped holes in the ice and drove a line of stakes reaching across the stream just above the pond, so that no one might escape in that direction. Then, by pounding on the ice and cutting holes in it here and there, they found the entrances to all the lodges and some of the burrows, and closed them also with stakes driven into the bottom. Fortunately they

did not find the burrow where our Beaver and his wife had taken refuge. They were about to break open the roofs of the lodges, when the old man proposed that they should play a trick on one of the beaver families, a trick which his father had taught him when he was a boy, and when the beavers were many in the woods around Lake Superior. He described it with enthusiasm, and his companions agreed that it would be great fun. For a time there was much chopping of ice and driving of stakes, and then all was quiet again.

By and by one of the Beaver's children began to feel hungry, and as his father and mother had not come home, he decided to go out to the wood-pile in front of the lodge and get something to eat. So he took a header from his bed into the water, and swam down the angle. The door had been unbarred again, and he passed out without difficulty; but, when he reached the pile, he found it surrounded by a fence of stakes set so close together that he could not pass between them. He swam clear around it, and at last found one gap just wide enough to admit his body. He passed in, and as he did so his back grazed a small twig which had been thrust downward through a hole in the ice; the Indians saw the top of the twig move and knew that a beaver had entered the trap. He picked out a nice stick of convenient size and started to return to the lodge. But where was that gap in the fence? This was the place, he was sure.

Here were the two stakes that had grazed his sides as he came in, but now another stood squarely between them, and the gate was barred. He swam all around the woodpile inside the fence, looking for some way out and poking his little brown nose between the stakes. There was no escape, and as he came back to the entrance and found it still closed, his last hope died out and he gave up in despair. His heart and lungs and all his 'circulatory apparatus had been designed by the Great Architect so that he might live for many minutes under water, but they could not keep him alive indefinitely. Overhead was the ice, and all around was that cruel fence. Only a rod away was home, where his brothers and sisters were waiting for him, where there was air to breathe and life to live—but he could not reach it. You have all read how a drowning man feels, and I suppose it is much the same with a drowning beaver. They say it is an easy death.

By and by a hooked stick came down through a hole in the ice and drew him out, the gate was unbarred again, the twig was replaced, and the Indians waited for another hungry, furry little creature to come for his dinner. That's enough. You know now what happened to the children whom the Beaver and his wife had left in the lodge, and what they found when they came home—or rather what they didn't find.

It would have taken too long to dispose of the whole

city in this way, so the Indians finally broke the dam and let the water out of the pond, and then they tore open the lodges and all the burrows they could find, and the inhabitants were put to the—not to the sword, but to the ax and the club. Of all those who had so lately been happy and prosperous, the old Beaver and his wife were the only ones that escaped; and their lives were spared only because the Indians failed to find their hiding-place.

That was the end of the second city, but it was not the end of the beavers. The tale of the tail is not quite finished. A few miles upstream they dug a short burrow in the bank and tried to make a new home. In May another baby came, but only one, and it was dead before it was born. Next day the mother died, and the Beaver left the burrow and went out into the world alone. I really think his heart was broken, though it continued to beat for several months longer.

Just northeast of the Glimmerglass there lies a long, narrow pond, whose shores are low and swampy, and whose waters drain into the larger lake through a short stream only a few rods in length. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years ago the narrow strip of land that separates them may have been a beaver dam, but to-day it is hard to tell it from one of nature's own formations. In the course of his lonely wanderings the Beaver reached this pond, and here he established himself to

spend his last few weeks. He was aging rapidly. Only last winter he had seemed in the very prime of life, and had been one of the handsomest beavers in the woods, with fur of the thickest and softest and silkiest and a weight of probably sixty pounds. To-day he was thin and lean, his hair was falling out, his teeth were losing their sharp edges and becoming blunt and almost useless, and even his flat tail was growing thicker and more rounded, and its "whack!" was not so startling as of old, when he brought it down on the surface of the water.

Yet even now the old instinct flamed up and burned feebly for a little while; or shall we say the old love of work and of using the powers and faculties that God had given him? Why should the thing that is called genius in a man be set down as instinct, when we see it on a smaller scale in an animal? Whatever it was, the ruling passion was still strong. All his life he had been a civil engineer; and now, one dark, rainy, autumn night, he left his shallow burrow, swam down the pond to its outlet and began to build a dam. The next day, pushing up the shallow stream in my dugout canoe, I saw the alder cuttings lying in its bed with the marks of his dull teeth on their butts. God knows why he did it, and what he was thinking about as he cut those bushes and dragged them into the water. I don't; but sometimes I wonder if a wild dream of a new lodge, a new mate, a new home

and a new city was fleeting through his poor, befogged old brain.

It was only a few nights later that he put his foot into Charlie Roop's beaver trap, jumped for deep water, and was drowned like his father before him.

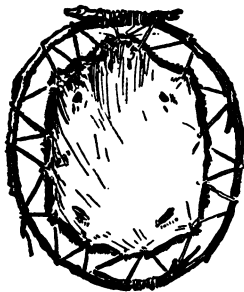
Charlie afterward showed me the pelt. It was not a very good one, for, as I said, the Beaver had been losing his hair, but Charlie thought he might get a dollar or two for it. Whether he needed the dollar more than the Beaver needed his skin was a question which it seemed quite useless to discuss.

As we left the shack I noticed the tail lying on the ground just outside the door.

"Why didn't you eat it?" I asked. "Don't you know that a beaver's tail is supposed to be the finest delicacy in the woods?"

"Huh!" said Charlie. "I'd rather have salt pork."

WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT



THE OLD PIONEER

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
 'Knight-errant of the wood!
Calmly beneath the green sod here
 He rests from field and flood;
The war whoop and the panther's screams
 No more his soul shall rouse,
For well the aged hunter dreams
 Beside his good old spouse.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
 Hushed now his rifle's peal;
The dews of many a vanish'd year
 Are on his rusted steel;
His horn and pouch lie mouldering
 Upon the cabin door,
The elk rests by the salted spring,
 Nor flees the fierce wild boar.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
 Old 'Druid of the West!
His offering was the fleet wild deer,
 His shrine the mountain's crest.
Within his wildwood temple's space
 An empire's towers nod,
Where erst, alone of all his race,
 He knelt to Nature's God.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
 Columbus of the land!
 Who guided freedom's proud career
 Beyond the conquer'd strand;
 And gave her pilgrim sons a home
 No monarch's step profanes,
 Free as the chainless winds that roam
 Upon its boundless plains.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
 The muffled drum resound!
 A warrior is slumb'ring here
 Beneath his battle ground.
 For not alone with beast of prey
 The bloody strife he waged,
 Foremost where'er the deadly fray
 Of savage combat raged.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
 A dirge for his old spouse!
 For her who blessed his forest cheer,
 And kept his birchen house;
 Now soundly by her chieftain may
 The brave old dame sleep on,
 The red man's step is far away,
 The wolf's dread howl is gone.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
 His pilgrimage is done;
 He hunts no more the grizzly bear,
 About the setting sun,
 Weary at last of chase and life,
 He laid him here to rest,
 Nor recks he now what sport or strife
 Would tempt him farther west.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
 The patriarch of his tribe!
 He sleeps—no pompous pile marks where,
 No lines his deeds describe.
 They raised no stone above him here,
 Nor carved his deathless name—
 An empire is his sepulcher,
 His epitaph is Fame.

THEODORE O'HARA



THE DOOM OF CLAUDIUS AND CYNTHIA

It was in the mid-splendor of the reign of Commodus. The emperor was quite easily flattered and more easily insulted. Especially desirous of being accounted the best swordsman and the most fearless gladiator in Rome, he still better enjoyed the reputation of being the incomparable archer. It can therefore be well understood how Claudius, by publicly boasting that he was a better archer than Commodus, had brought upon himself the calamity of a public execution.

The rumor was abroad in Rome that on a certain night a most startling scene would be enacted in the circus. The result was that on this particular night the vast building was crowded at an early hour. Commodus himself, surrounded by a great number of his favorites, sat on a high, richly cushioned throne, prepared for him about midway one side of the vast inclosure. All was still, as if the multitude were breathless with expectancy. Presently, out from one of the openings, a young man and a young woman—a mere girl—their hands bound behind them, were led forth upon the sand of the arena, and forced to walk around its entire circumference.

At length the giant circuit was completed, and the two were left standing on the sand, distant about one hundred and twenty feet from the emperor, who now arose, and in a loud voice said :

“Behold the condemned Claudius and Cynthia, whom he lately took for his wife. The crime for which they are to die is a great one. Claudius has publicly proclaimed that he is a better archer than I am. I am the emperor and the incomparable archer of Rome. Whoever disputes it dies and his wife dies with him. It is decreed.”

It was enough to touch the heart of even a Roman to see the tender innocence of that fair girl's face as she turned it up in speechless, tearless, appealing grief and anguish to her husband's.

Immediately a large cage containing two fierce-eyed and famished tigers was brought into the arena and placed before the victims. The hungry beasts growled and howled, lapping their tongues and plunging up against the door. A murmur ran all round that vast ellipse—a murmur of remonstrance and disgust; for now every one saw that the spectacle was to be a foul murder without even the show of a struggle.

Then a sound came from the cage which no words can ever describe,—the hungry howl, the clashing teeth, the hissing breath of the tigers, along with a sharp clang of the iron bars spurned by their rushing feet. The circus fairly shook with the plunge of Death toward its victims. Look for a brief moment upon the picture: fifty thousand faces or more thrust forward gazing; the helpless couple, lost to everything but the horrors of death, quivering from foot to crown; note the spotless beauty and

the unselfish love of the girl; mark well the stern power of the young man's face; think how sweet life must be to them on the threshold of marriage, and now, oh, now, look at those bounding, flaming-eyed tigers!

There came from the place where Commodus stood a clear musical note, such as might have come from the gravest chord of a lyre if powerfully struck, closely followed by a keen, far-reaching hiss, like the whisper of fate, ending in a heavy blow. The multitude caught breath and stared. The foremost tiger, while yet in mid-air, curled itself up with a gurgling cry of utter pain, and with blood gushing from its eyes, ears and mouth fell heavily down, dying. Again the sweet, insinuating twang, the hiss and the stroke. The second beast fell dead or dying upon the first. This explained all. The emperor had demonstrated his right to be called the Royal Bowman of the World.

"Lead them out and set them free!" he cried in a loud, heartless voice. "Lead them out and tell it everywhere that Commodus is the Incomparable Bowman!"

And then, when it was realized that the lovers had not been hurt, a great stir began, and out from a myriad overjoyed and admiring hearts leaped a storm of thanks, while with clash and bray of musical instruments, and with voices like the voices of winds and seas, and with a clapping of hands like the rending roar of tempests, the vast audience arose and applauded the emperor.

THE CORN-SONG

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!

Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hill the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eves,
 Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
 And bear the treasure home.

There, when the snows about us drift,
 And winter winds are cold,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
 And knead its meal of gold.

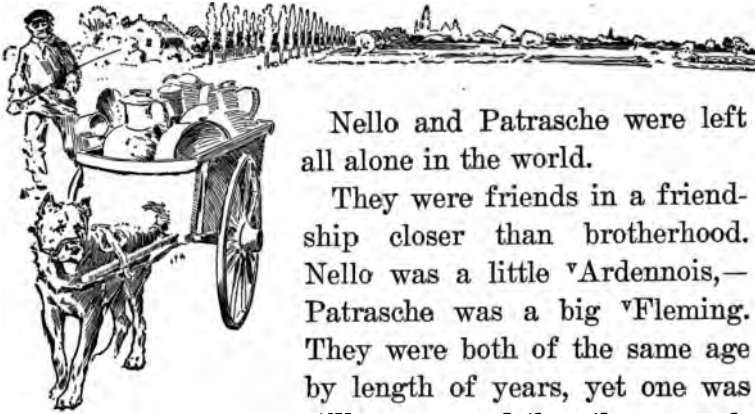
Let 'vapid idlers loll in silk,
 Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of 'samp and milk,
 By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth,
 Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
 And bless our farmer girls!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
 Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
 The wheat field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
 The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for His golden corn,
 Send up our thanks to God!

A DOG OF FLANDERS



Nello and Patrasche were left all alone in the world.

They were friends in a friendship closer than brotherhood. Nello was a little 'Ardennois,—Patrasche was a big 'Fleming. They were both of the same age by length of years, yet one was still young, and the other was al-

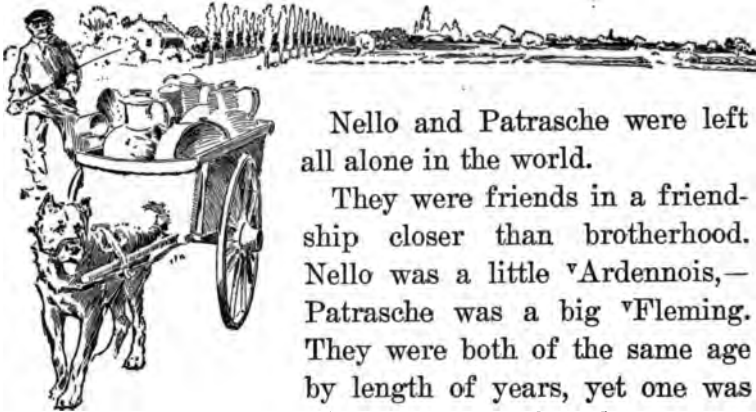
ready old. They had dwelt together almost all their days; both were orphaned and destitute, and owed their lives to the same hand. It had been the beginning of the tie between them, their first bond of sympathy; and it had strengthened day by day, and had grown with their growth, firm and indissoluble, until they loved one another very greatly.

Their home was a little hut on the edge of a little village,—a Flemish village a league from Antwerp, set amidst flat breadths of pasture and corn lands, with long lines of poplars and of alders bending in the breeze on the edge of the great canal which ran through it. It had about a score of houses and homesteads, with shutters of bright green or sky blue, and roofs rose-red or black and

white, and walls whitewashed until they shone in the sun like snow. In the center of the village stood a windmill, placed on a little moss-grown slope; it was a landmark to all the level country round. It had once been painted scarlet, sails and all, but that had been in its infancy, half a century or more earlier, when it had ground wheat for the soldiers of Napoleon; and it was now a ruddy brown, tanned by wind and weather. It went queerly by fits and starts, as though rheumatic and stiff in the joints from age, but it served the whole neighborhood, which would have thought it almost as impious to carry grain elsewhere, as to attend any other religious service than the mass that was performed at the altar of the little old gray church, with its conical steeple, which stood opposite to it, and whose single bell rang morning, noon and night with that strange, subdued, hollow sadness which every bell that hangs in the Low Countries seems to gain as an integral part of its melody.

Within sound of the little melancholy clock, almost from their birth upward, they had dwelt together, Nello and Patrasche, in the little hut on the edge of the village, with the cathedral spire of Antwerp rising in the northeast, beyond the great green plain of seeding grass and spreading corn that stretched away from them like a tideless, changeless sea. It was the hut of a very old man, of a very poor man,—of old Jehan Daas, who in his time had been a soldier, and who remembered the

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ready old. They had dwelt together almost all their days; both were orphaned and destitute, and owed their lives to the same hand. It had been the beginning of the tie between them, their first bond of sympathy; and it had strengthened day by day, and had grown with their growth, firm and indissoluble, until they loved one another very greatly.

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Within sound of the little melancholy clock, almost from their birth upward, they had dwelt together, Nello and Patrasche, in the little hut on the edge of the village, with the cathedral spire of Antwerp rising in the north-east, beyond the great green plain of seeding grass and spreading corn that stretched away from them like a tideless, changeless sea. It was the hut of a very old man, of a very poor man,—of old Jehan Daas, who in his time had been a soldier, and who remembered the

thirteenth month, he had become the property of a hardware dealer, who was accustomed to wander over the land north and south, from the blue sea to the green mountains. They sold him for a small price, because he was so young

This man was a drunkard and a brute. The life of Patrasche was a life of hell. To deal the tortures of hell on the animal creation is a way which some people have of showing their belief in it. His purchaser was a sullen, ill-living, brutal 'Brabantois, who heaped his cart full with pots and pans and flagons and buckets, and other wares of crockery and brass and tin, and left Patrasche to draw the load as best he might, whilst he himself lounged idly by the side in fat and sluggish ease, smoking his black pipe and stopping at every wineshop or café on the road.

Happily for Patrasche—or unhappily—he was very strong: he came of an iron race, long born and bred to such cruel 'travail; so that he did not die, but managed to drag on a wretched existence under the brutal burdens, the scarifying lashes, the hunger, the thirst, the blows, the curses, and the exhaustion which are the only wages with which the Flemings repay the most patient and laborious of all their fourfooted victims.

One day, after two years of this long and deadly agony, Patrasche was going along one of the straight, dusty, unlovely roads that lead to the 'city of Rubens. It was

full midsummer and very warm. His cart was very heavy, piled high with goods in metal and in earthenware. His owner sauntered on without noticing him otherwise than by the crack of the whip as it curled round his quivering loins. The Brabantois had paused to drink beer himself at every wayside house, but he had forbidden Patrasche to stop a moment for a draught from the canal. Going along thus in the full sun, on a scorching highway, having eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and, which was far worse to him, not having tasted water for nearly twelve, being blind with dust, sore with blows, and stupefied with the merciless weight which dragged upon his loins, Patrasche, for once, staggered and foamed a little at the mouth, and fell.

He fell in the middle of the white, dusty road, in the full glare of the sun; he was sick unto death and motionless. His master gave him the only medicine in his pharmacy,—kicks and oaths and blows with a cudgel of oak, which had been often the only food and drink, the only wage and reward, ever offered to him. But Patrasche was beyond the reach of any torture or of any curses. Patrasche lay, dead to all appearances, down in the white powder of the summer dust. After a while, finding it useless to assail his ribs with punishment and his ears with maledictions, the Brabantois—deeming life gone in him, or going so nearly that his carcass was forever useless, unless indeed some one should strip it of the

skin for gloves—cursed him fiercely in farewell, struck off the leathern bands of the harness, kicked his body heavily aside into the grass, and, groaning and muttering in savage wrath, pushed the cart lazily along the road uphill, and left the dying dog there for the ants to sting and for the crows to pick.

It was the last day before ^vKermesse away at Louvain, and the Brabantois was in haste to reach the fair and get a good place for his truck of brass wares. He was in fierce wrath, because Patrasche had been a strong and much-enduring animal, and because he himself had now the hard task of pushing his little cart all the way to Louvain. But to stay to look after Patrasche never entered his thoughts: the beast was dying and useless, and to replace him he would steal the first large dog that he found wandering alone out of sight of its master. Patrasche had cost him nothing, or next to nothing, and for two long, cruel years he had made him toil ceaselessly in his service from sunrise to sunset, through summer and winter, in fair weather and foul.

He had got a fair use and a good profit out of Patrasche; being human, he was wise, and left the dog to draw his last breath alone in the ditch and have his bloodshot eyes plucked out as they might be by the birds, whilst he himself went on his way to beg and to steal, to eat and to drink, to dance and to sing, in the mirth at Louvain. A dying dog, a dog of the cart,—why should



The old man knelt down and surveyed the dog.

he waste hours over its agonies at peril of losing a handful of copper coins, at peril of a shout of laughter?

Patrasche lay there, flung in the grass-green ditch. It was a busy road that day, and hundreds of people, on foot and on mules, in wagons or in carts, went by, tramping quickly and joyously on to Louvain. Some saw him, most did not even look; all passed on. A dead dog more or less,—it was nothing in Brabant; it would be nothing anywhere in the world.

After a time, amongst the holiday makers, there came a little old man who was bent and lame and very feeble. He was in no guise for feasting: he was very poorly and miserably clad, and he dragged his silent way slowly through the dust amongst the pleasure seekers. He looked at Patrasche, paused, wondered, turned aside, then kneeled down in the rank grass and weeds of the ditch and surveyed the dog with kindly eyes of pity. There was with him a rosy, fair-haired, dark-eyed child of a few years old, who pattered in amidst the bushes, that were for him breast-high, and stood gazing with a pretty seriousness upon the poor, great, quiet beast.

Thus it was that these two first met.—the little Nello and the big Patrasche.

II

The upshot of that day was that old Jehan Daas with much laborious effort drew the sufferer homeward to his own little hut, which was a stone's throw off amidst

the fields, and there tended him with so much care that the sickness, which had been a brain seizure, brought on by heat and thirst and exhaustion, with time and shade and rest passed away. Health and strength returned, and Patrasche staggered up again upon his four stout, tawny legs.

Now, for many weeks he had been useless, powerless, sore, near to death; but all this time he had heard no rough word, had felt no harsh touch, but only the pitying murmurs of the little child's voice and the soothing caress of the old man's hand. In his sickness they two had grown to care for him, this lonely old man and the little happy child. He had a corner of the hut, with a heap of dry grass for his bed; and they had learned to listen eagerly for his breathing in the dark night, to tell them that he lived; and when he first was well enough to essay a loud, hollow, broken bay, they laughed aloud and almost wept together for joy at such a sign of his sure restoration; and little Nello, in delighted glee, hung round his rugged neck with chains of marguerites, and kissed him with fresh and ruddy lips.

So then when Patrasche arose, himself again, strong, big, gaunt, powerful, his great wistful eyes had a gentle astonishment in them that there were no curses to rouse him and no blows to drive him; and his heart awakened to a mighty love, which never wavered once in its fidelity whilst life abode with him. For Patrasche, being a dog,

was grateful. Patrasche lay pondering long with grave, tender, musing brown eyes, watching the movements of his friends.

Now, the old soldier, Jehan Daas, could do nothing for his living but limp about a little with a small cart, with which he carried away daily into the town of Antwerp the milk cans of those happier neighbors who owned cattle. The villagers gave him the employment a little out of charity,—more because it suited them well to send their milk into the town by so honest a carrier and bide at home themselves to look after their gardens, their cows, their poultry, or their little fields. But it was becoming hard work for the old man. He was eighty-three, and Antwerp was a good league off, or more.

On the day when he had got well and was lying in the sun with the wreath of marguerites round his tawny neck, Patrasche watched the milk cans come and go. The next morning before the old man had touched the cart, Patrasche arose and walked to it and placed himself betwixt its handles and testified, as plainly as dumb show could do, his desire and his ability to work in return for the bread of charity that he had eaten. Jehan Daas resisted long, for the old man was one of those who thought it a foul shame to bind dogs to labor for which Nature never formed them. But Patrasche would not be gain-said: finding they did not harness him, he tried to draw the cart onward with his teeth.

At length Jehan Daas gave way, vanquished by the persistence and the gratitude of this creature whom he had succored. He fashioned his cart so that Patrasche could run in it, and this he did every morning of his life thenceforward.

When the winter came, Jehan Daas thanked the blessed fortune that had brought him to the dying dog in the ditch that fair-day of Louvain; for he was very old, and he grew feebler with each year, and he would ill have known how to pull his load of milk cans over the snows and through the deep ruts in the mud if it had not been for the strength and the industry of the animal he had befriended.

As for Patrasche, it seemed heaven to him. After the frightful burdens that his old master had compelled him to strain under, at the call of the whip at every step, it seemed nothing to him but amusement to step out with this little light green cart with its bright brass cans, by the side of the gentle old man who always paid him with a tender caress and with a kindly word. Besides, his work was over by three or four in the day, and after that time he was free to do as he would,—to stretch himself, to sleep in the sun, to wander in the fields, to romp with the young child, or to play with his fellow-dogs. Patrasche was very happy.

Fortunately for his peace, his former owner was killed in a drunken brawl at the Kermesse of Mechlin, and so

sought not after him nor disturbed him in his new and well-loved home.

A few years later, old Jehan Daas, who had always been a cripple, became so paralyzed with rheumatism that it was impossible for him to go out with the cart any more. Then little Nello, being now grown to his sixth year of age and knowing the town well from having accompanied his grandfather so many times, took his place beside the cart, and sold the milk and received the coins in exchange, and brought them back to their respective owners with a pretty grace and seriousness which charmed all who beheld him.

The little Ardennois was a beautiful child, with dark, grave, tender eyes, and a lovely bloom upon his face, and fair locks that clustered to his throat; and many an artist sketched the group as it went by him,—the green cart with the brass flagons of Teniers and Mieris and Van Tal, and the great, tawny-colored, massive dog, with his belled harness that chimed cheerily as he went, and the small figure that ran beside him, which had little white feet in great wooden shoes, and a soft, grave, innocent, happy face like the little fair children of Rubens.

Nello and Patrasche did the work so well and so joyfully together that Jehan Daas himself, when the summer came and he was better again, had no need to stir out, but could sit in the doorway in the sun and see them go forth through the garden wicket, and then doze and

dream and pray a little, and then awake again as the clock tolled three, and watch for their return. And on their return Patrasche would shake himself free of his harness with a bay of glee, and Nello would recount with pride the doings of the day; and they would all go in together to their meal of rye bread and milk or soup, and would see the shadows lengthen over the great plain, and see the twilight veil the fair cathedral spire; and then lie down together to sleep peacefully while the old man said a prayer.

III

So the days and the years went on, and the lives of Nello and Patrasche were happy, innocent and healthful.

In the spring and summer especially were they glad. Flanders is not a lovely land, and around the burgh of Rubens it is perhaps least lovely of all. Corn and colza, pasture and plough, succeed each other on the characterless plain in wearying repetition, and save by some gaunt gray tower with its peal of pathetic bells, or some figure coming athwart the fields, made picturesque by a gleaner's bundle or a woodman's fagot, there is no change, no variety, no beauty anywhere; and he who has dwelt upon the mountains or amidst the forests feels oppressed as by imprisonment with the tedium and the endlessness of that vast and dreary level. But it is green and very fertile, and it has wide horizons that have a certain charm of their own even in their dulness and

monotony ; and amongst the rushes by the waterside the flowers grow and the trees rise tall and fresh where the barges glide with their great hulks black against the sun, and their little green barrels and vari-colored flags gay against the leaves. Anyway, there is greenery and breadth of space enough to be as good as beauty to a child and a dog ; and these two asked no better, when their work was done, than to lie buried in the lush grasses on the side of the canal, and watch the cumbrous vessels drifting by and bringing the crisp salt smell of the sea amongst the blossoming scents of the country summer.

True, in the winter it was harder : they had to rise in the darkness and the bitter cold ; they had seldom as much as they could have eaten any day ; and the hut was scarce better than a shed when the nights were cold, although it looked so pretty in warm weather, buried in a great kindly-clambering vine that never bore fruit, indeed, but which covered it with luxuriant green tracery all through the months of blossom and harvest. In winter the winds found many holes in the walls of the poor little hut ; the vine was black and leafless ; the bare lands looked very bleak and drear without ; and sometimes within, the floor was flooded and then frozen. In winter it was hard, and the snow numbed the little white limbs of Nello, and the icicles cut the brave, untiring feet of Patrasche.

But even then they were never heard to lament, either of them. The child's wooden shoes and the dog's four legs would trot manfully together over the frozen fields to the chime of the bells on the harness; and then sometimes in the streets of Antwerp some housewife would bring them a bowl of soup and a handful of bread, or some kindly trader would throw some billets of fuel into the little cart as it went homeward, or some woman in their own village would bid them keep for their own food some share of the milk they carried; and then they would run over the white lands, through the early darkness, bright and happy, and burst with a shout of joy into their home.

So on the whole it was well with them, very well; and Patrasche, meeting on the highway or in the public streets the many dogs who toiled from daybreak into nightfall, paid only with blows and curses, and loosened from the shafts with a kick to starve and freeze as best they might,—Patrasche in his heart was very grateful to his fate and thought it the fairest and the kindest the world could hold. Though he was often very hungry indeed when he lay down at night; though he had to work in the heats of summer noons and the rasping chills of winter dawns; though his feet were often tender with wounds from the sharp edges of the jagged pavement; though he had to perform tasks beyond his strength and against his nature,—yet he was grateful and content:

he did his duty with each day, and the eyes that he loved smiled down on him. It was sufficient for Patrasche.

There was only one thing which caused Patrasche any uneasiness in his life, and it was this: Antwerp, as all the world knows, is full, at every turn, of old piles of stones, dark and ancient and majestic, standing in crooked courts, jammed against gateways and taverns, rising by the water's edge, with bells ringing above them in the air, and ever and again out of their arched doors a swell of music pealing. There they remain, the grand old sanctuaries of the past, shut in amidst the squalor, the hurry, the crowds, the unloveliness and the commerce of the modern world, and all day long the clouds drift and the birds circle and the winds sigh around them, and beneath the earth at their feet there sleeps—
RUBENS.

And the greatness of the mighty Master still rests upon Antwerp, and wherever we turn in its narrow streets his glory lies therein, so that all mean things are thereby transfigured; and as we pace slowly through the winding ways, and by the edge of the stagnant water, and through the noisome courts, his spirit abides with us, the heroic beauty of his visions is about us, and the stones that once felt his footsteps and bore his shadow seem to arise and speak of him with living voices. For the city which is the tomb of Rubens still lives to us through him, and him alone.



Statue of Rubens and the Cathedral.

It is so quiet there by that great white sepulcher,—so quiet, save only when the organ peals and the choir cries aloud the 'Salve Regina or the 'Kyrie Eleison. Sure no artist ever had a greater gravestone than that pure marble sanctuary gives to him in the heart of his birthplace, in the chancel of 'St. Jacques.

Without Rubens, what were Antwerp? A dirty, dusky, bustling mart, which no man would ever care to look upon save the traders who do business on its wharves. With Rubens, to the whole world of men it is a sacred name, a sacred soil, a 'Bethlehem where a god of Art saw light, a 'Golgotha where a god of Art lies dead.

O nations! closely should you treasure your great men, for by them alone will the future know of you. Flanders in her generations has been wise. In his life she glorified this greatest of her sons, and in his death she magnifies his name. But her wisdom is very rare.

Now, the trouble of Patrasche was this. Into these great, sad piles of stones, that reared their melancholy majesty above the crowded roofs, the child Nello would many and many a time enter and disappear through their dark, arched portals, whilst Patrasche, left without upon the pavement, would wearily and vainly ponder on what could be the charm which thus allured from him his inseparable and beloved companion. Once or twice he did essay to see for himself, clattering up the steps

with his milk cart behind him; but thereon he had been always sent back again summarily by a tall custodian in black clothes and silver chains of office; and fearful of bringing his little master into trouble, he desisted, and remained couched patiently before the churches until such time as the boy reappeared. It was not the fact of his going into them which disturbed Patrasche: he knew that people went to church; all the village went to the small, tumble-down, gray pile opposite the red wind-mill. What troubled him was that little Nello always looked strange when he came out, always very flushed or very pale; and whenever he returned home after such visitations, he would sit silent and dreaming, not caring to play, but gazing out at the evening skies beyond the line of the canal, very subdued and almost sad.

What was it? wondered Patrasche. He thought it could not be good or natural for the little lad to be so grave, and in his dumb fashion he tried all he could to keep Nello by him in the sunny fields or in the busy market place. But to the churches Nello would go. Most often of all would he go to the great cathedral; and Patrasche, left without on the stones by the iron fragments of 'Quentin Matsys's gate, would stretch himself and yawn and sigh, and even howl now and then, all in vain, until the doors closed and the child perforce came forth again, and winding his arms about the dog's neck would kiss him on his broad, tawny-colored forehead, and mur-

mur always the same words: "If I could only see them, Patrasche! if I could only see them!"

What were they? pondered Patrasche, looking up with large, wistful, sympathetic eyes.

One day, when the custodian was out of the way and the doors left ajar, he got in for a moment after his little friend and saw. "They" were two great, covered pictures on either side of the choir. Nello was kneeling, rapt as in an ecstasy, before the altar-picture of the ^vAssumption; and when he noticed Patrasche and rose and drew the dog gently out into the air, his face was wet with tears, and he looked up at the veiled places as he passed them, and murmured to his companion, "It is so terrible not to see them, Patrasche, just because one is poor and cannot pay! He never meant that the poor should not see them when he painted them, I am sure. He would have had us see them any day, every day; of that I am sure. And they keep them shrouded there,—shrouded in the dark, the beautiful things!—and they never feel the light, and no eyes look on them, unless rich people come and pay. If I could only see them, I would be content to die."

But he could not see them, and Patrasche could not help him, for to gain the silver piece that the church exacts as the price for looking on the glories of the ^vElevation of the Cross and the Descent from the Cross was a thing as utterly beyond the powers of either of them

as it would have been to scale the heights of the cathedral spire. They had never so much as a sou to spare: if they cleared enough to get a little wood for the stove, a little broth for the pot, it was the utmost they could do. And yet the heart of the child was set in sore and endless longing upon beholding the greatness of the two veiled Rubens.

The whole soul of the little Ardennois thrilled and stirred with an absorbing passion for Art. Going on his ways through the old city in the early days before the sun or the people had risen, Nello, who looked only a little peasant boy, with a great dog drawing milk to sell from door to door, was in a heaven of dreams whereof Rubens was the god. Nello, cold and hungry, with stockingless feet in wooden shoes, and the winter winds blowing amongst his curls and lifting his poor thin garments, was in a rapture of meditation, wherein all that he saw was the beautiful fair face of the Mary of the Assumption, with the waves of her golden hair lying upon her shoulders and the light of an eternal sun shining down upon her brow. Nello, reared in poverty, and buffeted by fortune, and untaught in letters, and unheeded by men, had the compensation or the curse which is called Genius.

No one knew it. He as little as any. No one knew it. Only indeed Patrasche, who, being with him always, saw him draw with chalk upon the stones any and every thing

that grew or breathed, heard him on his little bed of hay murmur all manner of timid, pathetic prayers to the spirit of the great Master; watched his gaze darken and his face radiate at the evening glow of sunset or the rosy rising of the dawn; and felt many and many a time the tears of a strange nameless pain and joy, mingled together, fall hotly from the bright young eyes upon his own wrinkled, yellow forehead.

"I should go to my grave quite content if I thought, Nello, that when thou growest a man, thou couldst own this hut and the little plot of ground, and labor for thyself, and be called Baas by thy neighbors," said the old man Jehan many an hour from his bed. For to own a bit of soil and to be called Baas—master—by the hamlet round, is to have achieved the highest ideal of a Flemish peasant; and the old soldier, who had wandered over all the earth in his youth and had brought nothing back, deemed in his old age that to live and die on one spot in contented humility was the fairest fate he could desire for his darling. But Nello said nothing.


The same leaven was working in him that in other times begat Rubens and Jordaens and the Van Eycks, and all their wondrous tribe, and in times more recent begat in the green country of the Ardennes, where the Meuse washes the old walls of Dijon, the great artist of the Patroclus, whose genius is too near for us to measure aright its divinity.

Nello dreamed of other things in the future than of tilling the little rood of earth, and living under the wattle roof, and being called Baas by neighbors a little poorer or a little less poor than himself. The cathedral spire, where it rose beyond the fields in the ruddy evening skies or in the dim, gray, misty mornings, said other things to him than this. But these he told only to Patrasche, whispering, childlike, his fancies in the dog's ear when they went together at their work through the fogs of the daybreak, or lay together at their rest amongst the rustling rushes by the water's side.

For such dreams are not easily shaped into speech to awake the slow sympathies of human auditors; and they would only have sorely perplexed and troubled the poor old man bedridden in his corner, who, for his part, whenever he had trodden the streets of Antwerp, had thought the daub of blue and red that they called a Madonna, on the walls of the wineshop where he drank his sou's worth of black beer, quite as good as any of the famous altar-pieces for which the stranger folk traveled far and wide into Flanders from every land on which the good sun shone.

IV

There was only one other besides Patrasche to whom Nello could talk at all of his daring fantasies. This other was little Alois, who lived at the old red mill on the grassy mound, and whose father, the miller, was the



best-to-do husbandman in all the village. Little Alois was only a pretty baby with soft, round, rosy features, made lovely by those sweet, dark eyes that the Spanish rule has left in so many a Flemish face, in testimony of the Alvan dominion, as Spanish art has left broadsown throughout the country majestic palaces and stately courts, gilded house fronts and sculptured lintels,—histories in blazonry and poems in stone.

Little Alois was often with Nello and Patrasche. They played in the fields, they ran in the snow, they gathered the daisies and bilberries, they went up to the old gray church together, and they often sat together by the broad wood-fire in the millhouse. Little Alois, indeed, was the richest child in the hamlet. She had neither brother nor sister; her blue serge dress had never a hole in it; at Kermesse she had as many gilded nuts and Agni Dei in sugar as her hands could hold; and when she went up for her first communion her flaxen curls were covered with a cap of richest Mechlin lace, which had been her mother's and her grandmother's before it came to her. Men spoke already, though she had but twelve years, of the good wife she would be for their sons to woo and win; but she herself was a little gay, simple child, in no wise conscious of her heritage, and she loved no play-fellows so well as Jehan Daas's grandson and his dog.

One day her father, Baas Cogez, a good man, but somewhat stern, came on a pretty group in the long

meadow behind the mill, where the aftermath had that day been cut. It was his little daughter sitting amidst the hay, with the great tawny head of Patrasche on her lap and many wreaths of poppies and blue cornflowers round them both; on a clean smooth slab of pine wood the boy Nello drew their likeness with a stick of charcoal.

The miller stood and looked at the portrait with tears in his eyes, it was so strangely like, and he loved his only child closely and well. Then he roughly chid the little girl for idling there whilst her mother needed her within, and sent her indoors crying and afraid; then, turning, he snatched the wood from Nello's hands. "Dost do much of such folly?" he asked, but there was a tremble in his voice.

Nello colored and hung his head. "I draw every thing I see," he murmured.

The miller was silent; then he stretched his hand out with a franc in it. "It is folly, as I say, and evil waste of time; nevertheless, it is like Alois and will please the house mother. Take this silver bit for it and leave it for me."

The color died out of the face of the young Ardennois; he lifted his head and put his hands behind his back. "Keep your money and the portrait both, Baas Cogez," he said simply. "You have often been good to me." Then he called Patrasche to him and walked away across the fields.

"I could have seen them with that franc," he murmured to Patrasche, "but I could not sell her picture,—not even for them."

Baas Cogeze went into his millhouse sore troubled in his mind. "That lad must not be so much with Alois," he said to his wife that night. "Trouble may come of it hereafter: he is fifteen now, and she is twelve; and the boy is comely of face and form."

"And he is a good lad and a loyal," said the housewife, feasting her eyes on the piece of pine wood where it was throned above the chimney with a cuckoo clock in oak and a Calvary in wax.

"Yea, I do not gainsay that," said the miller, draining his pewter flagon.

"Then, if what you think of were ever to come to pass," said the wife hesitatingly, "would it matter so much? She will have enough for both, and one cannot be better than happy."

"You are a woman, and therefore a fool," said the miller harshly, striking his pipe on the table. "The lad is naught but a beggar, and with these painter's fancies worse than a beggar. Have a care that they are not together in the future, or I will send the child to the surer keeping of the nuns of the Sacred Heart."

The poor mother was terrified and promised humbly to do his will. Not that she could bring herself altogether to separate the child from her favorite playmate, nor did

the miller even desire that extreme of cruelty to a young lad who was guilty of nothing except poverty. But there were many ways in which little Alois was kept away from her chosen companion; and Nello, being a boy proud and quiet and sensitive, was quickly wounded and ceased to turn his own steps and those of Patrasche, as he had been used to do with every moment of leisure, to the old red mill upon the slope. What his offense was he did not know: he supposed he had in some manner angered Baas Cogez by taking the portrait of Alois in the meadow; and when the child who loved him would run to him and nestle her hand in his, he would smile at her very sadly and say with a tender concern for her before himself, "Nay, Alois, do not anger your father. He thinks that I make you idle, dear, and he is not pleased that you should be with me. He is a good man and loves you well; we will not anger him, Alois."

But it was with a sad heart that he said it, and the earth did not look so bright to him as it had used to do when he went out at sunrise under the poplars down the straight roads with Patrasche. The old red mill had been a landmark to him, and he had been used to pause by it, going and coming, for a cheery greeting with its people as her little flaxen head rose above the low mill wicket, and her little rosy hands had held out a bone or a crust to Patrasche. Now the dog looked wistfully at a closed door, and the boy went on without pausing, with

a pang at his heart, and the child sat within with tears dropping slowly on the knitting to which she was set on her little stool by the stove; and Baas Cogeze, working among his sacks and his mill gear, would harden his will and say to himself, "It is best so. The lad is all but a beggar, and full of idle, dreaming fooleries. Who knows what mischief might not come of it in the future?" So he was wise in his generation and would not have the door unbarred except upon rare and formal occasions, which seemed to have neither warmth nor mirth in them to the two children, who had been accustomed so long to a daily gleeful, careless, happy interchange of greeting, speech and pastime, with no other watcher of their sports or auditor of their fancies than Patrasche, sagely shaking the brazen bells of his collar and responding with all a dog's swift sympathies to their every change of mood.

All this while the little panel of pine wood remained over the chimney in the mill kitchen with the cuckoo clock and the waxen Calvary; and sometimes it seemed to Nello a little hard that whilst his gift was accepted he himself should be denied. But he did not complain: it was his habit to be quiet; old Jehan Daas had said ever to him, "We are poor; we must take what God sends,—the ill with the good; the poor cannot choose."

To which the boy had always listened in silence, being reverent of his old grandfather; but nevertheless a certain vague, sweet hope, such as beguiles the children of

genius, had whispered in his heart, "Yet the poor do choose sometimes,—choose to be great, so that men cannot say them nay." And he thought so still in his innocence; and one day, when the little Alois found him by chance alone amongst the cornfields by the canal, she ran to him and held him close, and sobbed piteously because the morrow would be her 'saint's day, and for the first time in all her life her parents had failed to bid him to the little supper and romp in the great barns with which her feast day was always celebrated. Nello kissed her and murmured to her in firm faith, "It shall be different one day, Alois. One day that little bit of pine wood that your father has of mine shall be worth its weight in silver; and he will not shut the door against me then. Only love me always, dear little Alois, only love me always, and I will be great."

"And if I do not love you?" the pretty child asked, pouting a little through her tears and moved by the instinctive 'coquetries of her sex.

Nello's eyes left her face and wandered to the distance, where in the red and gold of the Flemish night the cathedral spire rose. There was a smile on his face so sweet and yet so sad that little Alois was awed by it. "I will be great still," he said under his breath, "great still, or die, Alois."

"You do not love me," said the little spoilt child, pushing him away; but the boy shook his head and

smiled, and went on his way through the tall yellow corn, seeing as in a vision some day in a fair future when he should come into that old familiar land and ask Alois of her people and be not refused or denied, but received in honor whilst the village folk should throng to look upon him and say in one another's ears, "Dost see him? He is a king among men, for he is a great artist and the world speaks his name; and yet he was only our poor little Nello, who was a beggar, as one may say, and only got his bread by the help of his dog." And he thought how he would fold his grandsire in furs and purples, and portray him as the old man is portrayed in the 'Family in the chapel of St. Jacques; and of how he would hang the throat of Patrasche with a collar of gold, and place him on his right hand, and say to the people, "This was once my only friend;" and of how he would build himself a great white marble palace, and make to himself luxuriant gardens of pleasure on the slope looking outward to where the cathedral spire rose, and not dwell in it himself, but summon to it, as to a home, all men young and poor and friendless, but of the will to do mighty things; and of how he would say to them always, if they sought to bless his name, "Nay, do not thank me,—thank Rubens. Without him, what should I have been?"

And these dreams, beautiful, impossible, innocent, free of all selfishness, full of heroical worship, were so closely *about* him as he went that he was happy,—happy even

on this sad anniversary of Alois's saint's day, when he and Patrasche went home by themselves to the little dark hut and the meal of black bread, whilst in the millhouse all the children of the village sang and laughed, and ate the big round cakes of Dijon and the almond gingerbread of Brabant, and danced in the great barn to the light of the stars and the music of flute and fiddle.

"Never mind, Patrasche," he said, with his arms round the dog's neck as they both sat in the door of the hut, where the sounds of the mirth at the mill came down to them on the night air; "never mind. It shall all be changed by and by."

He believed in the future; Patrasche, of more experience and of more philosophy, thought that the loss of the mill supper in the present was ill compensated by dreams of milk and honey in some vague hereafter. And Patrasche growled whenever he passed by Baas Cogez.

"This is Alois's name day, is it not?" said the old man Daas that night from the corner where he was stretched upon his bed of sacking.

The boy gave a gesture of assent; he wished that the old man's memory had erred a little, instead of keeping such sure account.

"And why not there?" his grandfather pursued. "Thou hast never missed a year before, Nello."

"Thou art too sick to leave," murmured the lad, bending his handsome young head over the bed.

“Tut! tut! Mother Nulette would have come and sat with me, as she has done scores of times. What is the cause, Nello?” the old man persisted. “Thou surely hast not had ill words with the little one?”

“Nay, grandfather,—never,” said the boy quickly, with a hot color in his bent face. “Simply and truly, Baas Cogez did not have me asked this year. He has taken some whim against me.”

“But thou hast done nothing wrong?”

“That I know—nothing. I took the portrait of Alois on a piece of pine; that is all.”

“Ah!” The old man was silent; the truth suggested itself to him with the boy’s innocent answer. He was tied to a bed of dried leaves in the corner of a wattle hut, but he had not wholly forgotten what the ways of the world were like.

He drew Nello’s fair head fondly to his breast with a tenderer gesture. “Thou art very poor, my child,” he said with a quiver the more in his aged, trembling voice,—“so poor! It is very hard for thee.”

“Nay, I am rich,” murmured Nello; and in his innocence he thought so—rich with the imperishable powers that are mightier than the might of kings. And he went and stood by the door of the hut in the quiet autumn night, and watched the stars troop by and the tall poplars bend and shiver in the wind. All the casements of the millhouse were lighted, and every now and then the

notes of the flute came to him. The tears fell down his cheeks, for he was but a child, yet he smiled, for he said to himself, "In the future!" He stayed there until all was quite still and dark; then he and Patrasche went within and slept together long and deeply, side by side.

V

Now he had a secret which only Patrasche knew. There was a little outhouse to the hut, which no one entered but himself,—a dreary place, but with abundant clear light from the north. Here he had fashioned himself rudely an easel in rough lumber, and here on a great gray sea of stretched paper he had given shape to one of the innumerable fancies which possessed his brain. No one had ever taught him anything; colors he had no means to buy; he had gone without bread many a time to procure even the few rude vehicles that he had here; and it was only in black or white that he could fashion the things he saw. This great figure which he had drawn here in chalk was only an old man sitting on a fallen tree,—only that. He had seen old Michel the woodman sitting so at evening many a time. He had never had a soul to tell him of outline or perspective, of anatomy or of shadow, and yet he had given all the weary, worn-out age, all the sad, quiet patience, all the rugged, careworn pathos of his original, and given them so that the old lonely figure was a poem, sitting there meditative and

alone on the dead tree, with the darkness of the descending night behind him.

It was rude, of course, in a way, and had many faults, no doubt; and yet it was real, true in Nature, true in Art, and very mournful, and in a manner beautiful.

Patrasche had lain quiet countless hours watching its gradual creation after the labor of each day was done, and he knew that Nello had a hope—vain and wild perhaps, but strongly cherished—of sending this great drawing to compete for a prize of two hundred francs a year which it was announced in Antwerp would be open to every lad of talent, scholar or peasant, under eighteen, who would attempt to win it with some unaided work of chalk or pencil. Three of the foremost artists in the town of Rubens were to be the judges and elect the victor according to his merits.

All the spring and summer and autumn Nello had been at work upon this treasure, which, if triumphant, would build him his first step toward independence and the mysteries of the art which he blindly, ignorantly, and yet passionately adored.

He said nothing to any one: his grandfather would not have understood, and little Alois was lost to him. Only to Patrasche he told all and whispered, "Rubens would give it to me, I think, if he knew."

Patrasche thought so too, for he knew that Rubens had loved dogs or he had never painted them with such ex-

quisite fidelity; and men who loved dogs were, as Patrasche knew, always pitiful.

The drawings were to go in on the first day of December, and the decision be given on the twenty-fourth, so that he who should win might rejoice with all his people at the Christmas season.

In the twilight of a bitter wintry day, and with a beating heart, now quick with hope, now faint with fear, Nello placed the great picture on his little green milk cart, and took it with the help of Patrasche into the town, and there left it, as enjoined, at the doors of a public building.

"Perhaps it is worth nothing at all. How can I tell?" he thought, with the heartsickness of a great timidity. Now that he had left it there, it seemed to him so hazardous, so vain, so foolish, to dream that he, a little lad with bare feet, who barely knew his letters, could do anything at which great painters, real artists, could ever deign to look. Yet he took heart as he went by the cathedral: the lordly form of Rubens seemed to rise from the fog and the darkness, and to loom in its magnificence before him, whilst the lips with their kindly smile seemed to him to murmur, "Nay, have courage! It was not by a weak heart and by faint fears that I wrote my name for all time upon Antwerp."

Nello ran home through the cold night, comforted. He had done his best; the rest must be as God willed, he

thought, in that innocent, unquestioning faith which had been taught him in the little gray chapel amongst the willows and the poplar trees.

The winter was very sharp already. That night, after they had reached the hut, snow fell; and fell for very many days after that, so that the paths and the divisions in the fields were all obliterated, and all the smaller streams were frozen over, and the cold was intense upon the plains. Then indeed it became hard work to go round for the milk while the world was all dark, and carry it through the darkness to the silent town. Hard work, especially for Patrasche, for the passage of the years that were only bringing Nello a stronger youth were bringing him old age, and his joints were stiff and his bones ached often. But he would never give up his share of the labor. Nello would fain have spared him and drawn the cart himself, but Patrasche would not allow it. All he would ever permit or accept was the help of a thrust from behind to the truck as it lumbered along through the ice ruts. Patrasche had lived in harness, and he was proud of it. He suffered a great deal sometimes from frost and the terrible roads and the rheumatic pains of his limbs, but he only drew his breath hard and bent his stout neck, and trod onward with steady patience.

“Rest thee at home, Patrasche,—it is time thou didst rest,—and I can quite well push the cart by myself,”

urged Nello many a morning; but Patrasche, who understood him aright, would no more have consented to stay at home than a veteran soldier to shirk when the charge was sounding; and every day he would rise and place himself in his shafts, and plod along over the snow through the fields that his four round feet had left their print upon so many, many years.

"One must never rest till one dies," thought Patrasche; and sometimes it seemed to him that that time of rest for him was not very far off. His sight was less clear than it had been, and it gave him pain to rise after the night's sleep, though he would never lie a moment in his straw when once the bell of the chapel tolling five let him know that the daybreak of labor had begun.

"My poor Patrasche, we shall soon lie quiet together, you and I," said old Jehan Daas, stretching out to stroke the head of Patrasche with the old withered hand which had always shared with him its one poor crust of bread; and the hearts of the old man and the old dog ached together with one thought: When they were gone who would care for their darling?

VI

One afternoon as they came back from Antwerp over the snow, which had become hard and smooth as marble over all the Flemish plains, they found dropped in the road a pretty little puppet, a tambourine player, all

scarlet and gold, about six inches high, and, unlike greater personages when Fortune lets them drop, quite unspoiled and unhurt by its fall. It was a pretty toy. Nello tried to find its owner, and, failing, thought that it was just the thing to please Alois.

It was quite night when he passed the millhouse; he knew the little window of her room. It could be no harm, he thought, if he gave her his little piece of 'treasure-trove, they had been playfellows so long. There was a shed with a sloping roof beneath her casement. He climbed it and tapped softly at the lattice: there was a little light within. The child opened it and looked out, half frightened.

Nello put the tambourine player into her hands. "Here is a doll I found in the snow, Alois. Take it," he whispered; "take it, and God bless thee, dear!"

He slid down from the shed roof before she had time to thank him, and ran off through the darkness.

That night there was a fire at the mill. Outbuildings and much corn were destroyed, although the mill itself and the dwelling house were unharmed. All the village was out in terror, and engines came tearing through the snow from Antwerp. The miller was insured and would lose nothing; nevertheless, he was in furious wrath, and declared aloud that the fire was due to no accident, but to some foul intent.

Nello, awakened from his sleep, ran to help with the

rest. Baas Cogeze thrust him angrily aside. "Thou wert loitering here after dark," he said roughly. "I believe, on my soul, that thou dost know more of the fire than anyone."

Nello heard him in silence, stupefied, not supposing that anyone could say such things except in jest and not comprehending how anyone could pass a jest at such a time.

Nevertheless the miller said the brutal thing openly to many of his neighbors in the day that followed; and though no serious charge was ever preferred against the lad, it got bruited about that Nello had been seen in the mill yard after dark on some unspoken errand, and that he bore Baas Cogeze a grudge for forbidding his intercourse with little Alois; and so the hamlet, which followed the sayings of its richest landowner servilely, and whose families all hoped to secure the riches of Alois in some future time for their sons, took the hint to give grave looks and cold words to old Jehan Daas's grandson. No one said anything to him openly, but all the village agreed together to humor the miller's prejudice, and at the cottages and farms where Nello and Patrasche called every morning for the milk for Antwerp, downcast glances and brief phrases replaced to them the broad smiles and cheerful greetings to which they had been always used. No one really credited the miller's absurd suspicions nor the outrageous accusations born of them.

but the people were all very poor and very ignorant, and the one rich man of the place had pronounced against him. Nello, in his innocence and his friendlessness, had no strength to stem the popular tide.

“Thou art very cruel to the lad,” the miller’s wife dared to say, weeping, to her lord. “Sure he is an innocent lad and a faithful, and would never dream of any such wickedness, however sore his heart might be.”

But Baas Cogeze being an obstinate man, having once said a thing, held to it doggedly, though in his innermost soul he knew well the injustice that he was committing.

Meanwhile Nello endured the injury done against him with a certain proud patience that disdained to complain; he only gave way a little when he was quite alone with old Patrasche. Besides, he thought, “If it should win! They will be sorry then, perhaps.”

Still, to a boy not quite sixteen, and who had dwelt in one little world all his short life, and in his childhood had been caressed and applauded on all sides, it was a hard trial to have the whole of that little world turn against him for naught. Especially hard in that bleak, snow-bound, famine-stricken winter time, when the only light and warmth there could be found abode beside the village hearths and in the kindly greetings of neighbors. In the winter time all drew nearer to each other, all to all, except to Nello and Patrasche, with whom none now

would have anything to do, and who were left to fare as they might with the old paralyzed, bedridden man in the little cabin, whose fire was often low, and whose board was often without bread; for there was a buyer from Antwerp who had taken to drive his mule in of a day for the milk of the various dairies, and there were only three or four of the people who had refused his terms of purchase and remained faithful to the little green cart. So that the burden which Patrasche drew had become very light, and the centime pieces in Nello's pouch had become, alas! very small likewise.

The dog would stop as usual at all the familiar gates which were now closed to him, and look up at them with wistful, mute appeal; and it cost the neighbors a pang to shut their doors and their hearts, and let Patrasche draw his cart on again, empty. Nevertheless they did it, for they desired to please Baas Coge.

VII

Noel was close at hand.

The weather was very wild and cold. The snow was six feet deep, and the ice was firm enough to bear oxen and men upon it everywhere. At this season the little village was always gay and cheerful. At the poorest dwelling there were possets and cakes, joking and dancing, sugared saints and gilded images. The merry Flemish bells jingled everywhere on the horses; every-

where within doors some well-filled soup pot sang and smoked over the stove; and everywhere over the snow without laughing maidens pattered in bright kerchiefs and stout 'kirtles, going to and from the mass. Only in the little hut it was very dark and very cold.

Nello and Patrasche were left utterly alone, for one night in the week before the Christmas Day death entered there, and took away from life forever old Jehan Daas, who had never known of life aught save its poverty and its pains. He had long been half dead, incapable of any movement except a feeble gesture, and powerless for anything beyond a gentle word; and yet his loss fell on them both with a great horror in it; they mourned him passionately. He had passed away from them in his sleep, and when in the gray dawn they learned their bereavement, unutterable solitude and desolation seemed to close around them. He had long been only a poor, feeble, paralyzed old man, who could not raise a hand in their defense, but he had loved them well; his smile had always welcomed their return. They mourned for him unceasingly, refusing to be comforted, as in the white winter day they followed the dead shell that held his body to the nameless grave by the little gray church. They were his only mourners, these two whom he had left friendless upon earth,—the young boy and the old dog.

“Surely, he will relent now and let the poor lad come

hither?" thought the miller's wife, glancing at her husband where he smoked by the hearth.

Baas Cogeze knew her thought, but he hardened his heart and would not unbar his door as the little, humble funeral went by. "The boy is a beggar," he said to himself; "he shall not be about Alois."

The woman dared not say anything aloud, but when the grave was closed and the mourners had gone, she put a wreath of immortelles into Alois's hands and bade her go and lay it reverently on the dark, unmarked mound where the snow was displaced.

Nello and Patrasche went home with broken hearts. But even of that poor, melancholy, cheerless home they were denied the consolation. There was a month's rent overdue for their little home, and when Nello had paid the last sad service to the dead, he had not a coin left. He went and begged grace of the owner of the hut, a cobbler who went every Sunday night to drink his pint of wine and smoke with Baas Cogeze. The cobbler would grant no mercy. He was a harsh, miserly man, and loved money. He claimed in default of his rent every stick and stone, every pot and pan, in the hut, and bade Nello and Patrasche be out of it on the morrow.

Now, the cabin was lowly enough, and in some sense miserable enough, and yet their hearts clove to it with a great affection. They had been so happy there, and in the summer, with its clambering vine and its flowering

beans, it was so pretty and bright in the midst of the sun-lighted fields! Their life in it had been full of labor and privation, and yet they had been so well content, so gay of heart, running together to meet the old man's never-failing smile of welcome.

All night long the boy and the dog sat by the fireless hearth in the darkness, drawn close together for warmth and sorrow. Their bodies were insensible to the cold, but their hearts seemed frozen in them.

When the morning broke over the white, chill earth, it was the morning of Christmas Eve. With a shudder Nello clasped close to him his only friend, while his tears fell hot and fast on the dog's frank forehead. "Let us go, Patrasche,—dear, dear Patrasche," he murmured. "We will not wait to be kicked out; let us go."

Patrasche had no will but Nello's, and they went sadly side by side out from the little place which was so dear to them both, and in which every humble, homely thing was to them precious and beloved. Patrasche drooped his head wearily as he passed by his own green cart; it was no longer his,—it had to go with the rest to pay the rent, and his brass harness lay idle and glittering on the snow. The dog could have lain down beside it and died for very heartsickness as he went, but whilst the lad lived and needed him, Patrasche would not yield and give way.

They took the old accustomed road into Antwerp. The

day had yet scarce more than dawned, most of the shutters were still closed, but some of the villagers were about. They took no notice whilst the dog and the boy passed by them. At one door Nello paused and looked wistfully within; his grandfather had done many a kindly turn in neighbor's service to the people who dwelt there.

"Would you give Patrasche a crust?" he said timidly. "He is old, and he has had nothing since last forenoon."

The woman shut the door hastily, murmuring some vague saying about wheat and rye being very dear that season. The boy and the dog went on again wearily; they asked no more. By slow and painful ways they reached Antwerp as the chimes tolled ten.

"If I had anything about me I could sell to get him bread!" thought Nello, but he had nothing except the wisp of linen and serge that covered him, and his pair of wooden shoes. Patrasche understood and nestled his nose into the lad's hand, as though to pray him not to be disquieted for any woe or want of his.

The winner of the drawing-prize was to be proclaimed at noon, and to the public building where he had left his treasure Nello made his way. On the steps and in the entrance hall was a crowd of youths,—some of his age, some older, all with parents or relatives or friends. His heart was sick with fear as he went amongst them, holding Patrasche close to him. The great bells of the city

clashed out the hour of noon with brazen clamor. The doors of the inner hall were opened; the eager, panting throng rushed in; it was known that the selected picture would be raised above the rest upon a wooden dais.

A mist obscured Nello's sight, his head swam, his limbs almost failed him. When his vision cleared, he saw the drawing raised on high: it was not his own! A slow, sonorous voice was proclaiming aloud that victory had been adjudged to Stephan Kiesslinger, born in the burgh of Antwerp, son of a wharfinger in that town.

When Nello recovered his consciousness, he was lying on the stones without, and Patrasche was trying with every art he knew to call him back to life. In the distance a throng of the youths of Antwerp were shouting around their successful comrade, and escorting him with acclamations to his home upon the quay.

The boy staggered to his feet and drew the dog into his embrace. "It is all over, dear Patrasche," he murmured,—“all over!”

He rallied himself as best he could, for he was weak from fasting, and retraced his steps to the village. Patrasche paced by his side with his head drooping and his old limbs feeble from hunger and sorrow.

VIII

The snow was falling fast; a keen hurricane blew from the north; it was bitter as death on the plains. It



Petruscho held the note case up to Welle.

took them long to traverse the familiar path, and the bells were sounding four of the clock as they approached the hamlet. Suddenly Patrasche paused, arrested by a scent in the snow, scratched, whined, and drew out with his teeth a small case of brown leather. He held it up to Nello in the darkness. Where they were, there stood a little Calvary, and a lamp burned dully under the cross. The boy mechanically turned the case to the light; on it was the name of Baas Cogeze, and within it were notes for two thousand francs.

The sight roused the lad a little from his stupor. He thrust it into his shirt, stroked Patrasche and drew him onward. The dog looked up wistfully into his face.

Nello made straight for the millhouse, and went to the house door and struck on its panels. The miller's wife opened it weeping, with little Alois clinging close to her skirts. "Is it thee, thou poor lad?" she asked kindly through her tears. "Get thee gone ere the Baas see thee. We are in sore trouble to-night. He is out seeking for a power of money that he has let fall riding homeward, and in this snow he never will find it; and God knows it will go nigh to ruin us. It is Heaven's own judgment for the things we have done to thee."

Nello put the note case in her hand and called Patrasche within the house. "Patrasche found the money to-night," he said quickly. "Tell Baas Cogeze so; I think he will not deny the dog shelter and food in his old

age. Keep him from pursuing me, and I pray of you to be good to him."

Ere either woman or dog knew what he meant, he had stooped and kissed Patrasche; then closed the door hurriedly and disappeared in the gloom of the fast-falling night.

The woman and the child stood speechless with joy and fear; Patrasche vainly spent the fury of his anguish against the iron-bound oak of the barred house door. They did not dare unbar the door and let him forth; they tried all they could to solace him. They brought him sweet cakes and juicy meats; they tempted him with the best they had; they tried to lure him to abide by the warmth of the hearth; but it was of no avail. Patrasche refused to be comforted or to stir from the barred portal.

It was six o'clock when from an opposite entrance the miller at last came, jaded and broken, into his wife's presence. "It is lost forever," he said, with an ashen cheek and a quiver in his stern voice. "We have looked with lanterns everywhere. It is gone,—the little maiden's portion and all!"

His wife put the money into his hand and told him how it had come to her. The strong man sank trembling into a seat and covered his face, ashamed and almost afraid. "I have been cruel to the lad," he muttered at length; "I deserved not to have good at his hands."

Little Alois, taking courage, crept close to her father

and nestled against him her fair curly head. "Nello may come here again, father?" she whispered. "He may come to-morrow as he used to do?"

The miller pressed her in his arms; his hard, sunburnt face was very pale, and his mouth trembled. "Surely, surely," he answered his child. "He shall bide here on Christmas Day and any other day he will. God helping me, I will make amends to the boy,—I will make amends."

Little Alois kissed him in gratitude and joy, then slid from his knees and ran to where the dog kept watch by the door. "And to-night I may feast Patrasche?" she cried in a child's thoughtless glee.

Her father bent his head gravely: "Ay, ay! let the dog have the best;" for the stern old man was moved and shaken to his heart's depths.

It was Christmas Eve, and the millhouse was filled with oak logs and squares of turf, with cream and honey, with meat and bread; the rafters were hung with wreaths of evergreen, and the Calvary and the cuckoo clock looked out from a mass of holly. There were little paper lanterns too for Alois, and toys of various fashions and sweetmeats in bright-pictured papers. There were light and warmth and abundance everywhere, and the child would fain have made the dog a guest honored and feasted.

But Patrasche would neither lie in the warmth nor

share in the cheer. Famished he was and very cold, but without Nello he would partake neither of comfort nor of food. Against all temptation he was proof, and close against the door he leaned always, watching only for a means of escape.

“He wants the lad,” said Baas Cogeze. “Good dog! good dog! I will go over to the lad the first thing at day-dawn.” For no one but Patrasche knew that Nello had left the hut, and no one but Patrasche divined that Nello had gone to face starvation and misery alone.

The mill kitchen was very warm; great logs crackled and flamed on the hearth; neighbors came in for a glass of wine and a slice of the fat goose baking for supper. Alois, gleeful and sure of her playmate back on the morrow, bounded and sang and tossed back her yellow hair. Baas Cogeze, in the fullness of his heart, smiled on her through moistened eyes, and spoke of the way in which he would befriend her favorite companion; the house mother sat with calm, contented face at the spinning wheel; the cuckoo in the clock chirped mirthful hours. Amidst it all Patrasche was bidden with a thousand words of welcome to tarry there a cherished guest. But neither peace nor plenty could allure him where Nello was not.

When the supper smoked on the board, and the voices were loudest and gladdest, and the Christ-child brought choicest gifts to Alois, Patrasche, watching always an

occasion, glided out when the door was unlatched by a careless newcomer, and as swiftly as his weak and tired limbs would bear him sped over the snow in the bitter, black night. He had only one thought,—to follow Nello. A human friend might have paused for the pleasant meal, the cheery warmth, the cosy slumber; but that was not the friendship of Patrasche. He remembered a by-gone time, when an old man and a little child had found him sick unto death in the wayside ditch.

Snow had fallen freshly all the evening long; it was now nearly ten; the trail of the boy's footsteps was almost obliterated. It took Patrasche long to discover any scent. When at last he found it, it was lost again quickly, and lost and recovered, and again lost and again recovered, a hundred times or more.

The night was very wild. The lamps under the wayside crosses were blown out; the roads were sheets of ice; the impenetrable darkness hid every trace of habitations; there was no living thing abroad. All the cattle were housed, and in all the huts and homesteads men and women rejoiced and feasted. There was only Patrasche out in the cruel cold,—old and famished and full of pain, but with the strength and the patience of a great love to sustain him in his search.

The trail of Nello's steps, faint and obscure as it was under the new snow, went straightly along the accustomed tracks into Antwerp. It was past midnight when

Patrasche traced it over the boundaries of the town and into the narrow, tortuous, gloomy streets. It was all quite dark in the town, save where some light gleamed ruddily through the crevices of house shutters, or some group went homeward with lanterns chanting drinking songs. The streets were all white with ice; the high walls and roofs loomed black against them. There was scarce a sound save the riot of the winds down the passages as they tossed the creaking signs and shook the tall lamp irons.

So many passers-by had trodden through and through the snow, so many diverse paths had crossed and re-crossed each other, that the dog had a hard task to retain any hold on the track he followed. But he kept on his way, though the cold pierced him to the bone, and the jagged ice cut his feet, and the hunger in his body gnawed like a rat's teeth. He kept on his way, a poor gaunt, shivering thing, and by long patience traced the steps he loved into the very heart of the burgh and up to the steps of the great cathedral.

"He is gone to the things that he loved," thought Patrasche; he could not understand, but he was full of sorrow and of pity for the art-passion that to him was so incomprehensible and yet so sacred.

The portals of the cathedral were unclosed after the midnight mass. Some heedlessness in the custodians, too eager to go home and feast or sleep, or too drowsy to

Know whether they turned the keys aright, had left one of the doors unlocked. By that accident the footfalls Patrasche sought had passed through into the building, leaving the white marks of snow upon the dark stone floor. By that slender white thread, frozen as it fell, he was guided through the intense silence, through the immensity of the vaulted space,—guided straight to the gates of the chancel, and, stretched there upon the stones, he found Nello. He crept up and touched the face of the boy. “Didst thou dream that I should forsake thee? I—a dog?” said that mute caress.

The lad raised himself with a low cry and clasped him close. “Let us lie down and die together,” he murmured. “Men have no need of us, and we are all alone.” In answer, Patrasche crept closer yet, and laid his head upon the young boy’s breast. Tears stood in his brown, sad eyes: not for himself,—for himself he was happy.

They lay close together in the piercing cold. The blasts that blew over the Flemish dikes from the northern seas were like waves of ice, which froze every living thing they touched. The interior of the immense vault of stone in which they were was even more bitterly chill than the snow-covered plains without. Now and then a bat moved in the shadows,—now and then a gleam of light came on the ranks of carven figures. Under the Rubens they lay together quite still and soothed almost into a dreaming slumber by the numbing narcotic of the

cold. Together they dreamed of the old glad days when they had chased each other through the flowering grasses of the summer meadows, or sat hidden in the tall bulrushes by the water's side, watching the boats go seaward in the sun.

Suddenly through the darkness a great white radiance streamed through the vastness of the aisles; the moon, that was at her height, had broken through the clouds, the snow had ceased to fall, the light reflected from the snow without was clear as the light of dawn. It fell through the arches full upon the two pictures above, from which the boy on his entrance had flung back the veil: the Elevation and the Descent from the Cross were for one instant visible. Nello rose to his feet and stretched his arms to them; the tears of a passionate ecstasy glistened on the paleness of his face. "I have seen them at last!" he cried. "O God, it is enough!"

His limbs failed under him, and he sank upon his knees, still gazing upward at the majesty that he adored. For a few brief moments the light illumined the divine visions that had been denied to him so long,—light clear and sweet and strong as though it streamed from the throne of Heaven. Then suddenly it passed away; once more a great darkness covered the face of the Christ.

The arms of the boy drew close again the body of the dog. "We shall see His face—*there*," he murmured; "and He will not part us, I think."

On the morrow, by the chancel of the cathedral, the people of Antwerp found them both. They were both dead: the cold of the night had frozen into stillness alike the young life and the old. When the Christmas morning broke and the priests came to the temple, they saw them lying thus on the stones together. Above, the veils were drawn back from the great visions of Rubens, and the fresh rays of the sunrise touched the thorn-crowned head of the Christ.

As the day grew on, there came an old, hard-featured man who wept as women weep. "I was cruel to the lad," he muttered, "and now I would have made amends—yea, to the half of my substance—and he should have been to me as a son."

There came also, as the day grew apace, a painter who had fame in the world, and who was liberal of hand and of spirit. "I seek one who should have had the prize yesterday, had worth won," he said to the people,—“a boy of rare promise and genius. An old woodcutter on a fallen tree at eventide,—that was all his theme. But there was greatness for the future in it. I would fain find him, and take him with me and teach him Art.”

And a little child with curling fair hair, sobbing bitterly as she clung to her father's arm, cried aloud, "O Nello, come! We have all ready for thee. The Christ-child's hands are full of gifts, and the old piper will play for us; and the mother says thou shalt stay by the

hearth and burn nuts with us all the Noel week long—yes, even to the Feast of the Kings! And Patrasche will be so happy! O Nello, wake and come!”

But the pale young face, turned upward to the light of the great Rubens with a smile upon its mouth, answered them all, “It is too late.”

The sweet, sonorous bells went ringing through the frost, and the sunlight shone upon the plains of snow; the populace trooped gay and glad through the streets, but Nello and Patrasche no more asked charity at their hands. All they needed now Antwerp gave unbidden.

All their lives they had been together, and in their deaths they were not divided; for when they were found, the arms of the boy were folded too closely around the dog to be severed without violence, and the people of their little village, contrite and ashamed, implored a special grace for them, and, making them one grave, laid them to rest there side by side—forever!

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE



ALEC YEATON'S SON

The wind it wailed, the wind it moaned,
And the white caps flecked the sea;
“ An’ I would to God,” the skipper groaned,
“ I had not my boy with me!”

Snug in the stern-sheets, little John
Laughed as the ’scud went by;
But the skipper’s sunburnt cheek grew wan
As he watched the wicked sky.

“ Would he were at his mother’s side!”
And the skipper’s eyes were dim;
“ Good Lord in heaven, if ill betide,
What would become of him!

“ For me, my muscles are as steel,
For me let hap what may;
I might make shift upon the keel
Until the break o’ day.

“ But he, he is so weak and small,
So young, scarce learned to stand,—
O pitying Father of us all,
I trust him in thy hand!

“ For thou, who markest from on high
A sparrow’s fall, each one!
Surely, O Lord, thou’lt have an eye
On Alec Yeaton’s son!”

Then, 'helm hard-port, right straight he sailed
Toward the headland light:
The wind it moaned, the wind it wailed,
And black, black fell the night.

Then burst a storm to make one quail
Though housed from winds and waves,—
They who could tell about that gale
Must rise from watery graves!

Sudden it came, as sudden went;
Ere half the night was sped,
The winds were hushed, the waves were spent,
And the stars shone overhead.

Now, as the morning mist grew thin,
The folk on Gloucester shore
Saw a little figure floating in,
Secure, on a broken oar!

Up rose the cry, "A wreck! a wreck!
Pull, mates, and waste no breath!"
They knew it, though 'twas but a speck
Upon the edge of death!

Long did they marvel in the town
At God his strange decree,
That let the stalwart skipper drown,
And the little child go free!

THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM

At an early period in the history of Holland, a boy, who is the hero of the following narrative, was born in Haarlem, a town remarkable for its variety of fortune in war, but happily still more so for its manufactures and inventions in peace. This boy's name was Peter. His father was a sluicer; that is, one whose employment it was to open and shut the sluices, or large oak gates, which, placed at certain regular distances, close the entrances of the canals and secure Holland from the danger to which it seems exposed—of finding itself under water, rather than above it.

When water is wanted, the sluicer raises the sluices more or less, as required, and closes them again carefully at night; otherwise the water would flow into the canals, overflow them, and inundate the whole country. Even the children in Holland are fully aware of the importance of a punctual discharge of the sluicer's duties.

Peter was about eight years old, when one day he asked permission to take some cakes to a poor blind man, who lived at the other side of the dike. His father gave him leave, but charged him not to stay too late. The child promised and set off on his little journey. The blind man thankfully partook of his young friend's cakes, and Peter, mindful of his father's orders, did not wait, as he usually did, to hear one of the old man's

stories; but as soon as he had delivered the cakes, started to return home.

As he went along by the canals, then quite full, for it was in October and the autumn rains had swelled the waters, the boy now stopped to pull the little blue flowers which his mother loved so well; now, in childish gayety, hummed some merry song.

The road gradually became more solitary, and soon neither the joyous shout of the villager, returning to his cottage home, nor the rough voice of the carter, grumbling at his lazy horses, was any longer to be heard. The little fellow now perceived that the blue of the flowers in his hand was scarcely distinguishable from the green of the surrounding herbage, and he looked up in some dismay. The night was falling; not, however, a dark winter night, but one of those beautiful, clear, moonlight nights, in which every object is dimly perceptible.

Peter thought of his father, of his injunction, and was preparing to quit the ravine in which he was almost buried, and to regain the beach, when suddenly a slight noise, like the trickling of water, attracted his attention. He was near one of the large sluices, and he now carefully examined it, and soon discovered a hole in the dike, through which the water was trickling.

With the instant perception which every child in Holland would have had, the boy saw that the water must soon enlarge the hole, through which it was now only

dropping, and that utter ruin would be the consequence of the inundation of the country that must follow.

To see, to throw away the flowers, to climb the dike till he reached the hole, and put his finger into it, was the work of a moment, and to his delight he found that he had succeeded in stopping the flow of the water.

This was all very well for a little while, and Peter thought only of the success of his device. But the night was closing in, and with the night came the cold. He looked around in vain. No one came. He called loudly; he shouted; no one answered.

He resolved to stay there all night, but, alas, the cold was becoming every moment more biting, and the poor finger fixed in the hole began to feel benumbed, and the numbness soon extended to the hand, and thence throughout the whole arm. The pain became still greater, still harder to bear, but still the boy moved not.

Tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of his father, of his mother, of his little bed where he might now be sleeping so soundly, but still the little fellow stirred not, for he knew that did he remove the small, slender finger which he had opposed to the escape of the water, not only would he be drowned, but his father, his brothers, his neighbors—nay, the whole village.

We know not what faltering of purpose, what momentary failures of courage there might have been during that long and terrible night; but certain it is that at day-

break he was found in the same painful position by a clergyman returning from a neighboring village, who, as he advanced, thought he heard groans, and bending over the dike, discovered a child seated on a stone, writhing from pain, and with pale face and tearful eyes.

“Boy,” he exclaimed, “what are you doing there?”

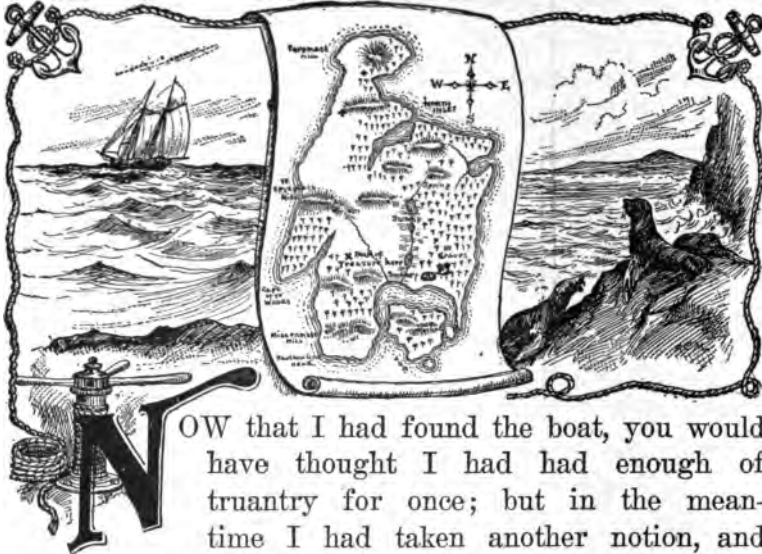
“I am hindering the water from running out,” was the answer, in perfect simplicity, of the child who during that whole night had been revincing such heroic fortitude and undaunted courage.

’Tis many a year since then ; but still,
 When the sea roars like a flood,
 The boys are taught what a boy can do
 Who is brave, and true, and good.
 For every man in that country
 Takes his son by the hand,
 And tells him of little Peter,
 Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero
 Remembered through the years ;
 But never one whose name so oft
 Is named with loving tears,
 And his deed shall be sung by the cradle
 And told the child on the knee,
 So long as the dikes of Holland
 Divide the land from the sea.

PHOEBE CARY.

CAPTURE OF THE HISPANIOLA



NOW that I had found the boat, you would have thought I had had enough of truantry for once; but in the meantime I had taken another notion, and become so obstinately fond of it that I would have carried it out, I believe, in the teeth of Captain Smollet himself. This was to slip out under cover of the night, cut the Hispaniola from her moorings and let her drift ashore where she fancied.

I had quite made up my mind that the mutineers, after their repulse of the morning, had nothing nearer their hearts than to up anchor and away to sea; this, I thought, it would be a fine thing to prevent, and now that I had seen how they left their watchmen unpro-

vided with a boat, I thought it might be done with little risk.

Down I sat to wait for darkness, and made a hearty meal of biscuit. It was a night out of ten thousand for my purpose. The fog had now buried all heaven. As the last rays of daylight dwindled and disappeared, absolute blackness settled down on Treasure Island. And when at last I shouldered the coracle and groped my way stumblingly out of the hollow where I had supped, there were but two points visible on the whole anchorage.

One was the great fire on shore, by which the defeated pirates lay carousing in the swamp. The other, a mere blur of light upon the darkness, indicated the position of the anchored ship. She had swung round to the ebb—her bow was now toward me—the only lights on board were in the cabin; and what I saw was merely a reflection on the fog of the strong rays that flowed from the stern window.

The ebb had already run some time and I had to wade through a long belt of swampy sand, where I sank several times above the ankle, before I came to the edge of the retreating water, and wading a little way in, with some strength and dexterity, set my coracle keel downward on the surface.

The coracle—as I had ample reason to know before I was done with her—was a very safe boat for a person of

my height and weight, both buoyant and clever in a sea-way; but she was the most crossgrained, lopsided craft to manage. Do as you pleased, she always made more leeway than anything else, and turning round and round was the maneuver she was best at. Even Ben Gunn himself has admitted that she was "queer to handle till you knew her way."

Certainly I did not know her way. She turned in every direction but the one I was bound to go; the most part of the time we were broadside on, and I am very sure I never should have made the ship at all but for the tide. By good fortune, paddle as I pleased, the tide was still sweeping me down; and there lay the Hispaniola right in the fair way, hardly to be missed.

First she loomed before me like a blot of something yet blacker than darkness; then her spars and hull began to take shape, and the next moment, as it seemed (for the farther I went the brisker grew the current of the ebb), I was alongside of her hawser and had laid hold.

The hawser was as taut as a bowstring, and the current so strong she pulled upon her anchor. All round the hull, in the blackness, the rippling current bubbled and chattered like a little mountain stream. One cut with my sea gully, and the Hispaniola would go humming down the tide.

So far so good; but it next occurred to my recollection that a taut hawser, suddenly cut, is a thing as dangerous

as a kicking horse. Ten to one, if I were so foolhardy as to cut the Hispaniola from her anchor, I and the coracle would be knocked clean out of the water.

This brought me to a full stop, and if fortune had not again particularly favored me, I should have had to abandon my design. But the light airs which had begun blowing from the southeast and south had hauled round after nightfall into the southwest. Just while I was meditating, a puff came, caught the Hispaniola, and forced her up into the current; and to my great joy I felt the hawser slacken in my grasp and the hand by which I held it dip for a second under water.

With that I made my mind up, took out my gully, opened it with my teeth, and cut one strand after another till the vessel swung only by two. Then I lay quiet, waiting to sever these last when the strain should be once more lightened by a breath of wind.

All this time I had heard the sound of loud voices from the cabin; but, to say truth, my mind had been so entirely taken up with other thoughts that I had scarcely given ear. Now, however, when I had nothing else to do, I began to pay more heed.

One I recognized for the coxswain's, Israel Hands, that had been Flint's gunner in former days. The other was, of course, my friend of the red nightcap. Both men were plainly the worse for drink, and they were still drinking; for even while I was listening, one of them,

with a drunken cry, opened the stern window and threw out something which I divined to be an empty bottle. But they were not only tipsy ; it was plain that they were furiously angry. Oaths flew like hailstones, and every now and then there came forth such an explosion as I thought was sure to end in blows. But each time the quarrel passed off and the voices grumbled lower for a while, until the next crisis came, and in its turn passed away without result.

On shore I could see the glow of the great camp fire burning warmly through the shore-side trees. Some one was singing a dull old droning sailor's song, with a droop and a quaver at the end of every verse, and seemingly no end to it at all but the patience of the singer. I had heard it on the voyage more than once, and remembered these words :

“ But one man of her crew alive,
What put to sea with seventy-five.”

And I thought it was a ditty rather too dolefully appropriate for a company that had met such cruel losses in the morning. But, indeed, from what I saw, all these ‘buccaneers were as callous as the sea they sailed on.

At last the breeze came ; the schooner sidled and drew nearer in the dark ; I felt the hawser slacken once more, and with a good, tough effort cut the last fibers through.

The breeze had but little action on the coracle, and I

was almost instantly swept against the bows of the Hispaniola. At the same time the schooner began to turn upon her heel, spinning slowly, end for end, across the current.

I wrought like a fiend, for I expected every moment to be swamped; and since I found I could not push the coracle directly off, I now shoved straight astern. At length I was clear of my dangerous neighbor; and just as I gave the last impulsion, my hands came across a light cord that was trailing overboard across the stern bulwarks. Instantly I grasped it.

Why I should have done so I can hardly say. It was at first mere instinct; but once I had it in my hands and found it fast, curiosity began to get the upper hand, and I determined I should have one look through the cabin window.

I pulled in hand over hand on the cord, and when I judged myself near enough, rose at infinite risk to about half my height, and thus commanded the roof and a slice of the interior of the cabin.

By this time the schooner and her little consort were gliding pretty swiftly through the water; indeed, we had already fetched up level with the camp fire. The ship was talking, as sailors say, loudly, treading the innumerable ripples with an incessant weltering splash; and until I got my eye above the window sill, I could not comprehend why the watchmen had taken no alarm.

One glance, however, was sufficient; and it was only one glance that I durst take from that unsteady skiff. It showed me Hands and his companion locked together in deadly wrestle, each with a hand upon the other's throat.

I dropped upon the thwart again, none too soon, for I was near overboard. I could see nothing for the moment but these two furious, encrimsoned faces, swaying together under the smoky lamp; and I shut my eyes to let them grow once more familiar with the darkness.

The endless ballad had come to an end at last, and the whole diminished company about the camp fire had broken into the chorus I had heard so often:

“ Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
 Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
 Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
 Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!”

I was just thinking how busy drink and the devil were at that very moment in the cabin of the Hispaniola, when I was surprised by a sudden lurch of the coracle. At the same moment she yawed sharply and seemed to change her course. The speed in the meantime had strangely increased.

I opened my eyes at once. All round me were little ripples, combing over with a sharp, bristling sound, and slightly phosphorescent. The Hispaniola herself, a few yards in whose wake I was still being whirled

along, seemed to stagger in her course, and I saw her spars toss a little against the blackness of the night; nay, as I looked longer, I made sure she also was wheeling to the southward.

I glanced over my shoulder, and my heart jumped against my ribs. There, right behind me, was the glow of the camp fire. The current had turned at right angles, sweeping round along with it the tall schooner and the little dancing coracle; ever quickening, ever bubbling higher, ever muttering louder, it went spinning through the narrows for the open sea.

Suddenly the schooner in front of me gave a violent yaw, turning, perhaps, through twenty degrees; and almost at the same moment one shout followed another from on board; I could hear feet pounding on the companion ladder; and I knew that the two drunkards had at last been interrupted in their quarrel and awakened to a sense of their disaster.

I lay down flat in the bottom of that wretched skiff, and devoutly recommended my spirit to its Maker. At the end of the straits, I made sure we must fall into some bar of raging breakers, where all my troubles would be ended speedily; and though I could, perhaps, bear to die, I could not bear to look upon my fate as it approached.

So I must have lain for hours, continually beaten to and fro upon the billows, now and again wetted with

flying sprays, and never ceasing to expect death at the next plunge. Gradually weariness grew upon me; a numbness, an occasional stupor, fell upon my mind even in the midst of my terrors; until sleep at last supervened, and in my sea-tossed coracle I lay and dreamed of home and the old "Admiral Benbow."

II

It was broad day when I awoke and found myself tossing at the southwest end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hid from me behind the great bulk of the Spyglass, which on this side descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzenmast Hill were at my elbow; the hill bare and dark, the head bound with cliffs forty or fifty feet high and fringed with great masses of fallen rock. I was scarce a quarter of a mile to seaward, and it was my first thought to paddle in and land.

That notion was soon given over. Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouted and bellowed; loud reverberations, heavy sprays flying and falling, succeeded one another from second to second; and I saw myself, if I ventured nearer, dashed to death upon the rough shore, or spending my strength in vain to scale the beetling crags.

Nor was that all; for crawling together on flat tables of rock, or letting themselves drop into the sea with loud

reports, I beheld huge slimy monsters—soft snails, as it were, of incredible bigness—two or three score of them together, making the rocks to echo with their barkings.

I have understood since that they were sea lions, and entirely harmless. But the look of them added to the difficulty of the shore, and the high running of the surf was more than enough to disgust me of that landing place. I felt willing rather to starve at sea than to confront such perils.

In the meantime I had a better chance, as I supposed, before me. North of Haulbowline Head the land runs in a long way, leaving at low tide a long stretch of yellow sand. To the north of that, again, there comes another cape—Cape of the Woods, as it was marked upon the chart—buried in tall green pines, which descended to the margin of the sea.

I remembered what Silver had said about the current that sets northward along the whole west coast of Treasure Island; and seeing from my position that I was already under its influence, I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and reserve my strength for an attempt to land upon the kindlier-looking Cape of the Woods.

There was a great, smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady and gentle from the south, there was no contrariety between that and the current, and the billows rose and fell unbroken.

Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished ; but as it was, it is surprising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride. Often, as I still lay at the bottom and kept no more than an eye above the gunwale, I would see a big blue summit heaving close above me ; yet the coracle would but bounce a little, dance as if on springs, and subside on the other side into the trough as lightly as a bird.

I began after a little to grow very bold and sat up to try my skill at paddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight will produce violent changes in the behavior of a coracle. And I had hardly moved before the boat, giving up at once her gentle dancing movement, ran straight down a slope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and stuck her nose, with a spout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave.

I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old position ; whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again and led me as softly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interfered with, and at that rate, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land ?


I began to be horribly frightened, but I kept my head for all that. First, moving with all care, I gradually baled out the coracle with my sea cap ; then getting my eye again above the gunwale, I began to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I found each wave, instead of the big, smooth, glossy mountain it looks from shore or from a vessel's deck, was for all the world like any range of hills on the dry land, full of peaks and smooth places and valleys. The coracle, left to herself, turning from side to side, threaded, so to speak, her way through these lower parts, and avoided the steep slopes and higher, toppling summits of the waves.

"Well, now," thought I to myself, "it is plain I must lie where I am and not disturb the balance; but it is plain, also, that I can put the paddle over the side, and from time to time, in smooth places, give her a shove or two toward land." No sooner thought upon than done. There I lay on my elbows, in the most trying attitude, and every now and again gave a weak stroke or two to turn her head to shore.

It was very tiring, and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground; and, as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of veasting. I was, indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree tops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promontory without fail.

It was high time, for I now began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousand-fold reflection from the waves, the sea water that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salt, combined



to make my throat burn and my brain ache. The sight of the trees so near at hand had almost made me sick with longing; but the current had soon carried me past the point; and, as the next reach of sea opened out, I beheld a sight that completely changed the nature of my thoughts.

Right in front of me, not half a mile away, I beheld the Hispaniola under sail. I made sure, of course, that I should be taken; but I was so distressed for want of water, that I scarce knew whether to be glad or sorry at the thought; and, long before I had come to a conclusion, surprise had taken entire possession of my mind, and I could do nothing but stare and wonder.

The Hispaniola was under her 'mainsail and two jibs, and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow or silver. When I first sighted her, all her sails were drawing; she was lying a course about northwest; and I presumed the men on board were going round the island on their way back to the anchorage. Presently she began to fetch more and more to the westward, so that I thought they had sighted me and were going about in chase. At last, however, she fell right into the 'wind's eye, was taken dead aback, and stood there awhile helpless, with her sails shivering.

"Clumsy fellows," said I; "they must still be drunk as owls." And I thought how Captain Smollett would have set them skipping.

Meanwhile, the schooner gradually 'fell off, and filled again upon another tack, sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up once more dead in the wind's eye. Again and again was this repeated. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east, and west, the Hispaniola sailed by swoops and dashes, and at each repetition ended as she had begun, with idly-flapping canvas. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And, if so, where were the men? Either they were dead drunk or had deserted her, I thought, and perhaps if I could get on board I might return the vessel to her captain.

The current was bearing coracle and schooner southward at an equal rate. As for the latter's sailing, it was so wild and intermittent, and she 'hung each time so long in irons, that she certainly gained nothing, if she did not even lose. If only I dared to sit up and paddle, I made sure that I could overhaul her. The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me, and the thought of the 'water breaker beside the fore companion doubled my growing courage.

Up I got, was welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray; but this time I stuck to my purpose, and set myself with all my strength and caution to paddle after the unsteered Hispaniola. Once I shipped a sea so heavy that I had to stop and bail, with my heart fluttering like a bird; but gradually I got into the way of the thing and guided my coracle among the waves, with

only now and then a blow upon her bows and a dash of foam in my face.

I was now gaining rapidly on the schooner. I could see the brass glisten on the tiller as it banged about; and still no soul appeared upon her decks. I could not choose but suppose she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below, where I might batten them down, perhaps, and do what I chose with the ship.

For some time she had been doing the worst thing possible for me—standing still. She headed nearly due south, yawing, of course, all the time. Each time she fell off, her sails partly filled, and these brought her in a moment right to the wind again. I have said this was the worst thing possible for me; for helpless as she looked in this situation, with the canvas cracking like cannon and the blocks trundling and banging on the deck, she still continued to run away from me, not only with the speed of the current, but by the whole amount of her leeway, which was naturally great.

But now at last I had my chance. The breeze fell for some seconds very low, and the current gradually turning her, the Hispaniola revolved slowly round her center and at last presented me her stern, with the cabin window still gaping open and the lamp over the table still burning on into the day. The mainsail hung drooped like a banner. She was stock-still but for the current.

For the last little while I had even lost; but now, re-



I leaped and caught the jib boom.

doubling my efforts, I began once more to overhaul the chase.

I was not a hundred yards from her when the wind came again in a clap; she filled on the ♀port tack and was off again, stooping and skimming like a swallow.

My first impulse was one of despair, but my second was toward joy. Round she came till she was broad-side on to me—round still till she had covered a half, and then two-thirds, and then three-quarters of the distance that separated us. I could see the waves boiling white under her forefoot. Immensely tall she looked to me from my low station in the coracle.

And then, of a sudden, I began to comprehend. I had scarce time to think—scarce time to act and save myself. I was on the summit of one swell when the schooner came stooping over the next. The ♀bowsprit was over my head. I sprang to my feet and leaped, stamping the coracle under water. With one hand I caught the ♀jib boom, while my foot was lodged between the stay and the brace; and as I still clung there panting, a dull blow told me that the schooner had charged down upon and struck the coracle, and that I was left without retreat on the Hispaniola.

III

I had scarce gained a position on the bowsprit, when the flying jib flapped and filled upon the other tack, with a report like a gun. The schooner trembled to her keel

under the reverse ; but next moment, the other sails still drawing, the jib flapped back again and hung idle.

This had nearly tossed me off into the sea ; and now I lost no time, crawled back along the bowsprit and tumbled head foremost on the deck.

I was on the lee side of the fore-castle, and the main-sail, which was still drawing, concealed from me a certain portion of the after deck. Not a soul was to be seen. The planks, which had not been swabbed since the mutiny, bore the print of many feet ; and an empty bottle, broken by the neck, tumbled to and fro like a live thing in the scuppers.

Suddenly the Hispaniola came right into the wind. The jibs behind me cracked aloud ; the rudder slammed to ; the whole ship gave a sickening heave and shudder, and at the same moment the main boom swung inboard, the sheet groaning in the blocks, and showed me the lee after deck.

There were the two watchmen, sure enough : Red-cap on his back, as stiff as a handspike, with his arms stretched out like those of a crucifix, and his teeth showing through his open lips ; Israel Hands propped against the bulwarks, his chin on his chest, his hands lying open before him on the deck, his face as white, under its tan, as a tallow candle.

For a while the ship kept bucking and sidling like a vicious horse, the sails filling, now on one tack, now on

another, and the boom swinging to and fro till the mast groaned aloud under the strain. Now and again, too, there would come a cloud of light sprays over the bulwark, and a heavy blow of the ship's bows against the swell: so much heavier weather was made of it by this great rigged ship than by my homemade, lopsided coracle, now gone to the bottom of the sea.

At every jump of the schooner Red-cap slipped to and fro; but—what was ghastly to behold—neither his attitude nor his fixed teeth-disclosing grin was anyway disturbed by this rough usage. At every jump, too, Hands appeared still more to sink into himself and settle down upon the deck, his feet sliding ever the farther out, and the whole body ^{ve}canting toward the stern, so that his face became, little by little, hid from me; and at last I could see nothing beyond his ear and the frayed ringlet of one whisker.

At the same time, I observed around both of them splashes of dark blood upon the planks, and began to feel sure that they had killed each other in their drunken wrath.

While I was thus looking and wondering, in a calm moment when the ship was still, Israel Hands turned partly round, and with a low moan writhed himself back to the position in which I had seen him first. The moan, which told of pain and deadly weakness, and the way in which his jaw hung open went right to my heart. But

when I remembered the talk I had overheard from the apple barrel, all pity left me.

I walked aft until I reached the mainmast.

"Come aboard, Mr. Hands," I said ironically.

He rolled his eyes round heavily; but he was too far gone to express surprise. All he could do was to utter one word: "Brandy."

It occurred to me there was no time to lose; and, dodging the boom as it once more lurched across the deck, I slipped aft and down the companion stairs into the cabin.

It was such a scene of confusion as you can hardly fancy. All the lockfast places had been broken open in quest of the chart. The floor was thick with mud, where ruffians had sat down to drink or consult after wading in the marshes round their camp. The bulkheads, all painted in clear white, and beaded round with gilt, bore a pattern of dirty hands. Dozens of empty bottles clinked together in corners to the rolling of the ship. One of the doctor's medical books lay open on the table, half of the leaves gutted out, I suppose, for pipe-lights. In the midst of all this the lamp still cast a smoky glow, obscure and brown as umber.

I went into the cellar; all the barrels were gone, and of the bottles a most surprising number had been drunk out and thrown away. Certainly, since the mutiny began, not a man of them could ever have been sober.

Foraging about, I found a bottle, with some brandy left, for Hands; and for myself I routed out some biscuit, some pickled fruits, a great bunch of raisins and a piece of cheese. With these I came on deck, put down my own stock behind the rudder head, and well out of the coxswain's reach, went forward to the water breaker, and had a good, deep drink of water, and then, and not till then, gave Hands the brandy.

He must have drunk a gill before he took the bottle from his mouth.

"Ay," said he, "by thunder, but I wanted some o' that!"

I had sat down already in my own corner and begun to eat.

"Much hurt?" I asked him.

He grunted, or rather, I might say, he barked.

"If that doctor was aboard," he said, "I'd be right enough in a couple of turns. And where did *you* come from?" he added.

"Well," said I, "I've come aboard to take possession of this ship, Mr. Hands; and you'll please regard me as your captain until further notice."

He looked at me sourly enough, but said nothing. Some of the color had come back into his cheeks, though he still looked very sick and still continued to slip out and settle down as the ship banged about.

"By the by," I continued, "I can't have these colors,

Mr. Hands; and, by your leave, I'll strike 'em. Better none than these."

And again dodging the boom, I ran to the color lines, hauled down their cursed black flag and chucked it overboard.

"God save the king!" said I, waving my cap; "and there's an end to Captain Silver!"

He watched me keenly and slyly, his chin all the while on his breast.

"I reckon," he said at last—"I reckon, Cap'n Hawkins, you'll want to get ashore now. S'pose we talk."

"Why, yes," says I, "with all my heart, Mr. Hands. Say on." And I went back to my meal with a relish.

"O'Brien's dead," he began, "and who's to sail this ship, I don't see. Without me you can't do it, as far's I can tell. Now, look here, you give me food and drink, and a bit of old scarf to tie my wound up, and I'll tell you how to sail her; and that's about square all round, I take it."

"I'll tell you one thing," says I: "I'm not going back to Captain Kidd's anchorage. I mean to get into North Inlet and beach her quietly there."

"To be sure you do," he cried. "Why, I'm not such a lubber after all. I can see, can't I? North Inlet? Why, I'd help you sail her up to 'Execution Dock, by thunder! so I would."

Well, as it seemed to me, there was some sense in

this. We struck our bargain on the spot. In three minutes I had the Hispaniola sailing easily before the wind along the coast of Treasure Island, with good hopes of turning the northern point ere noon, and beating down again as far as North Inlet before high water, when we might beach her safely and wait till the subsiding tide permitted us to land.

Then I lashed the tiller and went below to my own chest, where I got a soft silk handkerchief of my mother's. With this and with my aid, Hands bound up the great bleeding stab he had received in the thigh, and after he had eaten a little and had a swallow or two more of the brandy, he began to pick up visibly, sat straighter up, spoke louder and clearer, and looked in every way another man.

The breeze served us admirably. We skimmed before it like a bird, the coast of the island flashing by and the view changing every minute. Soon we were past the high lands and bowling beside low, sandy country, sparsely dotted with dwarf pines, and soon we were beyond that again and had turned the corner of the rocky hill that ends the island on the north.

I was greatly elated with my new command, and pleased with the bright, sunshiny weather and these different prospects of the coast. I had now plenty of water and good things to eat, and my conscience, which had smitten me hard for my desertion, was quieted by the

great conquest I had made. I should, I think, have had nothing left me to desire but for the eyes of the coxswain as they followed me derisively about the deck, and the odd smile that appeared continually on his face. It was a smile that had in it something both of pain and weakness—a haggard old man’s smile; but there was, besides that, a grain of derision, a shadow of treachery in his expression as he craftily watched, and watched, and watched me at my work.

IV

The wind, serving us to a desire, now hauled into the west. We could run so much the easier from the north-east corner of the island to the mouth of the North Inlet. Only, as we had no power to anchor and dared not beach her till the tide had flowed a good deal farther, time hung on our hands. The coxswain told me how to lay the ship to; after a good many trials I succeeded, and we both sat in silence over another meal.

“Cap’n,” said he, at length, with that same uncomfortable smile, “here’s my old shipmate, O’Brien—he’s dead. Now, I’m no scholar, and you’re a lad as can read and figure; and, to put it straight, do you take it as a dead man is dead for good, or will he come alive again?”

“You can kill the body, Mr. Hands, but not the spirit; you must know that already,” I replied. “O’Brien there is in another world, and maybe watching us.”

“Ah!” says he. “Well, that’s unfort’nate—appears as if killing parties was a waste of time. But sperrits don’t reckon for much, by what I’ve seen. I’ll chance it with the sperrits, Jim. And now, you’ve spoke up free, and I’ll take it kind if you’d step down into the cabin and get me a—well, a—well, you just get me a bottle of wine, Jim; this brandy’s too strong for my head.”

Now, the coxswain’s hesitation seemed to me unnatural; and as for the notion of his preferring wine to brandy, I entirely disbelieved it. The whole story was a pretext. He wanted me to leave the deck—so much was plain; but with what purpose I could in no way imagine. His eyes never met mine; they kept wandering to and
 • fro, up and down, now with a look to the sky, now with a flitting glance upon the dead O’Brien. All the time he kept smiling and putting his tongue out in the most guilty, embarrassed manner, so that a child could have told that he was bent on some deception. I was prompt with my answer, however, for I saw where my advantage lay; and that with a fellow so densely stupid I could easily conceal my suspicions to the end.

“Some wine?” I said. “Far better. Will you have white or red?”

“Well, I reckon it’s about the same thing to me, shipmate,” he replied; “so it’s strong and plenty of it.”

“All right,” I answered. “I’ll bring you port, Mr. Hands. But I’ll have to dig for it.”

With that I scuttled down the companion with all the noise I could, slipped off my shoes, ran quietly along the sparred gallery, mounted the forecastle ladder and popped my head out of the fore companion. I knew he would not expect to see me there; yet I took every precaution possible; and certainly the worst of my suspicions proved too true.

He had risen from his position to his hands and knees; and though his leg obviously hurt him pretty sharply when he moved—for I could hear him stifle a groan—yet it was at a good, rattling rate that he trailed himself across the deck. In half a minute he had reached the port scuppers, and picked, out of a coil of rope, a long knife, or rather a short dirk, discolored to the hilt with blood. He looked upon it for a moment, thrusting forth his under jaw, tried the point upon his hand, and then, hastily concealing it in the bosom of his jacket, trundled back again into his old place against the bulwark.

This was all that I required to know. Israel could move about; he was now armed; and if he had been at so much trouble to get rid of me, it was plain that I was meant to be the victim. What he would do afterward—whether he would try to crawl right across the island from North Inlet to the camp among the swamps, or whether he would fire Long Tom, trusting that his own comrades might come first to help him, was, of course, more than I could say.

Yet I felt sure that I could trust him in one point, since in that our interests jumped together, and that was in the disposition of the schooner. We both desired to have her 'stranded safe enough in a sheltered place, and so that, when the time came, she could be got off again with as little labor and danger as might be; and until that was done I considered that my life would certainly be spared.

While I was thus turning the business over in my mind, I had not been idle with my body. I had stolen back to the cabin, slipped once more into my shoes and laid my hand at random on a bottle of wine, and now, with this for an excuse, I made my reappearance on the deck.

Hands lay as I had left him, all fallen together in a bundle, and with his eyelids lowered, as though he were too weak to bear the light. He looked up, however, at my coming, knocked the neck off the bottle like a man who had done the same thing often, and took a good swig, with his favorite toast of "Here's luck!" Then he lay quiet for a little, and then, pulling out a stick of tobacco, begged me to cut him a quid.

"Cut me a hunk o' that," says he, "for I've lost my knife, and I'm too far gone to use it, anyhow. Ah, Jim, Jim, I reckon I've 'missed stays! Cut me a quid, as 'll likely be the last, lad; for I'm soon for my long home, and no mistake."

"Well," said I, "I'll cut you some tobacco; but if I were you and thought myself so badly, I would go to my prayers like a Christian man."

"Why?" said he. "Now, you tell me why."

"Why?" I cried. "You were asking me just now about the dead. You've broken your trust; you've lived in sin and lies and blood; there's a man you killed lying at your feet this moment; and you ask me why! For God's mercy, Mr. Hands, that's why."

I spoke with a little heat, thinking of the bloody dirk he had hidden in his pocket, and designed, in his ill thoughts, to end me with. He, for his part, took a great draught of the wine and spoke with the most unusual solemnity.

"For thirty years," he said, "I've sailed the seas and seen good and bad, better and worse, fair weather and foul, provisions running out, knives going, and what not. Well, now I tell you, I've never seen good come o' goodness yet. To strike first is my fancy; dead men don't bite; that's my view—amen, so be it. And now, you look here," he added, suddenly changing his tone, "we've had about enough of this foolery. The tide's made good enough by now. You just take my orders, Cap'n Hawkins, and we'll sail in and be done with it."

All told, we had scarce two miles to run; but the navigation was delicate, the entrance to this northern anchorage was not only narrow and shoal, but lay east and

west, so that the schooner must be nicely handled to be got in. I think I was a good, prompt 'subaltern, and I am very sure that Hands was an excellent pilot; for we went about and about, and dodged in, shaving the banks, with a certainty and a neatness that were a pleasure to behold.

Scarcely had we passed the heads before the land closed around us. The shores of North Inlet were as thickly wooded as those of the southern anchorage; but the space was longer and narrower, and more like, what in truth it was, the 'estuary of a river. Right before us, at the southern end, we saw the wreck of a ship in the last stages of dilapidation. It had been a great vessel of three masts, but had lain so long exposed to the injuries of the weather that it was hung about with great webs of dripping seaweed, and on the deck of it shore bushes had taken root and now flourished thick with flowers. It was a sad sight, but it showed us that the anchorage was calm.

"Now," said Hands, "look there; there's a good place to beach a ship. Fine flat sand, never a cat's-paw, trees all around it, and flowers a-blowing like a garden on that old ship."

"And once beached," I inquired, "how shall we get her off again?"

"Why so," he replied: "you take a line ashore there on the other side at low water; take a turn about one o'

the big pines; bring it back, take a turn round the capstan, and lie-to for the tide. Come high water, all hands take a pull upon the line and off she comes as sweet as natur'. And now, boy, you stand by. We're near shore now, and she's too much way on her. Starboard a little—so—steady—starboard—larboard a little—steady—steady!"

So he issued his commands, which I breathlessly obeyed; till, all of a sudden, he cried: "Now, my hearty, luff!" And I put the helm hard up, and the Hispaniola swung round rapidly and ran stem on for the low wooded shore.

The excitement of these last maneuvers had somewhat interfered with the watch I had kept hitherto, sharply enough, upon the coxswain. Even then I was still so much interested, waiting for the ship to touch, that I had quite forgot the peril that hung over my head, and stood craning over the starboard bulwarks and watching the ripples spreading wide before the bows. I might have fallen without a struggle for my life, had not a sudden disquietude seized upon me, and made me turn my head. Perhaps I had heard a creak or seen his shadow moving with the tail of my eye; perhaps it was an instinct like a cat's; but, sure enough, when I looked round, there was Hands, already halfway toward me, with the dirk in his right hand.

We must both have cried out aloud when our eyes met;

but while mine was the shrill cry of terror, his was a roar of fury like a charging bull's. At the same instant he threw himself forward, and I leaped sideways toward the bows. As I did so, I let go of the tiller, which sprang sharp to leeward; and I think this saved my life, for it struck Hands across the chest and stopped him for the moment.

Before he could recover, I was safe out of the corner where he had me trapped, with all the deck to dodge about. Just forward of the mainmast I stopped, drew a pistol from my pocket, took a cool aim, though he had already turned and was once more coming directly after me, and drew the trigger. The hammer fell, but there followed neither flash nor sound; the 'priming was useless from sea water. I cursed myself for my neglect. Why had not I, long before, reprimed and reloaded my only weapons? Then I should not have been as now, a mere fleeing sheep before this butcher.

Wounded as he was, it was wonderful how fast he could move, his grizzled hair tumbling over his face, and his face itself as red as a red ensign with his haste and fury. I had no time to try my other pistol, nor, indeed, much inclination, for I was sure it would be useless. One thing I saw plainly: I must not simply retreat before him, or he would speedily hold me boxed into the bows, as a moment since he had so nearly boxed me in the stern. Once so caught, and nine or ten inches of the

blood-stained dirk would be my last experience on this side of eternity. I placed my palms against the mainmast, which was of a goodish bigness, and waited, every nerve upon the stretch.

Seeing that I meant to dodge, he also paused; and a moment or two passed in feints on his part, and corresponding movements upon mine. It was such a game as I had often played at home about the rocks of Black Hill Cove; but never before, you may be sure, with such a wildly beating heart as now. Still, as I say, it was a boy's game, and I thought I could hold my own at it, against an elderly seaman with a wounded thigh. Indeed, my courage had begun to rise so high that I allowed myself a few darting thoughts on what would be the end of the affair; and while I saw that I could spin it out for long, I saw no hope of any ultimate escape.

Well, while things stood thus, suddenly the Hispaniola struck, staggered, ground for an instant in the sand, and then, swift as a blow, canted over to the port side, till the deck stood at an angle of forty-five degrees, and about a puncheon of water splashed into the scupper holes and lay in a pool between the deck and bulwark.

We were both of us capsized in a second, and both of us rolled almost together into the scuppers; the dead Red-cap, with his arms still spread out, tumbling stiffly after us. So near were we, indeed, that my head came against the coxswain's foot with a crack that made my

teeth rattle. Blow and all, I was the first afoot again; for Hands had got involved with the dead body. The sudden canting of the ship had made the deck no place for running on; I had to find some new way of escape, and that upon the instant, for my foe was almost touching me. Quick as thought I sprang into the 'mizzen shrouds, rattled up hand over hand and did not draw a breath till I was seated on the 'crosstrees.

I had been saved by being prompt: the dirk had struck not half a foot below me as I pursued my upward flight; and there stood Israel Hands with his mouth open and his face upturned to mine, a perfect statue of surprise and disappointment.

Now that I had a moment to myself, I lost no time in changing the priming of my pistol, and then, having one ready for service and to make assurance doubly sure, I proceeded to draw the load of the other and recharge it afresh from the beginning.

My new employment struck Hands all of a heap; he began to see the dice going against him; and after an obvious hesitation, he also hauled himself heavily into the shrouds, and with the dirk in his teeth began slowly and painfully to mount. It cost him no end of time and groans to haul his wounded leg behind him; and I had quietly finished my arrangements before he was much more than a third of the way up. Then, with a pistol in either hand, I addressed him.



Back went his hand over his right shoulder.

"One more step, Mr. Hands," said I, "and I'll blow your brains out! Dead men don't bite, you know," I added with a chuckle.

He stopped instantly. I could see by the working of his face that he was trying to think, and the process was so slow and laborious that in my new-found security I laughed aloud. At last, with a swallow or two, he spoke, his face still wearing the same expression of extreme perplexity. In order to speak he had to take the dagger from his mouth, but in all else he remained unmoved.

"Jim," says he, "I reckon we're fouled, you and me, and we'll have to 'sign articles. I'd have had you but for that lurch. But I've lost luck, I have; and I reckon I'll have to 'strike, which comes hard, you see, for a master mariner to a ship's 'younker like you, Jim."

I was drinking in his words and smiling away as conceited as a cock upon a wall, when all in a breath back went his right hand over his shoulder. Something sang like an arrow through the air; I felt a blow and then a sharp pang, and there I was pinned by the shoulder to the mast. In the horrid pain and surprise of the moment—I scarce can say it was by my own volition, and I am sure it was without a conscious aim—both my pistols went off, and both escaped out of my hands. They did not fall alone; with a choked cry the coxswain loosed his grasp upon the shrouds and plunged head first into the water.

V

Owing to the cant of the vessel, the masts hung far out over the water, and from my perch on the crosstrees I had nothing below me but the surface of the bay. Hands, who was not so far up, was in consequence nearer to the ship and fell between me and the bulwarks. He rose once to the surface in a lather of foam and blood, and then sank again for good. As the water settled, I could see him lying huddled together on the clean, bright sand in the shadow of the vessel's sides. A fish or two whipped past his body. Sometimes, by the quivering of the water, he appeared to move a little as if he were trying to rise. But he was dead enough, for all that, being both shot and drowned, and was food for fish in the very place where he had designed my slaughter.

I was no sooner certain of this than I began to feel sick, faint and terrified. The hot blood was running over my back and chest. The dirk, where it had pinned my shoulder to the mast, seemed to burn like a hot iron; yet it was not so much these real sufferings that distressed me, for these, it seemed to me, I could bear without a murmur; it was the horror I had upon my mind of falling from the crosstrees into that still green water, beside the body of the coxswain.

I clung with both hands till my nails ached, and I shut my eyes as if to cover up the peril. Gradually my mind came back again, my pulses quieted down to a more

natural time, and I was once more in possession of myself.

It was my first thought to pluck forth the dirk; but either it stuck too hard or my nerve failed me, and I desisted with a violent shudder. Oddly enough, that very shudder did the business. The knife, in fact, had come the nearest in the world to missing me altogether; it held me by a mere pinch of skin, and this the shudder tore away. The blood ran down the faster, to be sure; but I was my own master again, and only tacked to the mast by my coat and shirt.

These last I broke through with a sudden jerk, and then regained the deck by the starboard shrouds. For nothing in the world would I have again ventured, shaken as I was, upon the overhanging port shrouds, from which Israel had so lately fallen.

I went below and did what I could for my wound; it pained me a good deal and still bled freely; but it was neither deep nor dangerous, nor did it greatly gall me when I used my arm. Then I looked around me, and as the ship was now, in a sense, my own, I began to think of clearing it from its last passenger—the dead man, O'Brien.

He had pitched, as I have said, against the bulwarks, where he lay like some horrible, ungainly sort of puppet; life-size, indeed, but how different from life's color or life's comeliness! In that position I could easily have

my way with him; and as the habit of tragical adventures had worn off almost all my terror for the dead, I took him by the waist as if he had been a sack of bran, and with one good heave tumbled him overboard. He went in with a sounding plunge; the red cap came off, and remained floating on the surface; and as soon as the splash subsided, I saw him and Israel lying side by side, wavering with the tremulous movement of the water.

I was now alone upon the ship; the tide had just turned. The sun was within so few degrees of setting that already the shadow of the pines upon the western shore began to reach right across the anchorage and fall in patterns on the deck. The evening breeze had sprung up, and though it was well warded off by the hill with the two peaks upon the east, the cordage had begun to sing a little softly to itself and the idle sails to rattle to and fro.

I began to see a danger to the ship. The jibs I speedily doused and brought tumbling to the deck; but the mainsail was a harder matter. Of course, when the schooner canted over, the boom had swung outboard, and the cap of it and a foot or two of sail hung even under water. I thought this made it still more dangerous; yet the strain was so heavy that I half feared to meddle. At last I got my knife and cut the halyards. The peak dropped instantly, a great mass of loose canvas floated broad upon the water; and since, pull as I liked, I could not budge

the downhaul, that was the extent of what I could accomplish. For the rest, the Hispaniola must trust to luck, like myself.

By this time the whole anchorage had fallen into shadow—the last rays, I remember, falling through a glade of the wood and shining bright as jewels on the flowery mantle of the wreck. It began to be chill; the tide was rapidly fleeing seaward, the schooner settling more and more on her beam-ends.

I scrambled forward and looked over. It seemed shallow enough, and, holding the cut hawser in both hands for a last security, I let myself drop softly overboard. The water scarcely reached my waist; the sand was firm and covered with ripple marks, and I waded ashore in great spirits, leaving the Hispaniola on her side, with her mainsail trailing wide upon the surface of the bay. About the same time the sun went fairly down, and the breeze whistled low in the dusk among the tossing pines.

At least, and at last, I was off the sea, nor had I returned thence empty-handed. There lay the schooner, clear at last from buccaneers and ready for our own men to board and get to sea again. I had nothing nearer my fancy than to get home to the stockade and boast of my achievements. Possibly I might be blamed a bit for my truancy, but the recapture of the Hispaniola was a clenching answer, and I hoped that even Captain Smollett would confess I had not lost my time.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the 'plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
 The desert and 'illimitable air—
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

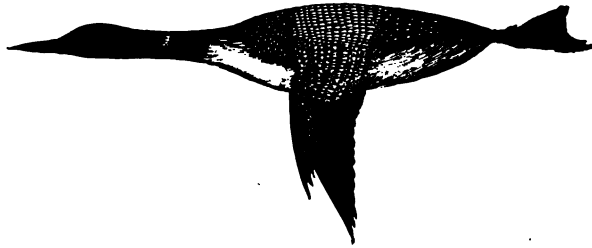
All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
 Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the vabyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT





THE KINGFISHER'S KINDERGARTEN

Koskomenos, the kingfisher, still burrows in the earth like his reptile ancestors; therefore the other birds call him outcast and will have nothing to do with him. But he cares little for that, being a clattering, rattle-headed, self-satisfied fellow, who seems to do nothing all day long but fish and eat. As you follow him, however, you note with amazement that he does some things marvelously well—better indeed than any other of the wood folk. To locate a fish accurately in still water is difficult enough when one thinks of light-refraction; but when the fish is moving, and the sun glares down into the pool and the wind wrinkles its face into a thousand flashing, changing furrows and ridges,—then the bird that can point a bill straight to his fish and hit him fair just behind the gills must have more in his head than the usual

chattering gossip that one hears from him on the trout streams.

This was the lesson that impressed itself upon me when I first began to study Koskomenos; and the object of this little sketch, which records those first strong impressions, is not to give our kingfisher's color or markings or breeding habits—you can get all that from the bird books,—but to suggest a possible answer to the question of how he learns so much, and how he teaches his wisdom to the little kingfishers.

Just below my camp, one summer, was a trout pool. Below the trout pool was a shaded minnow basin—a kind of storehouse for the pool above, where the trout foraged in the early and late twilight, and where, if you hooked a redfin delicately on a fine leader and dropped it in from the crotch of an overhanging tree, you might sometimes catch a big one.

Early one morning, while I was sitting in the tree, a kingfisher swept up the river and disappeared under the opposite bank. He had a nest in there, so cunningly hidden under an overhanging root that till then I had not discovered it, though I had fished the pool and seen the kingfishers clattering about many times. They were unusually noisy when I was near, and flew upstream over the trout pool with a long, rattling call again and again—a ruse, no doubt, to make me think that their nest was somewhere far above.

I watched the nest closely after that, in the intervals when I was not fishing, and learned many things to fill one with wonder and respect for this unknown, clattering outcast of the wilderness rivers. He has devotion for his mate, and feeds her most gallantly while she is brooding. He has courage, plenty of it, and one day drove off a mink and almost killed the savage creature. He has well-defined fishing regulations and enforces them rigorously, never going beyond his limits and permitting no poaching on his own minnow pools. He also has fishing lore enough in his frowsy head, if one could get it out, to make 'Isaak Walton's discourse like a child's babble. Whether the wind be south or northeast, whether the day be dull or bright, he knows exactly where the little fish can be found, and how to catch them.

When the young birds came, the most interesting bit of Koskomenos's life was manifest. One morning as I sat watching, hidden away in the bushes, the mother kingfisher put her head out of her hole and looked about very anxiously. A big water snake lay stretched along a stranded log on the shore. She pounced upon him instantly and drove him out of sight. Just above, at the foot of the trout pool, a brood of sheldrake were croaking and splashing about in the shallows. They were harmless, yet the kingfisher rushed upon them, clattering and scolding like a fishwife, and harried them all away into a quiet bog.

On the way back Koskomenos passed over a frog, a big, sober, sleepy fellow waiting on a lily pad for his sun bath. Chigwoolz might catch young trout, and even little birds as they came to drink, but he would surely never molest a brood of kingfishers; yet the mother, like an irate housekeeper flourishing her broom at every corner of an unswept room, sounded her rattle loudly and dropped on the sleepy frog's head, sending him sputtering and scrambling away into the mud, as if Hawahak, the hawk, were after him. Then with another look all round to see that the stream was clear, and with a warning rattle to any wood folk that she might have overlooked, she darted into her nest, wiggling her tail like a satisfied duck as she disappeared.

After a moment a wild-eyed young kingfisher put his head out of the hole for his first look at the big world. A push from behind cut short his contemplation, and without any fuss he sailed down to a dead branch on the other side of the stream. Another and another followed in the same way, as if each one had been told just what to do and where to go, till the whole family were sitting a-row, with the rippling stream below them and the deep blue heavens and the rustling world of woods above.

That was their first lesson, and their reward was near. The male bird had been fishing since daylight; now he began to bring minnows from an eddy where he had stored them, and to feed the hungry family and assure

them, in his own way, that this big world, so different from the hole in the bank, was a good place to live in and furnished no end of good things to eat.

The next lesson was more interesting, the lesson of catching fish. The school was a quiet, shallow pool with a muddy bottom against which the fish showed clearly, and with a convenient stub leaning over it from which to swoop. The old birds had caught a score of minnows, killed them, and dropped them here and there under the stub. Then they brought the young birds, showed them their game, and told them by repeated examples to dive and get it. The little fellows were hungry and took to the sport keenly; but one was timid, and only after the mother had twice dived and brought up a fish, which she showed to the timid one and then dropped back in a most tantalizing way, did he muster up resolution to take the plunge.

A few mornings later, as I prowled along the shore, I came upon a little pool quite shut off from the main stream, in which a dozen or more frightened minnows were darting about, as if in strange quarters. As I stood watching them and wondering how they got over the dry bar that separated the pool from the river, a kingfisher came sweeping upstream with a fish in his bill. Seeing me, he whirled silently and disappeared round the point below.

The thought of the curious little wild kindergarten

occurred to me suddenly, as I turned to the minnows again, and I waded across the river and hid in the bushes. After an hour's wait Koskomenos came stealing back, looked carefully over the pool and the river, and swept downstream with a rattling call. He soon came back again with his mate and the whole family; and the little ones, after seeing their parents swoop, and tasting the fish they caught, began to swoop for themselves.

The river was wild and difficult, suitable only for expert fishermen; the quietest pools had no fish, and where minnows were found the water or the banks were against the little kingfishers, who had not yet learned to hover and take their fish from the wing. So Koskomenos had found a suitable pool and stocked it himself to make his task of teaching more easy for his mate and more profitable for his little ones. The most interesting point in his method was that in this case he had brought the minnows alive to his kindergarten, instead of killing or wounding them, as in the first lesson. He knew they could not get out of the pool, and that his little ones could take their own time in catching them.

When I saw the family again, weeks afterward, their lessons were well learned; they needed no wounded or captive fish to satisfy their hunger. They were full of the joy of living, and showed me one day a curious game,—the only play that I have ever seen among kingfishers.



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Three little kingfishers were perched on projecting stubs.

There were three of them, when I first found them, perched on projecting stubs over the dancing riffles, which swarmed with chub and "minnies" and samlets and lively young redbfins. Suddenly, as if at the command "go," they all dropped bill first into the river. In a moment they were out again and rushed back to their respective stubs, where they threw their heads back and wriggled their minnows down their throats with a haste to choke them all. Then they began to dance about on the stubs, clattering and chuckling immoderately.

It was all blind to me at first, till the game was repeated two or three times, always starting at the same instant with a plunge into the riffles, and a rush back to goal. Then their object was as clear as the stream below them. With plenty to eat and never a worry in the world, they were playing a game to see which could first get back to his perch and swallow his fish. Sometimes one or two of them failed to get a fish and glided back dejectedly; sometimes all three were so close together that it took a deal of jabber to straighten the matter out; and they always ended in the same way,—by beginning all over again.

I once saw two broods that had gathered together for this rare sport. They were jabbering like a flock of blackbirds between their plunges, forgetting for the moment in the fun of playing their unnamed game, that they were lonely outcasts.

Koskomenos is a solitary fellow, with few pleasures, and fewer companions to share them with him. This is undoubtedly the result of his peculiar fishing regulations, which give to each kingfisher a certain piece of lake or stream for his own. Only the young of the same family go fishing together; and so I have no doubt that these were the same birds whose early training I had watched, and who were now enjoying themselves in their own way, as all the other wood folk do, in the fat, careless, happy, autumn days.

WILLIAM J. LONG

THE OLD CANOE

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and lank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through—
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea bird's wing that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;

While busily back and forth between,
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with its dull tu-whoo,
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
The twilight wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of its rusty chain;
Like the weary march of the hands of Time
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
As the shore is kissed at each turn anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

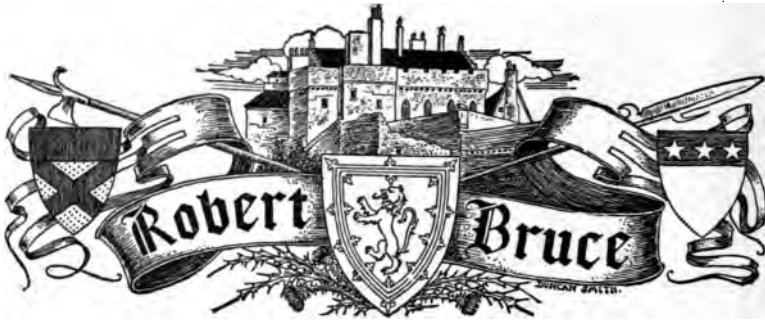
Oh, many a time, with careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand!
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies thick;

And laughed, as I leaned o'er the rocky side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a sober tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things;
But I love to think of the hours that sped
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed,
Ere the blossom waved or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

ALBERT PIKE





I hope that you have not forgotten that all the cruel wars in Scotland arose out of the debate between the great lords who claimed the throne after King Alexander the Third's death, which induced the Scottish nobility rashly to submit the decision of that matter to King Edward of England, and thus opened the way to his endeavoring to seize the kingdom of Scotland to himself. You recollect, also, that Edward had dethroned John Baliol, on account of his attempting to restore the independence of Scotland, and that Baliol had resigned the crown of Scotland into the hands of Edward as 'Lord Paramount. This John Baliol, therefore, was very little respected in Scotland; he had renounced the kingdom, and had been absent from it for fifteen years, during the greater part of which time he remained a prisoner in the hands of the King of England.

It was therefore natural that such of the people of Scotland as were still determined to fight for the deliv-

erance of their country from the English yoke should look around for some other king, under whom they might unite themselves, to combat the power of England. The feeling was universal in Scotland that they would not any longer endure the English government; and therefore such great Scottish nobles as believed they had right to the crown began to think of standing forward to claim it.


Amongst these, the principal candidates (supposing John Baliol, by his renunciation and captivity, to have lost all right to the kingdom) were two powerful noblemen. The first was Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, the grandson of that elder Robert Bruce, who disputed the throne with John Baliol. The other was John Comyn, or Cuming, of Badenoch, usually called the Red Comyn, to distinguish him from his kinsman, the Black Comyn, so named from his swarthy complexion. These two great and powerful barons had taken part with Sir William Wallace in the wars against England; but, after the defeat of Falkirk, being fearful of losing their great estates and considering the freedom of Scotland as beyond the possibility of being recovered, both Bruce and Comyn had not only submitted themselves to Edward and acknowledged his title as King of Scotland, but even borne arms along with the English against such of their countrymen as still continued to resist the usurper. But the feelings of Bruce concerning the baseness of this con-

duct are said, by the old traditions of Scotland, to have been awakened by the following incident.

In one of the numerous battles, or skirmishes, which took place at the time between the English and their adherents on the one side and the insurgent or patriotic Scots upon the other, Robert the Bruce was present and assisted the English to gain the victory. After the battle was over, he sat down to dinner among his southern friends and allies without washing his hands, on which there still remained spots of the blood which he had shed during the action. The English lords, observing this, whispered to each other in mockery, "Look at that Scotsman, who is eating his own blood!" Bruce heard what they said and began to reflect that the blood upon his hands might be indeed called his own, since it was that of his brave countrymen, who were fighting for the independence of Scotland, whilst he was assisting its oppressors, who only laughed at and mocked him for his unnatural conduct. He was so much shocked and disgusted that he arose from table, and, going into a neighboring chapel, shed many tears, and, asking pardon of God for the great crime he had been guilty of, made a solemn vow that he would atone for it by doing all in his power to deliver Scotland from the foreign yoke. Accordingly he left, it is said, the English army and never joined it again, but remained watching an opportunity for restoring the freedom of his country.

Now, this Robert the Bruce was a remarkably brave and strong man: there was no man in Scotland that was thought a match for him except Sir William Wallace; and now that Wallace was dead, Bruce was held the best warrior in Scotland. He was very wise and prudent, and an excellent general; that is, he knew how to conduct an army and place them in order for battle, as well as or better than any great man of his time. He was generous too, and courteous by nature; but he had some faults, which perhaps belonged as much to the fierce period in which he lived as to his own character. He was rash and passionate, and in his passion he was sometimes relentless and cruel.

Robert the Bruce had fixed his purpose to attempt once again to drive the English out of Scotland, and he desired to prevail upon Sir John, the Red Comyn, who was his rival in his pretensions to the throne, to join with him in expelling the foreign enemy by their common efforts. With this purpose Bruce posted down from London to Dumfries, on the borders of Scotland, and requested an interview with John Comyn. They met in the church of the Minorites in that town, before the high altar. What passed betwixt them is not known with certainty; but they quarreled, either concerning their mutual pretensions to the crown or because Comyn refused to join Bruce in the proposed insurrection against the English; or, as many writers say, because Bruce charged



Comyn with having betrayed to the English his purpose of rising up against King Edward. It is, however, certain that these two haughty barons came to high and abusive words, until at length Bruce, who was extremely passionate, forgot the sacred character of the place in which they stood, and struck Comyn a blow with his dagger. Having done this rash deed, he instantly ran out of the church and called for his horse. Two gentlemen of the country, Lindesay and Kirkpatrick, friends of Bruce, were then in attendance on him. Seeing him pale, bloody, and in much agitation, they eagerly inquired what was the matter.

"I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn."

"Do you leave such a matter in doubt?" said Kirkpatrick. "I will make sicker!"—that is, I will make certain.

Accordingly he and his companion, Lindesay, rushed into the church and made the matter certain with a vengeance, by despatching the wounded Comyn with their daggers. His uncle, Sir Robert Comyn, was slain at the same time.

This slaughter of Comyn was a rash and cruel action; and the historian of Bruce observes that it was followed by the displeasure of Heaven; for no man ever went through more misfortunes than Robert Bruce, although he at length rose to great honor.

After the deed was done, Bruce might be called desperate. He had committed an action which was sure to bring down upon him the vengeance of all Comyn's relations, the resentment of the King of England, and the displeasure of the Church on account of having slain his enemy within consecrated ground. He determined, therefore, to bid them all defiance at once and to assert his pretensions to the throne of Scotland. He drew his own followers together, summoned to meet him such barons as still entertained hopes of the freedom of the country, and was crowned king at the Abbey of Scone, the usual place where the kings of Scotland assumed their authority.


Everything relating to the ceremony was hastily performed. A small circlet of gold was hurriedly made to represent the ancient crown of Scotland, which Edward had carried off to England. The Earl of Fife, descendant of the brave Macduff, whose duty it was to have placed the crown on the king's head, would not give his attendance. But the ceremonial was performed by his sister, Isabella, Countess of Buchan, though without the consent either of her brother or husband. A few barons, whose names ought to be dear to their country, joined Bruce in his attempt to vindicate the independence of Scotland.

Edward was dreadfully incensed when he heard that, after all the pains which he had taken and all the blood

which had been spilled, the Scots were making this new attempt to shake off his authority. Though now old, feeble and sickly, he made a solemn vow at a great festival, in presence of all his court, that he would take the most ample vengeance upon Robert the Bruce and his adherents; after which he would never again draw his sword upon a Christian, but would only fight against the unbelieving Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Land. Accordingly he marched against Bruce at the head of a powerful army.

The commencement of Bruce's undertaking was most disastrous. He was crowned on March 29, 1306. On May 18th he was excommunicated by the Pope on account of the murder of Comyn within consecrated ground, a sentence which excluded him from all the benefits of religion, and authorized anyone to kill him. Finally, on June 19th, the new king was completely defeated near Methven by the English Earl of Pembroke. Robert's horse was killed under him in the action, and he was for a moment a prisoner. But he had fallen into the power of a Scottish knight, who, though he served in the English army, did not choose to be the instrument of putting Bruce into their hands, and allowed him to escape.

The conquerors executed their prisoners with their usual cruelty. Among these were some gallant young men of the first Scottish families—Hay (ancestor of the



Earls of Errol), Somerville, Fraser, and others, who were mercilessly put to death.

Bruce, with a few brave adherents, among whom was the young Lord of Douglas, who was afterwards called the Good Lord James, retired into the Highland mountains, where they were chased from one place of refuge to another, often in great danger, and suffering many hardships. The Bruce's wife, now Queen of Scotland, with several other ladies, accompanied her husband and his followers during their wanderings. There was no other way of providing for them save by hunting and fishing. It was remarked that Douglas was the most active and successful in procuring for the unfortunate ladies such supplies as his dexterity in fishing or in killing deer could furnish to them.

Driven from one place in the Highlands to another, starved out of some districts and forced from others by the opposition of the inhabitants, Bruce attempted to force his way into Lorn; but he found enemies everywhere. The M'Dougals, a powerful family, then called Lords of Lorn, were friendly to the English, and, putting their men in arms, attacked Bruce and his wandering companions, as soon as they attempted to enter their territory. The chief of these M'Dougals, called John of Lorn, hated Bruce on account of his having slain the Red Comyn, to whom this M'Dougal was nearly related. Bruce was again defeated by this chief, through force of

numbers, at a place called Dalry; but he showed amidst his misfortunes the greatness of his strength and courage. He directed his men to retreat through a narrow pass, and placing himself last of the party, he fought with and slew such of the enemy as attempted to press hard on them.

Three followers of M'Dougal, a father and two sons, called M'Androsser, all very strong men, when they saw Bruce thus protecting the retreat of his followers, made a vow that they would either kill this redoubted champion, or make him prisoner. The whole three rushed on the king at once, Bruce was on horseback, in the strait pass we have described, betwixt a precipitous rock and a deep lake. He struck the first man who came up and seized his horse's rein, such a blow with his sword as cut off his hand and freed the bridle. The man bled to death. The other brother had grasped Bruce in the meantime by the leg and was attempting to throw him from horseback. The king, setting spurs to his horse, made the animal suddenly spring forward, so that the Highlander fell under the horse's feet; and, as he was endeavoring to rise again, Bruce cleft his head in two with his sword. The father, seeing his two sons thus slain, flew desperately at the king and grasped him by the mantle so close to his body that he could not have room to wield his long sword. But with the heavy pomel of that weapon, or, as others say, with an iron ham-

mer which hung at his saddlebow, the king struck this third assailant so dreadful a blow that he dashed out his brains. Still, however, the Highlander kept his dying grasp on the king's mantle; so that, to be free of the dead body, Bruce was obliged to undo the brooch, or clasp, by which it was fastened, and leave that and the mantle itself behind him. The brooch, which fell thus into the possession of M'Dougal of Lorn, is still preserved in that ancient family as a memorial that the celebrated Robert Bruce once narrowly escaped falling into the hands of their ancestor. Robert greatly resented this attack upon him; and when he was in happier circumstances, did not fail to take his revenge on M'Dougal, or, as he is usually called, John of Lorn.

II

The king met with many such encounters amidst his dangerous and dismal wanderings; yet, though almost always defeated by the superior numbers of the English, and of such Scots as sided with them, he still kept up his own spirits and those of his followers. He was a better scholar than was usual in those days, when, except clergymen, few people learned to read and write. But King Robert could do both very well; and we are told that he sometimes read aloud to his companions to amuse them when they were crossing the great Highland lakes in such wretched leaky boats as they could find for that

purpose. Loch Lomond, in particular, is said to have witnessed such scenes. You may see by this how useful it is to possess knowledge and accomplishments. If Bruce could not have read to his associates and diverted their thoughts from their dangers and sufferings, he might not perhaps have been able to keep up their spirits, or secure their continued attachment.

At last dangers increased so much around the brave King Robert that he was obliged to separate himself from his queen and her ladies; for the winter was coming on, and it would be impossible for the women to endure this wandering sort of life when the frost and snow should set in. So Bruce left his queen, with the Countess of Buchan and others, in the only castle which remained to him, which was called Kildrummie and is situated near the head of the River Don in Aberdeenshire. The king also left his youngest brother, Nigel Bruce, to defend the castle against the English; and he himself, with his second brother Edward, who was a very brave man, but still more rash and passionate than Robert himself, went over to an island called Rachrin on the coast of Ireland, where Bruce and the few men that followed his fortunes passed the winter of 1306. In the meantime ill luck seemed to pursue all his friends in Scotland. The Castle of Kildrummie was taken by the English, and Nigel Bruce, a beautiful and brave youth, was cruelly put to death by the victors. The ladies who

had attended on Robert's queen, as well as the queen herself, and the Countess of Buchan, were thrown into strict confinement and treated with the utmost severity.

The Countess of Buchan had given Edward great offense by being the person who placed the crown on the head of Robert Bruce. She was imprisoned within the Castle of Berwick, in a cage made on purpose. Some Scottish authors have pretended that this cage was hung over the walls with the poor countess, like a parrot's cage out at a window. But this is their own ignorant idea. The cage of the Lady Buchan was a strong wooden and iron piece of framework, placed within an apartment and resembling one of those places in which wild beasts are confined. There were such cages in most old prisons to which captives were consigned, who, either for mutiny or any other reason, were to be confined with peculiar rigor.

The news of the taking of Kildrummie, the captivity of his wife and the execution of his brother reached Bruce while he was residing in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin, and reduced him to the point of despair.

It was about this time that an incident took place, which, although it rests only on tradition in families of the name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last displeasing intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed and deliberating with himself whether

he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens; by which he thought, perhaps, he might deserve the forgiveness of Heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland, while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking, which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine, though the superstition of his age might think otherwise.

While he was divided betwixt these reflections and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavoring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the

poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail I will go to the wars in Palestine and never return to my native country more."

While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterward sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce, so completely persuaded of the truth of this story, that they would not on any account kill a spider; because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake.

Having determined to renew his efforts to obtain possession of Scotland notwithstanding the smallness of the means which he had for accomplishing so great a purpose, the Bruce removed himself and his followers from

Rachrin to the Island of Arran, which lies in the mouth of the Clyde. The king landed and inquired of the first woman he met, what armed men were in the island. She returned for answer that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers, who had defeated an English officer, the governor of the Castle of Brathwick, had killed him and most of his men, and were now amusing themselves with hunting about the island. The king, having caused himself to be guided to the woods which these strangers most frequented, there blew his horn repeatedly.

Now, the chief of the strangers who had taken the castle was James Douglas, whom we have already mentioned as one of the best of Bruce's friends, and he was accompanied by some of the bravest of that patriotic band. When he heard Robert Bruce's horn, he knew the sound well and cried out that yonder was the king, he knew by his manner of blowing. So he and his companions hastened to meet King Robert, and there was great joy on both sides; whilst at the same time they could not help weeping when they considered their own forlorn condition and the great loss that had taken place among their friends since they had last parted. But they were stout-hearted men and looked forward to freeing their country in spite of all that had yet happened.

The Bruce was now within sight of Scotland and not distant from his own family possessions, where the peo-

ple were most likely to be attached to him. He began immediately to form plans with Douglas, how they might best renew their enterprise against the English. The Douglas resolved to go disguised to his own country and raise his followers, in order to begin their enterprise by taking revenge on an Englishman called Lord Clifford, upon whom Edward had conferred his estates, and who had taken up his residence in the Castle of Douglas.

Bruce, on his part, opened a communication with the opposite coast of Carrick by means of one of his followers, called Cuthbert. This person had directions, that if he should find the countrymen in Carrick disposed to take up arms against the English, he was to make a fire on a headland, or lofty cape, called Turnberry, on the coast of Ayrshire, opposite to the Island of Arran. The appearance of a fire on this place was to be a signal for Bruce to put to sea with such men as he had, who were not more than three hundred in number, for the purpose of landing in Carrick and joining the insurgents.

Bruce and his men watched eagerly for the signal, but for some time in vain. At length a fire on Turnberry head became visible, and the king and his followers merrily betook themselves to their ships and galleys, concluding their Carrick friends were all in arms and ready to join with them. They landed on the beach at midnight, where they found their spy Cuthbert alone in waiting for them, with very bad news. Lord Percy, he

said, was in the country with two or three hundred Englishmen and had terrified the people so much, both by threats and actions, that none of them dared to think of rebelling against King Edward.

“Traitor!” said Bruce, “why, then, did you make the signal?”

“Alas!” replied Cuthbert, “the fire was not made by me, but by some other person, for what purpose I know not; but as soon as I saw it burning, I knew that you would come over, thinking it my signal, and therefore I came down to wait for you on the beach to tell you how the matter stood.”

King Robert’s first idea was to return to Arran after this disappointment; but his brother Edward refused to go back. He was a man daring even to rashness. “I will not leave my native land,” he said, “now that I am so unexpectedly restored to it. I will give freedom to Scotland, or leave my carcass on the surface of the land which gave me birth.”

Bruce, also, after some hesitation, determined that since he had been thus brought to the mainland of Scotland, he would remain there and take such adventure and fortune as Heaven should send him.

Accordingly he began to skirmish with the English so successfully as obliged the Lord Percy to quit Carrick. Bruce then dispersed his men upon various adventures against the enemy, in which they were generally success-

ful. But then, on the other hand, the king, being left with small attendance, or sometimes almost alone, ran great risk of losing his life by treachery or by open violence. Several of these incidents are very interesting. I will tell you some of them.

III

At one time, a near relation of Bruce's, in whom he entirely confided, was induced by the bribes of the English to attempt to put him to death. This villain with his two sons watched the king one morning, till he saw him separated from all his men, excepting a little boy, who waited on him as a page. The father had a sword in his hand, one of the sons had a sword and a spear, the other had a sword and a battle-ax. Now, when the king saw them so well armed when there were no enemies near, he began to call to mind some hints which had been given to him, that these men intended to murder him. He had no weapons excepting his sword; but his page had a bow and arrow. He took them both from the little boy and bade him stand at a distance; "for," said the king, "if I overcome these traitors, thou shalt have enough of weapons; but if I am slain by them, you may make your escape and tell Douglas and my brother to revenge my death." The boy was very sorry, for he loved his master; but he was obliged to do as he was bidden.

In the meantime the traitors came forward upon Bruce that they might assault him at once. The king called out to them and commanded them to come no nearer, upon peril of their lives; but the father answered with flattering words, pretending great kindness and still continuing to approach his person. Then the king again called to them to stand. "Traitors," said he, "you have sold my life for English gold; but you shall die if you come one foot nearer to me." With that he bent the page's bow; and as the old conspirator continued to advance, he let the arrow fly at him. Bruce was an excellent archer; he aimed his arrow so well that it hit the father in the eye and penetrated from that into his brain, so that he fell down dead. Then the two sons rushed on the king. One of them fetched a blow at him with an ax, but missed his stroke and stumbled, so that the king with his great sword cut him down before he could recover his feet. The remaining traitor ran on Bruce with his spear; but the king with a sweep of his sword cut the steel head off the villain's weapon, and then killed him before he had time to draw his sword. Then the little page came running, very joyful of his master's victory; and the king wiped his bloody sword, and, looking upon the dead bodies, said, "These might have been reputed three gallant men, if they could have resisted the temptation of covetousness."

In the present day it is not necessary that generals, or

great officers, should fight with their own hand, because it is only their duty to direct the movements and exertions of their followers. The artillery and the soldiers shoot at the enemy; and men seldom mingle together and fight hand to hand. But in ancient times, kings and great lords were obliged to put themselves into the very front of the battle and fight like ordinary men with the lance and other weapons. It was therefore of great consequence that they should be strong men and dexterous in the use of their arms. Robert Bruce was so remarkably active and powerful that he came through a great many personal dangers, in which he must otherwise have been slain. I will tell you another of his adventures, which I think will amuse you.

After the death of these three traitors, Robert the Bruce continued to keep himself concealed in his own earldom of Carrick and in the neighboring country of Galloway, until he should have matters ready for a general attack upon the English. He was obliged in the meantime to keep very few men with him, both for the sake of secrecy and from the difficulty of finding provisions. Now, many of the people of Galloway were unfriendly to Bruce. They lived under the government of one M'Dougal, related to the Lord of Lorn, who had defeated Bruce at Dalry and very nearly killed or made him prisoner. These Galloway men had heard that Bruce was in their country, having no more than sixty

men with him; so they resolved to attack him by surprise, and for this purpose they got two hundred men together and brought with them two or three bloodhounds. These animals were trained to chase a man by the scent of his footsteps, as foxhounds chase a fox, or as beagles and harriers chase a hare. Although the dog does not see the person whose trace he is put upon, he follows him over every step he has taken. At that time these bloodhounds, or sleuthhounds (so called from *slot*, or *sleut*, a word which signifies the scent left by an animal of chase), were used for the purpose of pursuing great criminals. The men of Galloway thought themselves secure, that if they missed taking Bruce or killing him at the first onset, and if he should escape into the woods, they would find him out by means of these bloodhounds.

The good King Robert Bruce, who was always watchful and vigilant, had received some information of the intention of this party to come upon him suddenly and by night. Accordingly he quartered his little troop of sixty men on the side of a deep and swift-running river that had very steep and rocky banks. There was but one ford by which this river could be crossed in that neighborhood, and that ford was deep and narrow, so that two men could scarcely get through abreast; the ground on which they were to land on the side where the king was, was steep, and the path which led upward from

the water's edge to the top of the bank, extremely narrow and difficult.

Bruce caused his men to lie down to take some sleep at a place about half a mile distant from the river, while he himself with two attendants went down to watch the ford, through which the enemy must needs pass before they could come to the place where King Robert's men were lying. He stood for some time looking at the ford and thinking how easily the enemy might be kept from passing there, providing it was bravely defended, when he heard at a distance the baying of a hound, which was always coming nearer and nearer. This was the blood-hound which was tracing the king's steps to the ford where he had crossed, and the two hundred Galloway men were along with the animal and guided by it. Bruce at first thought of going back to awaken his men; but then he reflected that it might be only some shepherd's dog. "My men," he said, "are sorely tired; I will not disturb their sleep for the yelping of a cur till I know something more of the matter." So he stood and listened; and by and by, as the cry of the hound came nearer, he began to hear a trampling of horses and the voices of men and the ringing and clattering of armor, and then he was sure the enemy were coming to the river-side. Then the king thought, "If I go back to give my men the alarm, these Galloway men will get through the ford without opposition; and that would be a pity, since

it is a place so advantageous to make defense against them." So he looked again at the steep path and the deep river, and he thought that they gave him so much advantage that he himself could defend the passage with his own hand, until his men came to assist him. His armor was so good and strong that he had no fear of arrows, and therefore the combat was not so very unequal as it must have otherwise been. He therefore sent his followers to waken his men and remained alone by the bank of the river.

In the meanwhile the noise and trampling of the horses increased; and the moon being bright, Bruce beheld the glancing arms of about two hundred men, who came down to the opposite bank of the river. The men of Galloway, on their part, saw but one solitary figure guarding the ford, and the foremost of them plunged into the river without minding him. But as they could only pass the ford one by one, the Bruce, who stood high above them on the bank where they were to land, killed the foremost man with a thrust of his long spear, and with a second thrust stabbed the horse, which fell down, kicking and plunging in his agonies, on the narrow path, and so prevented the others, who were following, from getting out of the river. Bruce had thus an opportunity of dealing his blows at pleasure among them, while they could not strike at him again. In the confusion five or six of the enemy were slain, or, having been borne down



Bruce beheld the glancing arms of the men of Galloway.

the current, were drowned in the river. The rest were terrified and drew back.

But when the Galloway men looked again and saw they were opposed by only one man, they themselves being so many, they cried out that their honor would be lost forever if they did not force their way ; and encouraged each other with loud cries to plunge through and assault him. But by this time the king's soldiers came up to his assistance, and the Galloway men retreated and gave up their enterprise.

I will tell you another story of this brave Robert Bruce during his wanderings. His adventures are as curious and entertaining as those which men invent for story-books, with this advantage, that they are all true.

About the time when the Bruce was yet at the head of but few men, Sir Aymer de Valence, who was Earl of Pembroke, together with John of Lorn, came into Galloway, each of them being at the head of a large body of men. John of Lorn had a bloodhound with him, which it was said had formerly belonged to Robert Bruce himself ; and having been fed by the king with his own hands, it became attached to him and would follow his footsteps anywhere, as dogs are well known to trace their master's steps, whether they be bloodhounds or not. By means of this hound John of Lorn thought he should certainly find out Bruce and take revenge on him for the death of his relation Comyn.

When these two armies advanced upon King Robert, he at first thought of fighting with the English earl; but becoming aware that John of Lorn was moving round with another large body to attack him in the rear, he resolved to avoid fighting at that time, lest he should be oppressed by numbers. For this purpose the king divided the men he had with him into three bodies and commanded them to retreat by three different ways, thinking the enemy would not know which party to pursue. He also appointed a place at which they were to assemble again. But when John of Lorn came to the place where the army of Bruce had been thus divided, the bloodhound took his course after one of these divisions, neglecting the other two, and then John of Lorn knew that the king must be in that party; so he also made no pursuit after the two other divisions of the Scots, but with all his men followed that which the dog pointed out.

The king again saw that he was followed by a large body, and being determined to escape from them if possible, he made all the people who were with him disperse themselves different ways, thinking thus that the enemy must needs lose trace of him. He kept only one man along with him, and that was his own foster brother, or the son of his nurse. When John of Lorn came to the place where Bruce's companions had dispersed themselves, the bloodhound, after it had snuffed up and down for a little, quitted the footsteps of all the other fugitives

and ran barking upon the track of two men out of the whole number. Then John of Lorn knew that one of these two must needs be King Robert. Accordingly he commanded five of his men that were speedy of foot to follow hard, and either make him prisoner or slay him. The Highlanders started off accordingly and ran so fast that they gained sight of Robert and his foster brother. The king asked his companion what help he could give him, and his foster brother answered he was ready to do his best. So these two turned on the five men of John of Lorn and killed them all. It is to be supposed they were better armed than the others were, as well as stronger and more desperate.

But by this time Bruce was very much fatigued, and yet they dared not sit down to take any rest; for whenever they stopped for an instant, they heard the cry of the bloodhound behind them and knew that their enemies were coming up fast after them. At length they came to a wood, through which ran a small river. Then Bruce said to his foster brother, "Let us wade down this stream for a great way instead of going straight across, and so this unhappy hound will lose the scent; for if we were once clear of him, I should not be afraid of getting away from the pursuers." Accordingly the king and his attendant walked a great way down the stream, taking care to keep their feet in the water, which could not retain any scent where they had stepped. Then they came

ashore on the further side from the enemy and went deep into the wood before they stopped to rest themselves. In the meanwhile the hound led John of Lorn straight to the place where the king went into the water, but there the dog began to be puzzled, not knowing where to go next; for you are well aware that the running water could not retain the scent of a man's foot, like that which remains on turf. So John of Lorn, seeing the dog was at fault, that is, had lost the track of what he pursued, gave up the chase and returned to join with Aymer de Valence.

But King Robert's adventures were not yet ended. His foster brother and he had rested themselves in the wood, but they had got no food and were become extremely hungry. They walked on, however, in hopes of coming to some habitation. At length in the midst of the forest, they met with three men who looked like thieves or ruffians. They were well armed, and one of them bore a sheep on his back, which it seemed as if they had just stolen. They saluted the king civilly; and he, replying to their salutation, asked them where they were going. The men answered, they were seeking for Robert Bruce, for that they intended to join with him. The king answered that if they would go with him, he would conduct them where they would find the Scottish king. Then the man who had spoken, changed countenance, and Bruce, who looked sharply at him, began to suspect

that the ruffian guessed who he was, and that he and his companions had some design against his person in order to gain the reward which had been offered for his life.

So he said to them, "My good friends, as we are not well acquainted with each other, you must go before us, and we will follow near to you."

"You have no occasion to suspect any harm from us," answered the man.

"Neither do I suspect any," said Bruce; "but this is the way in which I choose to travel."

The men did as he commanded, and thus they traveled till they came together to a waste and ruinous cottage, where the men proposed to dress some part of the sheep, which their companion was carrying. The king was glad to hear of food; but he insisted that there should be two fires kindled, one for himself and his foster brother at one end of the house, the other at the other end for their three companions. The men did as he desired. They broiled a quarter of mutton for themselves and gave another to the king and his attendant.

They were obliged to eat it without bread or salt; but as they were very hungry, they were glad to get food in any shape and partook of it very heartily.

Then so heavy a drowsiness fell on King Robert that, for all the danger he was in, he could not resist an inclination to sleep. But first he desired his foster brother to watch while he slept, for he had great suspicion of their

new acquaintances. His foster brother promised to stay awake, and did his best to keep his word. But the king had not been long asleep ere his foster brother fell into a deep slumber also, for he had undergone as much fatigue as the king. When the three villains saw the king and his attendant asleep, they made signs to each other, and, rising up at once, drew their swords with the purpose to kill them both. But the king slept but lightly, and for as little noise as the traitors made in rising, he was awakened by it, and starting up, drew his sword and went to meet them. At the same moment he pushed his foster brother with his foot to awaken him, and he got on his feet; but ere he got his eyes cleared to see what was about to happen, one of the ruffians that were advancing to slay the king, killed him with a stroke of his sword. The king was now alone, one man against three and in the greatest danger of his life; but his amazing strength and the good armor which he wore freed him once more from this great peril, and he killed the three men, one after another.

He then left the cottage, very sorrowful for the death of his faithful foster brother, and took his direction toward the place where he had appointed his men to assemble after their dispersion. It was now near night, and the place of meeting being a farmhouse, he went boldly into it, where he found the mistress, an old true-hearted Scotswoman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a

stranger enter, she asked him who and what he was. The king answered that he was a traveler who was journeying through the country.

"All travelers," answered the good woman, "are welcome here, for the sake of one."

"And who is that one," said the king, "for whose sake you make all travelers welcome?"

"It is our rightful king, Robert the Bruce," answered the mistress, "who is the lawful lord of this country; and although he is now pursued and hunted after with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him king over all Scotland."

"Since you love him so well, dame," said the king, "know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce."

"You!" said the good woman, in great surprise; "and wherefore are you thus alone?—where are all your men?"

"I have none with me at this moment," answered Bruce, "and therefore I must travel alone."

"But that shall not be," said the brave old dame, "for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death."

So she brought her two sons, and though she well knew the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear fidelity to the king; and they afterward became high officers in his service.

Now, the loyal old woman was getting everything ready for the king's supper, when suddenly there was a great trampling of horses heard round the house. They thought it must be some of the English, or John of Lorn's men, and the good wife called upon her sons to fight to the last for King Robert. But shortly after, they heard the voice of the Good Lord James of Douglas and of Edward Bruce, the king's brother, who had come with a hundred and fifty horsemen to this farmhouse according to the instructions that the king had left with them at parting.

Robert the Bruce was right joyful to meet his brother and his faithful friend Lord James; and had no sooner found himself once more at the head of such a considerable body of followers, than, forgetting hunger and weariness, he began to inquire where the enemy who had pursued them so long had taken up their abode for the night; "for," said he, "as they must suppose us totally scattered and fled, it is likely that they will think themselves quite secure, and disperse themselves into distant quarters, and keep careless watch."

"That is very true," answered James of Douglas, "for I passed a village where there are two hundred of them quartered, who had placed no sentinels; and if you have a mind to make haste, we may surprise them this very night and do them more mischief than they have been able to do us during all this day's chase."

Then there was nothing but mount and ride; and as the Scots came by surprise on the body of English, whom Douglas had mentioned, and rushed suddenly into the village where they were quartered, they easily dispersed and cut them to pieces; thus, as Douglas had said, doing their pursuers more injury than they themselves had received during the long and severe pursuit of the preceding day.

The consequence of these successes of King Robert was, that soldiers came to join him on all sides, and that he obtained several victories both over Sir Aymer de Valence, Lord Clifford and other English commanders; until at length the English were afraid to venture into the open country as formerly, unless when they could assemble themselves in considerable bodies. They thought it safer to lie still in the towns and castles which they had garrisoned, and wait till the King of England should once more come to their assistance with a powerful army.

V

When King Edward the First heard that Scotland was again in arms against him, he marched down to the Borders with many threats of what he would do to avenge himself on Bruce and his party, whom he called rebels. But he was now old and feeble, and while he was making his preparations, he was taken very ill, and, after lingering a long time, at length died on July 6, 1307, at a

place in Cumberland called Burgh upon the Sands, in sight of Scotland and not three miles from its frontier.

His hatred to that country was so inveterate that his thoughts of revenge seemed to occupy his mind on his deathbed. He made his son promise never to make peace with Scotland until the nation was subdued. He gave also very singular directions concerning the disposal of his dead body. He ordered that it should be boiled in a caldron till the flesh parted from the bones, and that then the bones should be wrapped up in a bull's hide and carried at the head of the English army, as often as the Scots attempted to recover their freedom. He thought that he had inflicted such distresses on the Scots and invaded and defeated them so often, that even his dead bones would terrify them. His son, Edward the Second, did not choose to execute this strange injunction, but caused his father to be buried in Westminster Abbey; where his tomb is still to be seen, bearing for an inscription—

Here Lies the Hammer of the Scottish Nation.

And, indeed, it was true that during his life he did them as much injury as a hammer does to the substances which it dashes to pieces.

Edward the Second was neither so brave nor so wise as his father: on the contrary, he was a weak prince, fond of idle amusements and worthless favorites. It

was lucky for Scotland that such was his disposition. He marched a little way into Scotland with the large army which Edward the First had collected, but retired without fighting; which gave great encouragement to Bruce's party.

Many of the Scottish nobility now took arms in different parts of the country, declared for King Robert, and fought against the English troops and garrisons. In a few years the English possessed scarcely any place of importance in Scotland, excepting Stirling, which was besieged, or rather blockaded, by Edward Bruce, the king's brother. To blockade a town or castle, is to quarter an army around it, so as to prevent those within from getting provisions. This was done by the Scots before Stirling, till Sir Philip Mowbray, who commanded the castle, finding that he was likely to be reduced to extremity for want of provisions, made an agreement with Edward Bruce that he would surrender the place, provided he were not relieved by the King of England before midsummer. Sir Edward agreed to these terms, and allowed Mowbray to go to London to tell King Edward of the conditions he had made.

When King Robert heard what his brother had done, he thought it was too great a risk, since it obliged him to venture a battle with the full strength of Edward II, who had under him England, Ireland, Wales and great part of France, and could within the time allowed assemble a

much more powerful army than the Scots could, even if all Scotland were fully under the king's authority. Sir Edward answered his brother with his naturally audacious spirit, "Let Edward bring every man he has, we will fight them, were they more." The king admired his courage, though it was mingled with rashness. "Since it is so, brother," he said, "we will manfully abide battle, and request all who love us and value the freedom of Scotland, to come with all the men they have and help us to oppose King Edward, should he come with his army to rescue Stirling."

When Sir Philip Mowbray came to London, to tell the king that Stirling, the last Scottish town of importance which remained in possession of the English, was to be surrendered if it were not relieved by force of arms before midsummer, then all the English nobles called out that it would be a sin and shame to permit the fair conquest, which Edward I had made, to be forfeited to the Scots for want of fighting. It was therefore resolved, that the king should go himself to Scotland with as great forces as he could possibly muster.

King Edward the Second therefore assembled one of the greatest armies which a King of England ever commanded. There were troops brought from all his dominions. Many brave soldiers from the provinces which the King of England possessed in France, many Irish, many Welsh, and all the great English nobles and barons with

their followers were assembled in one great army. The number was not less than one hundred thousand men.

King Robert the Bruce summoned all his nobles and barons to join him, when he heard of the great preparation which the King of England was making. They were not so numerous as the English by many thousand men. In fact, his whole army did not very much exceed thirty thousand, and they were much worse armed than the wealthy Englishmen; but then, Robert, who was at their head, was one of the most expert generals of the time; and the officers he had under him were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph, his faithful follower the Douglas, and other brave and experienced leaders, who commanded the same men that had been accustomed to fight and gain victories under every disadvantage of situation and numbers.

The king, on his part, studied how he might supply by address and stratagem what he wanted in numbers and strength. He knew the superiority of the English, both in their heavy-armed cavalry, which were much better mounted and armed than that of the Scots, and in their archers, who were better trained than any others in the world. Both these advantages he resolved to provide against. With this purpose he led his army down into a plain near Stirling, called the Park, near which, and beneath it, the English army must needs pass through a boggy country broken with water courses, while the

Scots occupied hard dry ground. He then caused all the ground upon the front of his line of battle, where cavalry were likely to act, to be dug full of holes about as deep as a man's knee. They were filled with light brushwood, and the turf was laid on the top, so that it appeared a plain field, while in reality it was all full of these pits as a honeycomb is of holes. He also, it is said, caused steel spikes to be scattered up and down in the plain, where the English cavalry were most likely to advance, trusting in that manner to lame and destroy their horses.

When the Scottish army was drawn up, the line stretched north and south. On the south, it was terminated by the banks of the brook called Bannockburn, which are so rocky that no troops could attack them there. On the left the Scottish line extended near to the town of Stirling. Bruce reviewed his troops very carefully; all the useless servants, drivers of carts, and such like, of whom there were very many, he ordered to go behind a height, afterward, in memory of the event, called the Gillies' hill, that is, the servants' hill. He then spoke to the soldiers and expressed his determination to gain the victory or to lose his life on the field of battle. He desired that all those who did not propose to fight to the last should leave the field before the battle began, and that none should remain except those who were determined to take the issue of victory or death, as God should send it.

When the main body of his army was thus placed in order, the king posted Randolph with a body of horse near to the church of St. Ninian's, commanding him to use the utmost diligence to prevent any 'succors from being thrown into Stirling Castle. He then despatched James of Douglas and Sir Robert Keith, the 'Mareschal of the Scottish army, in order that they might survey, as nearly as they could, the English force, which was now approaching from Falkirk. They returned with information that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen,—that the whole country seemed covered with men-at-arms on horse and foot,—that the number of standards, banners and pennons (all flags of different kinds) made so gallant a show that the bravest and most numerous host in Christendom might be alarmed to see - King Edward moving against them.

It was upon the 23d of June (1314) the King of Scotland heard the news that the English were approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved on. After a short time Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English cavalry trying to get into Stirling from the eastward. This was the Lord Clifford, who with a chosen body of eight hundred horse had been detached to relieve the castle.

“See, Randolph,” said the king to his nephew, “there

is a rose fallen from your chaplet." By this he meant, that Randolph had lost some honor by suffering the enemy to pass where he had been stationed to hinder them. Randolph made no reply, but rushed against Clifford with little more than half his number. The Scots were on foot. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive the onset. He seemed to be in so much danger that Douglas asked leave to go and assist him. The king refused him permission.

"Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault; I cannot break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger appeared greater, and the English horse seemed entirely to encompass the small handful of Scottish infantry. "So please you," said Douglas to the king, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish—I must go to his assistance." He rode off accordingly with a body of troops; but long before they had reached the place of combat, they saw the English horses galloping off, many with empty saddles.

"Halt!" said Douglas to his men, "Randolph has gained the day; since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle, do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field." Now, that was nobly done; especially as Douglas and Randolph were always contending which should rise highest in the good opinion of the king and the nation.

The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scots were doing. They saw King Robert dressed in his armor and distinguished by a gold crown, which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting his men in order, and carried in his hand a sort of battle-ax made of steel. When the king saw the English horsemen draw near, he advanced a little before his own men that he might look at them more nearly.

There was a knight among the English, called Sir Henry de Bohun, who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself and put an end to the war by killing King Robert. The king being poorly mounted and having no lance, Bohun galloped on him suddenly and furiously, thinking, with his long spear and his tall powerful horse, easily to bear him down to the ground. King Robert saw him and permitted him to come very near; then suddenly turned his pony a little to one side, so that Sir Henry missed him with the lance point and was in the act of being carried past him by the career of his horse. But as he passed, King Robert rose up in his stirrups and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle-ax so terrible a blow that it broke to pieces his iron helmet as if it had been a

nutshell, and hurled him from his saddle. He was dead before he reached the ground. This gallant action was blamed by the Scottish leaders, who thought Bruce ought not to have exposed himself to so much danger when the safety of the whole army depended on him. The king only kept looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, "I have broken my good battle-ax."

The next morning, being the 24th of June, at break of day the battle began in terrible earnest. The English as they advanced saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks barefooted and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed and prayed to Heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, "They kneel down—they are asking forgiveness." "Yes," said a celebrated English baron, called Ingelram de Umphraville, "but they ask it from God, not from us—these men will conquer, or die upon the field."

The English king ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows and began to shoot so closely together that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas day. They killed many of the Scots and might, as at Falkirk and other places, have decided the victory; but Bruce was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms, well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers, and as they had

no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about without any means of defense and unable to rise from the weight of their armor. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder; and the Scottish king, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. When the servants and attendants on the Scottish camp, who had been sent behind the army, saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for another army coming to sustain the Scots, and losing all heart began to shift every man for himself. Edward left the field as fast as he could ride. A valiant knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, much renowned in the wars of Palestine, attended the king till he got him out

of the press of the combat. But he would retreat no farther. "It is not my custom," he said, "to fly." With that he took leave of the king, set spurs to his horse, and calling out his war cry of Argentine! Argentine! he rushed into the thickest of the Scottish ranks and was killed.

The young Earl of Gloucester was also slain, fighting valiantly. The Scots would have saved him, but as he had not put on his armorial bearings, they did not know him, and he was cut to pieces.

Edward first fled to Stirling Castle and entreated admittance; but Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, reminded the fugitive sovereign that he was obliged to surrender the castle next day; so Edward was fain to fly through the Torwood, closely pursued by Douglas with a body of cavalry. An odd circumstance happened during the chase, which showed how loosely some of the Scottish barons of that day held their political opinions. As Douglas was riding furiously after Edward, he met a Scottish knight, Sir Laurence Abernethy, with twenty horse. Sir Laurence had hitherto owned the English interest, and was bringing this band of followers to serve King Edward's army. But learning from Douglas that the English king was entirely defeated, he changed sides on the spot, and was easily prevailed upon to join Douglas in pursuing the unfortunate Edward, with the very followers whom he had been leading to join his standard.

Douglas and Abernethy continued the chase, not giving King Edward time to alight from horseback even for an instant, and followed him as far as Dunbar, where the English had still a friend, in the governor, Patrick Earl of March. The earl received Edward in his forlorn condition and furnished him with a fishing skiff, or small ship, in which he escaped to England, having entirely lost his fine army and a great number of his bravest nobles.

The English never before or afterward, whether in France or Scotland, lost so dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn; nor did the Scots ever gain one of the same importance. Many of the best and bravest of the English nobility and gentry lay dead on the field; a great many more were made prisoners; and the whole of King Edward's immense army was dispersed or destroyed.

The English, after this great defeat, were no longer in a condition to support their pretensions to be masters of Scotland, or to continue, as they had done for nearly twenty years, to send armies into that country to overcome it. On the contrary they became for a time scarce able to defend their own frontiers against King Robert and his soldiers.

Thus did Robert Bruce arise from the condition of an exile, hunted with bloodhounds like a stag or beast of prey, to the rank of an independent sovereign, universally acknowledged to be one of the wisest and bravest

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kings who then lived. The nation of Scotland was also raised once more from the situation of a distressed and conquered province to that of a free and independent state, governed by its own laws and subject to its own princes ; and although the country was, after the Bruce's death, often subjected to great loss and distress, both by the hostility of the English, and by the unhappy civil wars among the Scots themselves, yet they never afterward lost the freedom for which Wallace had laid down his life, and which King Robert had recovered, not less by his wisdom than by his weapons.

WALTER SCOTT

By oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!
 Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe,
 Liberty's in every blow—
 Let us do—or die!

ROBERT BURNS

A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WIND

O fresh, how fresh and fair
Through the crystal gulfs of air,
The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of
balm!
And the green earth lapped in bliss,
To the magic of her kiss,
Seems yearning upward fondly through the golden-
crested calm.

From the distant tropic strand,
Where the billows, bright and bland,
Go creeping, curling round the palms with sweet, faint
undertune;
From its fields of purpling flowers,
Still wet with fragrant showers,
The happy South Wind lingering sweeps the royal
blooms of June.

All heavenly fancies rise
On the perfume of her sighs,
Which steep the inmost spirit in a languor rare and fine,
And a peace more pure than sleep's
Unto dim half-conscious deeps,
Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight tides
divine.

Those dreams! ah, me! the splendor,
 So mystical and tender,
 Wherewith, like soft heat lightnings, they gird their
 meaning round,
 And those waters, calling, calling,
 With a nameless charm 'enthraling,
 Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow spray of
 sound!

Touch, touch me not, nor wake me,
 Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me,
 From earth receding faintly with her dreary din and
 jars—
 What viewless arms caress me?
 What whispered voices bless me,
 With welcome dropping dew-like from the weird and
 wondrous stars?

Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer
 Grows the 'preternatural glimmer
 Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her subtle
 wings of balm,
 For behold! its spirit flieth,
 And its fairy murmur dieth,
 And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless
 calm!

LITTLE CROTCHET

Once upon a time there lived on a large plantation in Middle Georgia a boy who was known as Little Crotchet. It was a very queer name, to be sure, but it seemed to fit the lad to a T. When he was a wee bit of a chap, he fell seriously ill, and when many weeks afterward the doctors said the worst was over, it was found that he had lost the use of his legs, and that he would never be able to run about and play as other children do. When he was told about this, he laughed and said he had known all along that he would never be able to run about on his feet again; but he had plans of his own, and he told his father that he wanted a pair of crutches made.

“But you can’t use them, my son,” said his father.

“Anyhow, I can try,” insisted the lad.

The doctors were told of his desire, and these wise men put their heads together.

“It is a crotchet,” they declared, “but it will be no harm for him to try.”

“It is a little crotchet,” said his mother, “and he shall have the crutches.”

Thus it came about that the lad got both his name and his crutches, for his father insisted on calling him Little Crotchet after that, and he also insisted on sending all the way to Philadelphia for the crutches.

And indeed it was a queer sight to see the frail lad

going boldly about on crutches, his feet not touching the ground. The sight seemed to make the pet name of Little Crotchet more appropriate than ever. So his name stuck to him, even after he got his Gray Pony, and became a familiar figure in town and in country as he went galloping about, his crutches strapped to the saddle and dangling as gayly as the sword of some fine general. Thus it came to pass that no one was surprised when Little Crotchet went cantering along, his Gray Pony snorting fiercely and seeming never to tire. Early or late, whenever the neighbors heard the short, sharp snort of the Gray Pony and the rattling of the crutches, they would turn to one another and say, "Little Crotchet!", and that would be explanation enough.

It was very peculiar. He would go galloping about the plantation on the Gray Pony, and no matter where he stopped, there was always a negro ready to let down the bars or fence. How could this be? Why, it was the simplest matter in the world. It made no difference where the field hands were working, nor what they were doing, they were always watching for their Little Master, as they called him. They were sure to know when he was coming—sure to see him; and no matter how high the fence was, down it would come whenever the Gray Pony was brought to a standstill.

It was a sight to see the hoe hands or the plow hands when their Little Master went riding among them. It

was hats off and "howdy, honey," with all, and that was something the White-Haired Master never saw unless he was riding with Little Crotchet, which sometimes happened. Once the White-Haired Master said to Little Crotchet, "They all love you because you are good, my son." But Little Crotchet was quick to reply, "Oh, no, father; it isn't that. It's because I am fond of them!"

Now, wasn't he wise for his age? He had stumbled upon the great secret that makes all the happiness there is in this world. The negroes loved him because he was fond of them. He used to sit on the Gray Pony and watch the hands hoeing and plowing; and although they did their best when he was around, he never failed to find out the tired ones and send them on little errands that would rest them. To one it was, "Get me a keen switch"; to another, "See if you can find me any flowers."

One of the worst negroes on the plantation was Big Sal, a mulatto woman. She had a tongue and a temper that nothing could conquer. Once Little Crotchet, sitting on the Gray Pony, saw her hoeing away with a rag tied around her forehead under her head handkerchief. So he called her out of the gang, and she came with no very good grace, and only then because some of the other negroes shamed her into it. No doubt Little Crotchet heard her disputing with them, but he paid no attention to it. When Big Sal came up, he simply said:

"Help me off the horse. I have a headache sometimes, and I feel it coming on now. I want you to sit here and rub my head for me if you are not too tired."

"What wid?" cried Big Sal. "My han's too dirty."

"You get the headache out, and I'll get the dirt off," said Little Crotchet laughing.

Big Sal laughed too, cleaned her hands the best she could and rubbed the youngster's head for him, while the Gray Pony nibbled the crab grass growing near. But presently, when Little Crotchet opened his eyes, he found that Big Sal was crying. She was making no fuss about it, but as she sat with the child's head in her lap the tears were streaming down her face like water.

"What are you crying about?" Little Crotchet asked.

"God A'mighty knows, honey. I'm des a-cryin', an' if de angels fum heav'n wuz ter come down an' ax me, I couldn't tell 'um no mo' dan dat."

This was true enough. The lonely heart had been touched without knowing why. But Little Crotchet knew.

"I reckon it's because you had the headache," he said.

"I speck so," answered Big Sal. "It looked like my head'd bust when you hollered at me, but de pain all done gone now."

"I'm glad," replied Little Crotchet. "I hope my head will quit aching presently. Sometimes it aches all night long."

"Well, suh!" exclaimed Big Sal. It was all she could say.

Finally, when she had lifted Little Crotchett to his saddle (which was easy enough to do, he was so small and frail) and returned, Uncle Turin, foreman of the hoe hands, remarked, "You'll be feelin' mighty biggity now, I speck."

"Who? me?" cried Big Sal. "God knows, I feel so little an' mean I could t'ar my ha'r out by de han'ful."

Uncle Turin, simple and kindly old soul, never knew then nor later what Big Sal meant, but ever afterward, whenever the woman had one of her tantrums, she went straight to her Little Master, and if she sometimes came away from him crying, it was not his fault. If she was crying, it was because she was comforted, and it all seemed so simple and natural to her that she never failed to express a deep desire to tear her hair out if anybody asked her where she had been or where she was going.

II

On rare occasions Aaron would go into one of the cabins where the negroes were enjoying themselves, and there would be a mighty hustling around in that cabin until he had the most comfortable chair, or stool, or bench, or tub turned bottom side up. At such times he would say, "Sing!" And then, after some display of shyness, Randall or Turin would strike into a quaint

plantation melody and carry it along; and as their voices died away, the powerful and thrilling tenor of Susy's Sam, and Jemimy's quavering soprano, would take up the refrain, all the singers joining in at the close. No matter what melody was sung, or what words were employed, the instinct and emotions of the negroes gave to their performance the form and essence of true 'balladry,—the burden, the refrain, the culmination, and the farewell; or, as the writers of pretty verse now call it, the envoi.

Often on such occasions Aaron would enter the negro cabin bearing the Little Master in his arms. And then the negroes were better pleased, for the Little Master somehow seemed to stand between them and the 'awesome being they knew as Aaron. At such times the arms of Big Sal ached to hold Little Crotchett, the lad seemed to be so pale and frail.

Once she made bold to say to Aaron, "I kin hol' 'im some ef you tired."

"I won't be tired of that till I'm dead," responded Aaron.

"I know mighty well how dat is," responded Big Sal humbly. "I des wanted ter hol' 'im. I *has* helt him."

"She wants to hold you," said Aaron to the Little Master.


And the reply was, "Well, why not?"

Whereupon Big Sal took the lad in her arms, and when

the rest began to sing, she swayed her strong body back and forth and joined in the song with a voice so low and soft and sweet that it seemed to be the undertone of melody itself; and the effect of it was so soothing that, when the song was ended, the Little Master was fast asleep and smiling, and Big Sal leaned over him with such a yearning at her heart that only a word or a look would have been necessary to set her to weeping. Neither then nor ever afterward did she know the reason why or seek to discover it. Enough for her that it was so.

Something in her attitude told the rest of the negroes that the Little Master was asleep, and so, when they sang another song, they pitched their voices low,—so low that the melody seemed to come drifting through the air and in at the door from far away. When it was ended, nothing would do but each negro must come forward on tip-toe and take a look at the Little Master, who was still asleep and smiling.

When Aaron rose to go, Big Sal was somewhat embarrassed. She didn't want the Little Master awakened, and yet she didn't know how he could be transferred to Aaron's arms without arousing him. But the Son of Ben Ali solved the problem. He nodded to Big Sal and motioned toward the door, and she, carrying the Little Master in her strong arms, went out into the dark. Aaron paused at the threshold, raised his right hand above his head and followed Big Sal. This gesture he



always made by way of salutation and farewell on the threshold of every door he entered or went out of, whether the room was full of people or empty. Whether it was the door of his master's house or of the stable, he paused and raised his right hand.

The negroes noted it, and, simple as it was, it served to deepen the mystery in which Aaron seemed to be enveloped; and among themselves they shook their heads and whispered that he must be a "v'cunjur" man.

But Aaron was not troubled by whisperings that never reached his ears, nor by the strange imaginings of the negroes. He had other things to think of—one thing in particular that seemed to him to be most serious. He could see that Little Crotchet was gradually growing weaker and weaker. It was some time before he discovered this. We know that the trunks of trees slowly expand, but we do not see the process going on.

Little Crotchet seemed to be growing weaker day by day, and yet the process was so gradual that only the most careful observation could detect it. The burning of the house was something of a shock to him. He was not frightened by that event, and never for a moment lost his self-possession; but the spectacle of the fierce red flames mounting high in the air, their red tongues darting out and lapping about in space, and then, having found nothing to feed on, curling back and devouring the house, roaring and growling, and snapping and hiss-

ing,—this spectacle was so unexpected and so impossible in that place that the energy Little Crotchet lost in trying to fit the awful affair to his experience never came back to him. He never lost the feeling of numbness that came over him as he saw the house disappear in smoke and flame.

But it was weeks—months—after that, before Aaron made his discovery, a discovery that could only be confirmed by the keenest and most patient watchfulness; for Little Crotchet was never more cheerful. And he was restless, too—always eager to be going. But Aaron soon saw that if the lad went galloping about on the Gray Pony as often as before, he did not go so far. Nor did he use his crutches so freely, the crutches on which he had displayed such marvelous nimbleness.

And so from day to day Aaron saw that the Little Master was slowly failing. The lad found the nights longer, and Aaron had great trouble to drive away the red goblin, Pain. Thus the days slipped by, and the weeks ran into months, and the months counted up a year lacking a fortnight. This fortnight found the Little Master in bed both day and night, still happy and cheerful, but weak and pale. Always at night Aaron was sitting by the bed, and sometimes the lad would send for Big Sal. He was so cheerful that he deceived everybody except the doctor and Aaron as to his condition.

But one day the doctor came and sat by the Little

Master's bedside longer than usual. The lad was cheerful as ever, but the doctor knew. As he was going away, he gave some information to the father and mother that caused them to turn pale. The mother, indeed, would have rushed weeping to her son. Was it for this,—for this,—her darling child had been born? The doctor stayed her. It was indeed for this her darling child had been born. Would she hasten it? Why not let the 'mystery come to him as a friend and comforter,—as the friend of friends,—as a messenger from our dear Lord, the Prince of Peace and Joy?

And so the poor mother dried her eyes as best she could and took her place by the Little Master's bedside. The lad was cheerful and his eyes were as bright as a bird's. Doctors do not know everything, the mother thought, and, taking heart of hope, smiled as Little Crotchet prattled away.

Nothing would do but he must have a look at the toys that used to amuse him when he was a little bit of a boy; and in getting out the old toys the mother found a shoe he had worn when he first began to walk, a little shoe out at the toe and worn at the heel.

This interested the lad more than all the toys. He held it in his hand and measured it with his thumb. And was it truly true that he had ever worn a shoe as small as that? The shoe reminded him of something else he had been thinking of. He had dreamed that when he got well

he would need his crutches no more, and he wondered how it would feel to walk with his feet on the ground.

And there was the old popgun too, still smelling of chinaberries. If Aaron only knew it, that popgun had been a wonderful gun. Yes, siree! the bird that didn't want to get hurt when that popgun was in working order had to run mighty fast or fly mighty high. But, heigh-ho! he was too old and too large for popguns now, and when he got well, which would be pretty soon, he would have a sure-enough gun, and then he would get a powder flask and a shot bag and mount the Gray Pony and shoot—well, let's see what he would shoot: not the gray squirrels, they were too pretty; not the shy partridges, they might have nests or young ones somewhere; not the rabbits, they were too funny with their pop eyes and big ears. Well, he could shoot at a mark,—that's just what he would do.

When night fell, the Little Master wanted to hear the negroes sing. He wanted mother and father and sister to hear them too—not the loud songs, but the soft and sweet ones. But the negroes wouldn't feel like singing at all if everybody was in the room with them, and mother and father and sister could sit in the next room and pretend they were not listening. And so it was arranged.

When the negroes arrived and were ushered into the room by Mammy Lucy, they were so embarrassed and

felt so much out of place they hardly knew what to do, or say, or how to begin. Aaron was carrying the Little Master in his arms, walking up and down, up and down, and his long strides and supple knees gave a swinging motion to his body that was infinitely soothing and restful to the Little Master. Swinging back and forth, up and down, the Son of Ben Ali paid no attention to the negroes, and they stood confused for a moment, but only for a moment. Suddenly there came streaming into the room the strain of a heart-breaking melody, rising and falling, falling and rising, as the leaves of a weeping willow are blown by the wind; drifting away and floating back, as the foam of the wave is swayed by the sea.

Little Crotchet lay still in Aaron's arms for ever so long. Was he listening? Who knows? He was almost within hearing of the songs of the angels. Suddenly he raised his head in the pause of the song—

“Tell them all good-night. Tell mother”—

Aaron stopped his swinging walk and placed the Little Master on the bed and stood beside it, his right hand raised above his head. It might have been a benediction, it might have been a prayer. The negroes interpreted it as a signal of dismissal. One by one they went softly to the bedside and gazed on the Little Master. He might have been asleep, for he was smiling. Each negro looked inquiringly at Aaron, and to each he nodded, his right hand still lifted above his head.

Big Sal had waited till the last, and she was the only one that said a word.

"He look des like he did when he drapt asleep in deze arms," she cried, sobbing as though her heart would break, "'an' I thank my God fer dat much! But oh, man, what a pity! What a pity!"

And she went out of the house into the yard, and through the yard into the lot, and through the lot to the negro cabins, crying, "Oh, what a pity! what a pity!"

Not for the Little Master, for he was smiling at the glorious vision of peace and rest that he saw when he said good night. Not pity for the lad, but for those he had left behind him, for all who loved him; for all who had depended on his thoughtfulness; for all the weary and sorrowful ones. Oh, what a pity! Over and over again, what a pity! And the wind flowing softly about the world took up the poor negro's wailing cry and sent it over the hill beyond, and the outlying messengers of the swamp took it up—What a pity! And the 'willis-whistlers piped low, and the 'mysteries, swaying and slipping through the canes and tall grass, heard the whispered echo and sighed, Oh, what a pity!

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

Out of the hills of Habersham,
 Down the valleys of Hall,
 I hurry 'amain to reach the plain,
 Run the rapid and leap the fall,
 Split at the rock and together again,
 Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
 And flee from folly on every side
 With a lover's pain to attain the plain
 Far from the hills of Habersham,
 Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
 All through the valleys of Hall,
 The rushes cried, "Abide, abide,"
 The willful waterweeds held me 'thrall,
 The 'laving laurel turned my tide,
 The ferns and the fondling grass said, "Stay,"
 The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
 And the little reeds sighed, "Abide, abide
 Here in the hills of Habersham,
 Here in the valleys of Hall."

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Veiling the valleys of Hall,
 The hickory told me manifold
 Fair tales of shade; the poplar tall
 Wrought me her shadowy self to hold;

The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
 Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
 Said, "Pass not, so cold, these manifold
 Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
 These glades in the valleys of Hall."

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
 And oft in the valleys of Hall,
 The white quartz stone and the smooth brookstone
 Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl;
 And many a luminous jewel lone—
 Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
 Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
 Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
 In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
 In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
 And oh, not the valleys of Hall
 Avail. I am fain for to water the plain,
 Downward the voices of Duty call—
 Downward, to toil and be mixed with the 'main;
 The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
 And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
 And the lordly main from beyond the plain
 Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Calls through the valleys of Hall.

SIDNEY LANIER

THE PASS OF THERMOPYLAE

There was trembling in Greece. The Great King, as the Greeks called the chief ruler of the East, whose dominions stretched from the Indian Caucasus to the Ægæus, from the Caspian to the Red Sea, was marshaling his forces against the little free states that nestled amid the rocks and gulfs of the Eastern Mediterranean. Already had his might devoured the cherished colonies of the Greeks on the eastern shore of the Archipelago, and every traitor to home institutions found a ready asylum at that despotic court and tried to revenge his own fancied wrongs by whispering incitements to invasion.

“All peoples, nations, and languages” was the commencement of the decrees of that monarch; and it was scarcely a vain boast, for his satraps ruled over subject kingdoms, and among his tributary nations he counted the Chaldean, with his learning and old civilization, the wise and steadfast Jew, the skilful Phœnician, the learned Egyptian, the wild freebooting Arab of the desert, the dark-skinned Ethiopian. Over all these ruled the keen-witted, active, native Persian race, the conquerors of all the rest, and led by a chosen band, proudly called the Immortal. His many capitals—Babylon the great, Susa, Persepolis, and the like—were names of dreamy splendor to the Greeks, described now

and then by Ionians from Asia Minor who had carried their tribute to the king's own feet.

And the lord of this enormous empire was about to launch his countless host against the little cluster of states, the whole of which together would hardly equal one province of the huge Asiatic realm. Moreover, it was a war not only on the men, but on their gods. The Persians were zealous adorers of the sun and of fire; they abhorred the idol-worship of the Greeks, and defiled and plundered every temple that fell in their way. Death and desolation were almost the best that could be looked for at such hands—slavery and torture from cruelly barbarous masters would only too surely be the lot of many, should their land fall a prey to the conquerors.

True it was that ten years back the former Great King had sent his best troops to be signally defeated upon the coast of Attica; but the losses at Marathon had but stimulated the Persian lust of conquest, and the new King Xerxes was gathering together such myriads of men as should crush down the Greeks and overrun their country by mere force of numbers.

The muster place was at Sardis, and there Greek spies had seen the multitudes assembling, and the state and magnificence of the king's attendants. Envoys had come from him to demand earth and water from each state in Greece, as emblems that land and sea were his;

but each state was resolved to be free, and only Thessaly, that which lay first in his path, consented to yield the token of subjugation.

A council was held at the Isthmus of Corinth, and was attended by deputies from all the states of Greece to consider the best means of defense. The ships of the enemy would coast round the shores of the Ægean Sea, the land army would cross the Hellespont on a bridge of boats lashed together, and march southward into Greece. The only hope of averting the danger lay in defending such passages as, from the nature of the ground, were so narrow that only a few persons could fight hand to hand at once, so that courage would be of more avail than numbers.

The first of these passes was called Tempe, and a body of troops was sent to guard it; but they found that this was useless and impossible, and came back. The next was at Thermopylæ. Look in your map of the Archipelago, or Ægean Sea, as it was then called, for the great island of Negropont, or by its old name, Eubœa. It looks like a piece broken off from the coast, and to the north is shaped like the head of a bird, with the beak running into a gulf; between the island and the mainland there is an exceedingly narrow strait. The Persian army would have to march round the edge of the gulf. They could not cut straight across the country, because the ridge of mountains, called Ceta, rose up

and barred their way. Indeed, the woods, rocks and precipices came down so near the seashore that in two places there was only room for one single wheel track between the steeps and the impassable morass that formed the border of the gulf on its south side. These two very narrow places were called the gates of the pass, and they were about a mile apart. There was a little more width left in the intervening space; but in this there were a number of springs of warm mineral water, salt and sulphurous, which were used for the sick to bathe in; and thus the place was called Thermopylæ, or the Hot Gates.

A wall had once been built across the westernmost of these narrow places, when the Thessalians and Phocians, who lived on either side of it, had been at war with one another; but it had been allowed to go to decay, since the Phocians had found out that there was a very steep narrow mountain path along the bed of the torrent, by which it was possible to cross from one territory to the other without going round this marshy coast road.

This was, therefore, an excellent place to defend. The Greek ships were all drawn up on the further side of Eubœa to prevent the Persian vessels from getting into the strait and landing men beyond the pass, and a division of the army was sent off to guard the Hot Gates. The council at the Isthmus of Corinth did not know of the mountain pathway and thought that all would be

safe as long as the Persians were kept out of the coast path.

The troops sent for this purpose were from different cities and amounted to about four thousand, who were to keep the pass against two millions. The leader of them was Leonidas, who had newly become one of the two kings of Sparta, the city that above all in Greece trained its sons to be hardy soldiers, dreading death infinitely less than shame. Leonidas had already made up his mind that the expedition would probably be his death, perhaps because a prophecy had been given at the Temple at Delphi that Sparta should be saved by the death of one of her kings of the race of Hercules.

Leonidas was allowed by law to take with him three hundred men, and these he chose most carefully, not merely for their strength and courage, but selecting those who had sons, so that no family might be altogether destroyed. These Spartans, with their helots, or slaves, made up his own share of the numbers, but all the army was under his generalship. It is even said that the three hundred celebrated their own funeral rites before they set out, lest they should be deprived of them by the enemy, since it was the Greek belief that the spirits of the dead found no rest till their obsequies had been performed. Such preparations did not daunt the spirits of Leonidas and his men, and his wife Gorgo was not a woman to be faint-hearted or hold him back. Long

before, when she was a very little girl, a word of hers had saved her father from listening to a traitorous message from the King of Persia; and every Spartan lady was bred up to be able to say to those she best loved that they must come home from battle "with the shield or on it"—either carrying it victoriously or borne upon it as a corpse.

When Leonidas came to Thermopylæ, the Phocians told him of the mountain path through the chestnut woods of Mount Ceta, and begged to have the privilege of guarding it on a spot high up on the mountain side, assuring him that it was very hard to find at the other end, and that there was every probability that the enemy would never discover it. He consented, and, camping around the warm springs, caused the broken wall to be repaired, and made ready to meet the foe.

The Persian army was seen covering the whole country like locusts, and the hearts of some of the southern Greeks in the pass began to sink. Their homes in the Peloponnesus were comparatively secure—had they not better fall back and reserve themselves to defend the Isthmus of Corinth? But Leonidas, though Sparta was safe below the Isthmus, had no intention of abandoning his northern allies and kept the other Peloponnesians to their posts, contenting himself with sending messengers for further help.

Presently a Persian on horseback rode up to recon-

noiter the pass. He could not see over the wall, but in front of it and on the ramparts he saw the Spartans, some of them engaged in active sports, and others in combing their long hair. He rode back to the king and told him what he had seen. Now, Xerxes had in his camp an exiled Spartan prince, named Demaratus, who had become a traitor to his country and was serving as counselor to the enemy. Xerxes sent for him and asked whether his countrymen were mad to be thus employed instead of fleeing away; but Demaratus made answer that a hard fight was no doubt in preparation, and that it was the custom of the Spartans to array their hair with especial care when they were about to enter upon any great peril. Xerxes would, however, not believe that so petty a force could intend to resist him, and waited four days, probably expecting his fleet to assist him; but as it did not appear, the attack was made.

II

The Greeks, stronger men and more heavily armed, were far better able to fight to advantage than the Persians with their short spears and wicker shields, and beat them off with great ease. It is said that Xerxes three times leaped off his throne in despair at the sight of his troops being driven back; and thus for two days it seemed as easy to force a way through the Spartans as through the rocks themselves. Nay, how could slavish

troops, dragged from home to spread the victories of an ambitious king, fight like freemen who felt that their strokes were to defend their homes and children?

But on that evening a traitorous Greek crept into the Persian camp, and offered for a great sum of money to show the mountain path that would enable the enemy to take the brave defenders in the rear. A Persian general was sent off at nightfall with a detachment to secure this passage, and was guided through the thick forests that clothed the hillside. In the stillness of the air, at day-break, the Phocian guards of the path were startled by the crackling of the chestnut leaves under the tread of many feet. They started up, but a shower of arrows was discharged on them, and, forgetting all save the present alarm, they fled to a higher part of the mountain, and the enemy, without waiting to pursue them, began to descend.

As day dawned, morning light showed the watchers of the Grecian camp below a glittering and shimmering in the torrent bed where the shaggy forests opened; but it was not the sparkle of water, but the shine of gilded helmets and the gleaming of silvered spears! Moreover, a spy came from the Persian camp with tidings that the path had been betrayed, that the enemy were climbing it and would come down beyond the eastern gate. Still, the way was rugged and circuitous, the Persians would hardly descend before midday, and there was ample time

for the Greeks to escape before they could thus be shut in by the enemy.

There was a short council held over the morning sacrifice. Megistias, the ^vseer, on inspecting the entrails of the slain victim, declared, as well he might, that their appearance boded disaster. Him Leonidas ordered to retire, but he refused, though he sent home his only son. There was no disgrace for the allied troops to leave a post that could not be held, and Leonidas recommended that all of these should march away while yet the way was open. As to himself and his Spartans, they had made up their minds to die at their post, and there could be no doubt that the example of such a resolution would do more to save Greece than their best efforts could ever do if they were careful to reserve themselves for another occasion.

All the allies consented to retreat, except the eighty men, who came from ^vMycæne, and the seven hundred Thespians, who declared that they would not desert Leonidas. There were also four hundred Thebans who remained; and thus the whole number that stayed with Leonidas to confront two million of enemies were fourteen hundred warriors, besides the helots, or attendants on the three hundred Spartans, whose number is not known, but there was probably at least one to each.

Leonidas had two kinsmen in the camp, claiming, like himself, the blood of Hercules, and he tried to save them

by giving them letters and messages to Sparta; but one answered that "he had come to fight, not to carry letters;" and the other, that "his deeds would tell all that Sparta wished to know." Another Spartan, when told that the enemy's archers were so numerous that their arrows darkened the sun, replied, "So much the better, we shall fight in the shade." Two of the three hundred had been sent to a neighboring village, suffering severely from a complaint in the eyes. One of them, named Eurytus, put on his armor and commanded his helot to lead him to his place in the ranks; the other, called Aristodemus, was so overpowered with illness that he allowed himself to be carried away with the retreating allies. It was still early in the day when all were gone, and the brave Leonidas gave the word to his men to take their last meal. "To-night," he said, "we shall sup with Pluto."

Hitherto he had stood on the defensive and had husbanded the lives of his men; but he now desired to make as great a slaughter as possible, so as to inspire the enemy with dread of the Grecian name. He therefore marched out beyond the wall, without waiting to be attacked, and the battle began. The Persian captains went behind their wretched troops and scourged them on to the fight with whips. Poor wretches! they were driven on to be slaughtered, pierced with the Greek spears, hurled into the sea, or trampled into the mud of

the morass; but their inexhaustible numbers told at length. The spears of the Greeks broke under hard service, and their swords alone remained; they began to fall, and Leonidas himself was among the first of the slain. Hotter than ever was the fight over his corpse, and two Persian princes, brothers of Xerxes, were there killed; but at length word was brought that the Persian detachment was over the pass, and that the few remaining men were thus enclosed on all sides.

The Spartans and Thespians made their way to a little hillock within the wall, resolved to let this be the place of their last stand; but the hearts of the Thebans failed them, and they came toward the Persians holding out their hands in entreaty for mercy. Quarter was given to them, but they were all branded with the king's mark as untrustworthy deserters. The helots probably at this time escaped into the mountains; while the small desperate band stood side by side on the hill, still fighting to the last, some with swords, others with daggers, others even with their hands and teeth, till not one living man remained amongst them when the sun went down. There was only a mound of slain, bristled over with arrows.

Twenty thousand Persians had died before that handful of men! Xerxes asked Demaratus if there were many more at Sparta like these, and was told there were eight thousand. It must have been with a somewhat fail-

ing heart that he invited his courtiers from the fleet to see what he had done to the men who dared to oppose him, and showed them the head and arm of Leonidas set upon a cross; but he took care that all his own slain, except one thousand, should first be put out of sight. The body of the brave king was buried where he fell, as were those of the other dead. Much envied were they by the unhappy Aristodemus, who found himself called by no name but the "Coward," and was shunned by all his fellow-citizens. No one would give him fire or water, and after a year of misery he redeemed his honor by perishing in the forefront of the battle of Plataea, which was the last blow that drove the Persians ingloriously from Greece.

The Greeks then united in doing honor to the brave warriors who, had they been better supported, might have saved the whole country from invasion. The poet Simonides wrote the inscriptions that were engraved upon the pillars that were set up in the pass to commemorate this great action. One was outside the wall, where most of the fighting had been. It seems to have been in honor of the whole number who had for two days resisted—

**"Here did four thousand men from Pelops' land
Against three hundred myriads bravely stand."**

In honor of the Spartans was another column—

**"Go, traveler, to Sparta tell
That here, obeying her, we fell."**

On the little hillock of the last resistance was placed the figure of a stone lion, in memory of Leonidas, so fitly named the lion-like; and Simonides, at his own expense, erected a pillar to his friend, the seer Megistias. The names of the three hundred were engraven on a pillar at Sparta.

Lion, pillars and inscriptions have all long since passed away; even the very spot itself has changed; new soil has been formed, and there are miles of solid ground between Mount Ceta and the gulf, so that the Hot Gates no longer exist. But more enduring than stone or brass—nay, than the very battlefield itself—has been the name of Leonidas. Two thousand three hundred years have sped since he braced himself to perish for his country's sake in that narrow, marshy coast road, under the brow of the wooded crags, with the sea by his side. Since that time how many hearts have glowed, how many arms have been nerved at the remembrance of the Pass of Thermopylæ and the defeat that was worth so much more than a victory!

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

HYMN OF THE ALAMO

Rise! man the wall—our clarion's blast
 Now sounds its final 'reveille,—
 This dawning morning must be the last
 Our fated band shall ever see.
 To life, but not to hope, farewell!
 Yon trumpet's clang and cannon's peal,
 And storming shout and clash of steel,
 Is ours, but not our country's knell.
 Welcome the Spartan's death,—
 'Tis no despairing strife;—
 We fall—we die—but our expiring breath
 Is Freedom's breath of life!

“Here, on this new Thermopylæ,
 Our monument shall tower on high,
 And, Alamo! hereafter be
 On bloodier fields the battle cry.”
 Thus Travis from the rampart cried;
 And when his warriors saw the foe
 Like whelming billows move below,
 At once each dauntless heart replied:
 “Welcome the Spartan's death,—
 'Tis no despairing strife;
 We fall—we die—but our expiring breath
 Is Freedom's breath of life!”

They come—like autumn's leaves they fall,
Yet hordes on hordes they onward rush;
With gory tramp they mount the wall,
Till numbers the defenders crush—
Till falls their flag, when none remain!
Well may the ruffians quake to tell
How Travis and his hundred fell
Amid a thousand foemen slain!
They died the Spartan's death,
But not in hopeless strife:
Like brothers died—and their expiring breath
Was Freedom's breath of life.

R. M. POTTER





Columbus

FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS

It was on Friday, the 3d of August, 1492, early in the morning, that Columbus set sail from the bar of Saltes, a small island formed by the arms of the Odiel, in front of the town of Huelva, steering in a southwestern direction for the Canary Islands, whence it was his intention to strike due west. As a guide by which to sail, he had prepared a map or chart, improved upon that sent him by Paulo Toscanelli. Neither of those now exists, but the globe or planisphere, finished by Martin Behem in this year of the admiral's first voyage, is still extant and furnishes an idea of what the chart of Columbus must have been. It exhibits the coasts of Europe and Africa from the south of Ireland to the end of Guinea, and opposite to them, on the other side of the Atlantic, the extremity of Asia, or, as it was termed, India. Between them is placed the island of Cipango, or Japan, which, according to Marco Polo, lay fifteen hundred miles distant from the Asiatic coast. In his computations Columbus advanced this island about a thousand leagues too much to the east, supposing it to be about the situation of Florida; and at this island he hoped first to arrive.

The exultation of Columbus at finding himself, after so many years of baffled hope, fairly launched on his grand enterprise, was checked by his want of confidence in the resolution and perseverance of his crews. As long

as he remained within reach of Europe, there was no security that, in a moment of repentance and alarm, they might not renounce the prosecution of the voyage, and insist on a return. Symptoms soon appeared to warrant his apprehensions. On the third day the Pinta made signal of distress; her rudder was discovered to be broken and unhung. This Columbus surmised to be done through the contrivance of the owners of the caravel, Gomez Rascon and Christoval Quintero, to disable their vessel and cause her to be left behind. As has already been observed, they had been pressed into the service greatly against their will, and their caravel seized upon for the expedition in conformity to the royal orders.

Columbus was much disturbed at this occurrence. It gave him a foretaste of further difficulties to be apprehended from crews partly enlisted on compulsion, and all full of doubt and foreboding. Trivial obstacles might, in the present critical state of his voyage, spread panic and mutiny through his ships and entirely defeat the expedition. The wind was blowing strongly at the time, so that he could not render assistance without endangering his own vessel. Fortunately, Martin Alonzo Pinzon commanded the Pinta, and, being an adroit and able seaman, succeeded in securing the rudder with cords, so as to bring the vessel into management. This, however, was but a temporary and inadequate expedient; the fastenings gave way again on the following day,

and the other ships were obliged to shorten sail until the rudder could be secured.

This damaged state of the Pinta, as well as her being in a leaky condition, determined the admiral to touch at the Canary Islands and seek a vessel to replace her. He considered himself not far from those islands, though a different opinion was entertained by the pilots of the squadron. The event proved his superiority in taking observations and keeping reckonings, for they came in sight of the Canaries on the morning of the 9th.

They were detained upward of three weeks among these islands, seeking in vain another vessel. They were obliged, therefore, to make a new rudder for the Pinta and repair her for the voyage. The lateen sails of the Niña were also altered into square sails, that she might work more steadily and securely, and be able to keep company with the other vessels.

While sailing among these islands, the crew were terrified at beholding the lofty peak of Teneriffe sending forth volumes of flame and smoke. Columbus took great pains to dispel their apprehensions, explaining the natural causes of those volcanic fires, and verifying his explanations by citing Mount Etna and other well-known volcanoes.

While taking in wood and water and provisions in the island of Gomera, a vessel arrived from Ferro, which reported that three Portuguese caravels had been seen

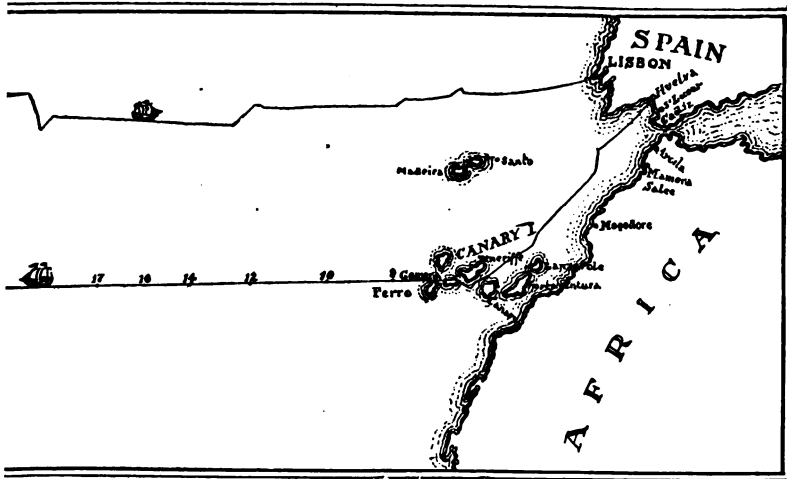
hovering off that island, with the intention, it was said, of capturing Columbus. The admiral suspected some hostile stratagem on the part of the King of Portugal, in revenge for his having embarked in the service of Spain; he therefore lost no time in putting to sea, anxious to get far from those islands, and out of the track of navigation.

Early in the morning of the 6th of September, Columbus set sail from the island of Gomera, and now might be said first to strike into the region of discovery; taking leave of these frontier islands of the Old World and steering westward for the unknown parts of the Atlantic. For three days, however, a profound calm kept the vessels loitering with flagging sails, within a short distance of the land. This was a tantalizing delay to Columbus, who was impatient to find himself far out of sight of either land or sail; which, in the pure atmospheres of these latitudes, may be descried at an immense distance. On the following Sunday, the 9th of September, at day-break, he beheld Ferro, the last of the Canary Islands, about nine leagues distant. This was the island whence the Portuguese caravels had been seen; he was therefore in the very neighborhood of danger. Fortunately a breeze sprang up with the sun, their sails were once more filled, and in the course of the day the heights of Ferro gradually faded from the horizon.

On losing sight of this last trace of land, the hearts of

the crews failed them. They seemed literally to have taken leave of the world. Behind them was every thing dear to the heart of man: country, family, friends, life itself; before them every thing was chaos, mystery and peril. They despaired of ever more seeing their homes. Many of the rugged seamen shed tears, and some broke into loud lamentations. The admiral tried in every way to soothe their distress and to inspire them with his own glorious anticipations. He described to them the magnificent countries to which he was about to conduct them: the islands of the Indian seas, teeming with gold and precious stones; the regions of 'Mangi and Cathay, with their cities of unrivaled wealth and splendor. He promised them land and riches, and every thing that could arouse their cupidity or inflame their imaginations, nor were these promises made for purposes of mere deception; he certainly believed that he should realize them all.

He now issued orders to the commanders of the other vessels, that in the event of separation by any accident they should continue directly westward; but that after sailing seven hundred leagues, they should lay by from midnight until daylight, as at about that distance he confidently expected to find land. In the meantime, as he thought it possible he might not discover land within the distance thus assigned and as he foresaw that the vague terrors already awakened among the seamen would in-



to a vessel of about a hundred and twenty tons burden, and which had evidently been a long time in the water. The crews, tremblingly alive to every thing that could excite their hopes or fears, looked with rueful eye upon this wreck of some unfortunate voyager, drifting ominously at the entrance of those unknown seas.

On the 13th of September, in the evening, being about two hundred leagues from the island of Ferro, Columbus for the first time noticed the variation of the needle, a phenomenon which had never before been remarked. He perceived about nightfall that the needle, instead of pointing to the north star, varied about half a point, or between five and six degrees, to the northwest, and still more on the following morning. Struck with this cir-

cumstance, he observed it attentively for three days and found that the variation increased as he advanced. He at first made no mention of this phenomenon, knowing how ready his people were to take alarm, but it soon attracted the attention of the pilots and filled them with consternation. It seemed as if the very laws of nature were changing as they advanced, and that they were entering another world, subject to unknown influences. They apprehended that the compass was about to lose its mysterious virtues, and without this guide what was to become of them in a vast and trackless ocean?

Columbus tasked his science and ingenuity for reasons with which to allay their terror. He observed that the direction of the needle was not to the polar star, but to some fixed and invisible point. The variation, therefore, was ~~not~~ caused by any fallacy in the compass, but by the movement of the north star itself, which, like the other heavenly bodies, had its changes and revolutions and every day described a circle round the pole. The high opinion which the pilots entertained of Columbus as a profound astronomer, gave weight to this theory, and their alarm subsided. As yet the solar system of Copernicus was unknown; the explanation of Columbus, therefore, was highly plausible and ingenious, and it shows the vivacity of his mind, ever ready to meet the emergency of the moment. The theory may at first have *been* advanced merely to satisfy the minds of others, but

Columbus appears subsequently to have remained satisfied with it himself. The phenomenon has now become familiar to us, but we still continue ignorant of its cause.

On the 14th of September the voyagers were rejoiced by the sight of what they considered 'harbingers of land. A heron, and a tropical bird called the water wagtail, neither of which is supposed to venture far to sea, hovered about the ships. On the following night they were struck with awe at beholding a meteor, or, as Columbus calls it in his journal, a great flame of fire, which seemed to fall from the sky into the sea, about four or five leagues distant. These meteors, common in warm climates and especially under the tropics, are always seen in the serene azure sky of those latitudes, falling as it were from the heavens, but never beneath a cloud. In the transparent atmosphere of one of those beautiful nights, where every star shines with the purest lustre, they often leave a luminous train behind them which lasts for twelve or fifteen seconds, and may well be compared to a flame.

The wind had hitherto been favorable, with occasional though transient clouds and showers. They had made great progress each day, though Columbus according to his secret plan contrived to suppress several leagues in the daily reckoning left open to the crew.

They had now arrived within the influence of the trade wind, which, following the sun, blows steadily from east

to west between the tropics and sweeps over a few adjoining degrees of ocean. With this propitious breeze directly aft, they were wafted gently but speedily over a tranquil sea, so that for many days they did not shift a sail. Columbus perpetually recurs to the bland and temperate serenity of the weather, which in this tract of the ocean is soft and refreshing without being cool. In his artless and expressive language he compares the pure and balmy mornings to those of April in ^vAndalusia, and observes that they wanted but the song of the nightingale to complete the illusion.

They now began to see large patches of herbs and weeds drifting from the west and increasing in quantity as they advanced. Some of these weeds were such as grow about rocks, others such as are produced in rivers; some were yellow and withered, others so green as to have apparently been recently washed from land. On one of these patches was a live crab, which Columbus carefully preserved. They saw also a white tropical bird, of a kind which never sleeps upon the sea. ^vTunny fish also played about the ships, one of which was killed by the crew of the Niña. Columbus now called to mind the account given by ^vAristotle of certain ships of Cadiz, which, coasting the shores outside of the Straits of Gibraltar, were driven westward by an impetuous east wind, until they reached a part of the ocean covered with vast fields of weeds, resembling sunken islands, among

which they beheld many tunny fish. He supposed himself arrived in this weedy sea, as it had been called, from which the ancient mariners had turned back in dismay, but which he regarded with animated hope, as indicating the vicinity of land. Not that he had yet any idea of reaching the object of his search, the eastern end of Asia; for, according to his computation, he had come but three hundred and sixty leagues since leaving the Canary Islands, and he placed the mainland of India much farther on.

III

On the 18th of September the same weather continued; a soft steady breeze from the east filled every sail, while, to use the words of Columbus, the sea was as calm as the Guadalquiver at Seville. He fancied that the water of the sea grew fresher as he advanced, and noticed this as a proof of the superior sweetness and purity of the air.

The crews were all in high spirits; each ship strove to get in the advance, and every seaman was eagerly on the lookout; for the sovereigns had promised a pension of ten thousand maravedis to him who should first discover land. Martin Alonzo Pinzon crowded all canvas, and, as the Pinta was a fast sailer, he generally kept the lead. In the afternoon he hailed the admiral and informed him that, from the flight of a great number of birds and from the appearance of the northern horizon, he thought there was land in that direction.

There was in fact a cloudiness in the north, such as often hangs over land; and at sunset it assumed such shapes and masses that many fancied they beheld islands. There was a universal wish, therefore, to steer for that quarter. Columbus, however, was persuaded that they were mere illusions. Every one who has made a sea voyage must have witnessed the deceptions caused by clouds resting upon the horizon, especially about sunset and sunrise; which the eye, assisted by the imagination and desire, easily converts into the wished-for land. This is particularly the case within the tropics, where the clouds at sunset assume the most singular appearances.

On the following day there were drizzling showers, unaccompanied by wind, which Columbus considered favorable signs; two boobies also flew on board the ships, birds which, he observed, seldom fly twenty leagues from land. He sounded, therefore, with a line of two hundred fathoms, but found no bottom. He supposed he might be passing between islands, lying to the north and south, but was unwilling to waste the present favoring breeze by going in search of them; besides, he had confidently affirmed that land was to be found by keeping steadfastly to the west: his whole expedition had been founded on such a presumption; he should therefore risk all credit and authority with his people were he to appear to doubt and waver, and to go groping

blindly from point to point of the compass. He resolved, therefore, to keep one bold course, always westward, until he should reach the coast of India; and afterward, if advisable, to seek these islands on his return.

Notwithstanding his precaution to keep the people ignorant of the distance they had sailed, they were now growing extremely uneasy at the length of the voyage. They had advanced much farther west than ever man had sailed before, and though already beyond the reach of succor, still they continued daily leaving vast tracts of ocean behind them, and pressing onward and onward into that apparently boundless abyss. It is true they had been flattered by various indications of land, and still others were occurring; but all mocked them with vain hopes: after being hailed with a transient joy, they passed away, one after another, and the same interminable expanse of sea and sky continued to extend before them. Even the bland and gentle breeze, uniformly aft, was now 'conjured by their ingenious fears into a cause of alarm; for they began to imagine that the wind in these seas might always prevail from the east, and if so, would never permit their return to Spain.

Columbus endeavored to dispel these gloomy 'presages, sometimes by argument and expostulation, sometimes by awakening fresh hopes and pointing out new signs of land. On the 20th of September the wind veered, with light breezes from the southwest. These,

though adverse to their progress, had a cheering effect upon the people, as they proved that the wind did not always prevail from the east. Several birds also visited the ships; three, of a small kind which keep about groves and orchards, came singing in the morning and flew away again in the evening. Their song cheered the hearts of the dismayed mariners, who hailed it as the voice of land. The larger fowl, they observed, were strong of wing and might venture far to sea; but such small birds were too feeble to fly far, and their singing showed that they were not exhausted by their flight.

On the following day there was either a profound calm or light winds from the southwest. The sea, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with weeds; a phenomenon, often observed in this part of the ocean, which has sometimes the appearance of a vast inundated meadow. This has been attributed to immense quantities of submarine plants, which grow at the bottom of the sea until ripe, when they are detached by the motion of the waves and currents, and rise to the surface. These fields of weeds were at first regarded with great satisfaction, but at length they became in many places so dense and matted as in some degree to impede the sailing of the ships, which must have been under very little headway. The crews now called to mind some tale about the frozen ocean, where ships were said to be sometimes fixed immovable. They endeavored, therefore, to avoid as much

as possible these floating masses, lest some disaster of the kind might happen to themselves. Others considered these weeds as proof that the sea was growing shallower, and began to talk of lurking rocks and shoals and treacherous quicksands; and of the danger of running aground, as it were, in the midst of the ocean, where their vessels might rot and fall to pieces, far out of the track of human aid and without any shore where the crews might take refuge. They had evidently some confused notion of the ancient story of the sunken island of *Atlantis*, and feared that they were arriving at that part of the ocean where navigation was said to be obstructed by drowned lands and the ruins of an ingulfed country.

To dispel these fears, the admiral had frequent recourse to the lead; but though he sounded with a deep-sea line, he still found no bottom. The minds of the crews, however, had gradually become diseased. They were full of vague terrors and superstitious fancies; they construed every thing into a cause of alarm and harassed their commander by incessant murmurs.

For three days there was a continuance of light summer airs from the southward and westward, and the sea was as smooth as a mirror. A whale was seen heaving up its huge form at a distance, which Columbus immediately pointed out as a favorable indication, affirming that these fish were generally in the neighborhood of land. The crews, however, became uneasy at the calm-

ness of the weather. They observed that the contrary winds which they experienced were transient and unsteady, and so light as not to ruffle the surface of the sea, which maintained a sluggish calm like a lake of dead water. Everything differed, they said, in these strange regions from the world to which they had been accustomed. The only winds which prevailed with any constancy and force, were from the east, and they had not power to disturb the torpid stillness of the ocean; there was a risk, therefore, either of perishing amid stagnant and shoreless waters, or of being prevented by contrary winds from ever returning to their native country.

Columbus continued with admirable patience to reason with these fancies; observing that the calmness of the sea must undoubtedly be caused by the vicinity of land in the quarter whence the wind blew, which therefore had not space sufficient to act upon the surface and heave up large waves. Terror, however, multiplies and varies the forms of ideal danger a thousand times faster than the most active wisdom can dispel them. The more Columbus argued, the more boisterous became the murmurs of his crew, until, on Sunday, the 25th of September, there came on a heavy swell of the sea, unaccompanied by wind. This phenomenon often occurs on the broad ocean; being either the expiring undulations of some past gale, or the movement given to the sea by some distant current of wind; it was nevertheless regarded

with astonishment by the mariners and dispelled the imaginary terrors occasioned by the calm.

Columbus, who as usual considered himself under the immediate eye and guardianship of Heaven in this solemn enterprise, intimates in his journal that this swelling of the sea seemed providentially ordered to allay the rising clamors of his crew; comparing it to that which so miraculously aided Moses when conducting the children of Israel out of the captivity of Egypt.

IV

The situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. In proportion as he approached the regions where he expected to find land, the impatience of his crews augmented. The favorable signs which increased his confidence, were derided by them as delusive; and there was danger of their rebelling, and obliging him to turn back, when on the point of realizing the object of all his labors. They beheld themselves with dismay still wafted onward over the boundless wastes of what appeared to them a mere watery desert surrounding the habitable world. What was to become of them should their provisions fail? Their ships were too weak and defective even for the great voyage they had already made, but if they were still to press forward, adding at every moment to the immense expanse behind them, how

should they ever be able to return, having no intervening port where they might victual and refit?

In this way they fed each other's discontents, gathering together in little knots and fomenting a spirit of mutinous opposition; and when we consider the natural fire of the Spanish temperament and its impatience of control and that a great part of these men were sailing on compulsion, we cannot wonder that there was imminent danger of their breaking forth into open rebellion and compelling Columbus to turn back. In their secret conferences they exclaimed against him as a desperado, bent upon doing something extravagant to render himself notorious. What were their sufferings and dangers to one evidently content to sacrifice his own life for the chance of distinction? What obligations bound them to continue on with him; or when were the terms of their agreement to be considered as fulfilled? They had already penetrated unknown seas, untraversed by a sail, far beyond where man had ever before ventured. They had done enough to gain themselves a character for courage and hardihood in undertaking such an enterprise and persisting in it so far. How much farther were they to go in quest of a merely conjectured land? Were they to sail on until they perished, or until all return became impossible? In such case they would be the authors of their own destruction.

On the other hand, should they consult their safety,

and turn back before too late, who would blame them? Any complaints made by Columbus would be of no weight; he was a foreigner, without friends or influence; his schemes had been condemned by the learned and discountenanced by people of all ranks. He had no party to uphold him, and a host of opponents whose pride of opinion would be gratified by his failure. Or, as an effectual means of preventing his complaints, they might throw him into the sea and give out that he had fallen overboard while busy with his instruments contemplating the stars; a report which no one would have either the inclination or the means to controvert.

Columbus was not ignorant of the mutinous disposition of his crew, but he still maintained a serene and steady countenance; soothing some with gentle words, endeavoring to stimulate the pride or avarice of others, and openly menacing the refractory with signal punishment, should they do anything whatever to impede the voyage.

On the 25th of September the wind again became favorable, and they were able to resume their course directly to the west. The airs being light and the sea calm, the vessels sailed near to each other, and Columbus had much conversation with Martin Alonzo Pinzon on the subject of a chart which the former had sent three days before on board of the Pinta. Pinzon thought that, according to the indications of the map, they ought to be

in the neighborhood of Cipango and the other islands which the admiral had therein delineated. Columbus partly entertained the same idea, but thought it possible that the ships might have been borne out of their track by the prevalent currents, or that they had not come so far as the pilots had reckoned. He desired that the chart might be returned, and Pinzon, tying it to the end of a cord, flung it on board to him. While Columbus, his pilot and several of his experienced mariners were studying the map and endeavoring to make out from it their actual position, they heard a shout from the *Pinta*, and looking up, beheld Martin Alonzo Pinzon mounted on the stern of his vessel crying "Land! land! Señor, I claim my reward!" He pointed at the same time to the southwest, where there was indeed an appearance of land at about twenty-five leagues' distance. Upon this Columbus threw himself on his knees and returned thanks to God; and Martin Alonzo repeated the Gloria in Excelsis, in which he was joined by his own crew and that of the admiral.

The seamen now mounted to the masthead or climbed about the rigging, straining their eyes in the direction pointed out. The conviction became so general of land in that quarter and the joy of the people so ungovernable, that Columbus found it necessary to vary from his usual course and stand all night to the southwest. The morning light, however, put an end to all their hopes, as



The Carracks of Columbus.

to a dream. The fancied land proved to be nothing but an evening cloud and had vanished in the night. With dejected hearts they once more resumed their western course, from which Columbus would never have varied, but in compliance with their clamorous wishes.

For several days they continued on with the same propitious breeze, tranquil sea and mild, delightful weather. The water was so calm that the sailors amused themselves with swimming about the vessel. Dolphins began to abound, and flying fish, darting into the air, fell upon the decks. The continued signs of land diverted the attention of the crews and insensibly beguiled them onward.

On the 1st of October, according to the reckoning of the pilot on the admiral's ship, they had come five hundred and eighty leagues west since leaving the Canary Islands. The reckoning which Columbus showed the crew was five hundred and eighty-four, but the reckoning which he kept privately was seven hundred and seven. On the following day the weeds floated from east to west; and on the third day no birds were to be seen.

The crews now began to fear that they had passed between islands, from one to the other of which the birds had been flying. Columbus had also some doubts of the kind, but refused to alter his westward course. The people again uttered murmurs and menaces; but on the following day they were visited by such flights of birds, and

the various indications of land became so numerous, that from a state of despondency they passed to one of confident expectation.

Eager to obtain the promised pension, the seamen were continually giving the cry of land on the least appearance of the kind. To put a stop to these false alarms, which produced continual disappointments, Columbus declared that should anyone give such notice and land not be discovered within three days afterward, he should thenceforth forfeit all claim to the reward.

V

On the evening of the 6th of October, Martin Alonzo Pinzon began to lose confidence in their present course, and proposed that they should stand more to the southward. Columbus, however, still persisted in steering directly west.

Observing this difference of opinion in a person so important in his squadron as Pinzon and fearing that chance or design might scatter the ships, he ordered that, should either of the caravels be separated from him, it should stand to the west and endeavor as soon as possible to join company again; he directed also that the vessels should keep near to him at sunrise and sunset, as at these times the state of the atmosphere is most favorable to the discovery of distant land.

On the morning of the 7th of October, at sunrise, sev-

eral of the admiral's crew thought they beheld land in the west, but so indistinctly that no one ventured to proclaim it, lest he should be mistaken and forfeit all chance of the reward; the Niña, however, being a good sailer, pressed forward to ascertain the fact. In a little while a flag was hoisted at her masthead, and a gun discharged, being the preconcerted signals for land. New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron, and every eye was turned to the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud-built hopes faded away, and before evening the fancied land had again melted into air.

The crews now sank into a degree of dejection proportioned to their recent excitement; but new circumstances occurred to arouse them. Columbus, having observed great flights of small field birds going toward the southwest, concluded they must be secure of some neighboring land, where they would find food and a resting place. He knew the importance which the Portuguese voyagers attached to the flight of birds, by following which they had discovered most of their islands. He had now come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which he had computed to find the island of Cipango; as there was no appearance of it, he might have missed it through some mistake in the latitude. He determined, therefore, on the evening of the 7th of October, to alter his course to the west-southwest, the direction in which the birds generally flew, and continue that direction for at least

two days. After all it was no great deviation from his main course and would meet the wishes of the Pinzons, as well as be inspiring to his followers generally.

For three days they stood in this direction, and the farther they went the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land. Flights of small birds of various colors, some of them such as sing in the fields, came flying about the ships, and then continued toward the southwest, and others were heard also flying by in the night. Tunny fish played about the smooth sea, and a heron, a pelican and a duck were seen, all bound in the same direction. The herbage which floated by was fresh and green, as if recently from land, and the air, Columbus observes, was sweet and fragrant as April breezes in Seville.

All these, however, were regarded by the crews as so many delusions beguiling them on to destruction; and when on the evening of the third day they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they broke forth into turbulent clamor. They exclaimed against this obstinacy in tempting fate by continuing on into a boundless sea. They insisted upon turning homeward and abandoning the voyage as hopeless. Columbus endeavored to pacify them by gentle words and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamor, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur, the expedition had been sent by the sover-

eigns to seek the Indies, and, happen what might, he was determined to persevere until by the blessing of God he should accomplish the enterprise.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately the manifestations of the vicinity of land were such on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Beside a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and above all a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *Salve Regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that after sailing westward seven hundred leagues they should not make

sail after midnight. Present appearances authorized such a precaution. He thought it probable they would make land that very night; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant lookout to be kept from the forecastle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

The breeze had been fresh all day with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the Pinta keeping the lead from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch. About ten o'clock he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Doubtful whether it might not yet be some delusion of the fancy, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the roundhouse the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterward in sudden and passing gleams;

as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and moreover that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land. It was first descried by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterward adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail and lay to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory durable as the world itself.

It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man, at such a moment; or the conjectures which must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He

thought too that he perceived the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light he had beheld proved it the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination was prone in those times to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as with his anxious crews he waited for the night to pass away, wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering ^vfanés, and gilded cities, and all the splendor of oriental civilization.

VI


It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from all parts of the woods and running to the shore. They were perfectly naked, and, as they stood gazing at the ships, appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment. Columbus made signal for the ships to cast

anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat richly attired in scarlet and holding the royal standard : while Martin Alonzo Pinzon and his brother put off in company in their boats, each with a banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross, having on either side the letters F and Y, the initials of the Castilian monarchs Fernando and Ysabel, surmounted by crowns.

As he approached the shore, Columbus, who was disposed for all kinds of agreeable impressions, was delighted with the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of the vegetation. He beheld also fruits of an unknown kind upon the trees which overhung the shores. On landing he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude. Columbus then rising drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and, assembling round him the two captains and the rest who had landed, he took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him as admiral and viceroy, representing the persons of the sovereigns.

The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They had recently considered themselves devoted men hurrying forward to destruction; they now looked upon themselves as favorites of fortune and gave themselves up to the most unbounded joy. They thronged around the admiral with overflowing zeal, some embracing him, others kissing his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged favors of him, as if he had already wealth and honors in his gift. Many abject spirits, who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched at his feet, begging pardon for all the trouble they had caused him and promising the blindest obedience for the future.

The natives of the island, when at the dawn of day they had beheld the ships hovering on their coast, had supposed them monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about apparently without effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colors, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue nor molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror



and approached the Spaniards with great awe, frequently prostrating themselves on the earth and making signs of adoration. During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained gazing in timid admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armor and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet and the deference which was paid him by his companions; all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus was pleased with their gentleness and confiding simplicity, and soon won them by his kindly bearing. They now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvelous beings were inhabitants of the skies.


The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing as they did from any race of men they had ever seen. Their appearance gave no promise of either wealth or civilization, for they were entirely naked and painted with a variety of colors. With some it was confined merely to a part of the face, the nose, or around the eyes; with others it extended to the whole body and gave them a wild and fantastic ap-

pearance. Their complexion was of a tawny, or copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their hair was not crisped, like the recently-discovered tribes of the African coast, under the same latitude, but straight and coarse, partly cut short above the ears, but some locks were left long behind and falling upon their shoulders. Their features, though obscured and disfigured by paint, were agreeable; they had lofty foreheads and remarkably fine eyes. They were of moderate stature and well shaped; most of them appeared to be under thirty years of age; there was but one female with them, quite young and beautifully formed.

As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives by the general name of Indians, which was universally adopted before the true nature of his discovery was known, and has since been extended to all the 'aboriginals of the New World.

The islanders were friendly and gentle. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint, or the teeth or bone of a fish. There was no iron to be seen, nor did they appear acquainted with its properties; for, when a drawn sword was presented to them, they unguardedly took it by the edge.

Columbus distributed among them colored caps, glass beads, hawks' bells and other trifles, such as the Portuguese were accustomed to trade with among the nations



of the gold coast of Africa. They received them eagerly, hung the beads round their necks, and were wonderfully pleased with their finery, and with the sound of the bells. The Spaniards remained all day on shore refreshing themselves, after their anxious voyage, amid the beautiful groves of the island, and returned on board late in the evening, delighted with all they had seen.

The island where Columbus had thus, for the first time, set his foot upon the New World, was called by the natives *Guanahane*. It still retains the name of *San Salvador*, which he gave to it, though called by the English *Cat Island*. The light which he had seen the evening previous to his making land, may have been on *Watling's Island*, which lies a few leagues to the east. *San Salvador* is one of the great cluster of the *Bahama Islands*, which stretch southeast and northwest, from the coast of *Florida* to *Hispaniola*, covering the northern coast of *Cuba*.


WASHINGTON IRVING

SAIL ON! SAIL ON!

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the 'Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave dashed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"



They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:

“This mad sea shows his teeth to-night;

He curls his lips, he lies in wait,

With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one good word:

What shall we do when hope is gone?”

The words leapt like a leaping sword:

“Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!”

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,

And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—

A light! A light! A light! A light!

It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!

It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.

He gained a world; he gave that world

Its grandest lesson: “On! sail on!”

JOAQUIN MILLER



KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

VOWELS

ā <i>as in</i> bāke	ō <i>as in</i> nōte
ă " făt	ö " nöt
â " căre	ô " bôrn
ã " cār	o " dọ
a " ăll	ó " lóve
â " lâst	oo " bōot
õ <i>as in</i> mō	öo " tōok
ö " mět	û <i>as in</i> cūte
ē " hēr	ü " cūt
ê " thêre	ú " bûrn
ī <i>as in</i> fīne	u " rųde
ı " fīn	ȳ <i>as in</i> trȳ
ı " bīrd	ÿ " storÿ

CONSONANTS

ç <i>as in</i> çent	ŋ <i>as in</i> ıŋk
eh " echorus	ş " haş
ğ " ğem	th " thın

.

VOCABULARY

ab ject': degraded; mean.

ab o rig'i nals: original, or first, inhabitants.

a byss': an unfathomed depth.

ad hère': to stick to; to hold to.

ad mo nĩ'tion: a warning.

Ae gæ'us (ē jē'us): The Aegean Sea, between Asia Minor and Greece.

aft'er math: a second mowing; grass which grows after the first crop of hay.

Ag'nĩ De'ĩ: plural of Agnus Dei; Latin for the Lamb of God. The lamb was made into a toy for children.

alpha and omega: the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet; the beginning and the end; all in all.

āl'pine staff: a cane or staff like those used in climbing the Alps.

Alvan dominion: the rule or dominion of Alva, a Spanish general, in Flanders.

a main': with full force.

am'a teur' năt'u ral ist: one who studies nature without making a profession of it.

An da lu'si a (än dā lū'the ä): a division of eight provinces in southern Spain.

ā'pex: top, or summit.

ap pre hen'sion: fear of future trouble.

Ar den nois' (Ar den nwor'): a native, or inhabitant, of Ardennes, in northeastern France.

Ar'is tot le (ār'is töt l): an ancient Greek philosopher (B. C. 384-322).

arms akimbo: elbows stuck out, with hands on hips.

As sump'tion: the taking up of the Virgin Mary into heaven.

as tound'ing: amazing; very surprising.

At a lăn'tis: a mythical island of the Atlantic, which is said to have sunk beneath the ocean.

a verred': declared; stated positively.

awe'some: expressive of awe or terror; inspiring awe or fear.

- bāl'lad ry:** ballad poems, adapted for recitation or singing.
 The ballad is composed of the burden, or thought, the refrain, or repetition, the culmination, or end of the thought, and the farewell, or envoi.
- bat'ten:** to fasten down.
- bee'tling:** jutting out; extending beyond the base.
- ben e dic'tion:** a blessing.
- Bēth'le hem:** the birthplace of the Christ; used here in a figurative sense.
- Black Hole of Calcutta:** a famous dungeon in India where a number of British soldiers died for lack of fresh air.
- Black'stock's:** a place in South Carolina where the Americans under Sumter defeated the British under Tarleton.
- blā'zon ry:** display (by means of architecture, sculpture, etc.).
- boo'by:** a swimming bird found in the West Indies.
- bōw'sprit:** a spar, projecting over the bow of a vessel, to carry a sail forward.
- Brä bän tois' (twör):** a native or inhabitant of Brabant.
- broadside on:** with the side to the wind and waves.
- buc ca neer':** a pirate; a robber upon the sea.
- bulk'heads:** partitions in a vessel, to separate apartments on the same deck.
- cal'dron:** a large kettle or boiler.
- Calvary in wax:** an ornament in wax, representing the crucifixion of Christ.
- cant hook:** an iron hook used for turning over heavy logs.
- cant'ing:** tilting over.
- cap'stan:** a machine for raising an anchor or moving heavy weights.
- cas to're um:** a bitter substance, of strong odor, found in the beaver.
- cas tel la'ted rocks:** broken and rugged rocks, shaped like the turrets of a castle.
- cat's-paw:** a slight ripple on the surface of water during a calm at sea.
- caud'al ap pend'age:** the tail.

cen time' (sǒn teem') : the one hundredth part of a franc.

Christ-child: used in the sense of St. Nicholas or Santa Claus.

ġi cā'da: a large insect related to the seventeen-year locust.

cir'cu la to ry ap pa rā'tus: organs for the circulation of air and blood in the body.

ġir cum spec'tion: c a u t i o n ; watchfulness.

cir'cus: among the ancient Romans, a level, oblong space for races, fights and games. The sanded area in the central part was called the arena.

City of Rū'bens: Antwerp; Rubens was a famous Flemish painter.

cōl'za: a kind of cabbage.

cōmb'ing: breaking with white foam.

Com'mo dus: Roman emperor (A. D. 161-192).

companion ladder: the ladder leading to the quarter-deck.

con ġer'to: a sort of music or tune.

cōn'ic al: shaped like a cone.

con'jured (kūn'jŭrd) : charmed.

con ster na'tion: fright; horror.

con'tro vert: to dispute.

Co per'ni cus: a distinguished astronomer, who first taught that the sun, and not the earth, is the center of the solar system.

cō'quet ries: trifles in love; attempts to attract admiration or love.

cōr'a cle: a boat made by covering a wicker frame with skins or oilcloth.

cov'et ous ness: too great desire for riches or money.

cox'swain: the steersman of a boat.

crē'dence: belief; confidence.

cross'trees': pieces of timber at right angles to a masthead.

crōtch'et: a mere fancy; a whim.

crū'ġi ble: a melting-pot.

cūn'jŭr: the word used by negroes in the South for "conjure"; a "cunjur" man is one supposed to have magic powers.

da'is: a platform slightly raised above the floor.

de līn'e ate: to describe.

dēp re cā'ting ly: in a disproving manner.

des per ā'do: a ruffian; a reckless, furious man.

de spond'en cy: discouragement; depression of mind.

des'pot: a tyrant; one who rules regardless of law.

de vōt'ed: consecrated to, or set aside for, a purpose.

dough'ty: able; strong.

doused: lowered in haste, as a sail.

down'haul': a rope used in hauling down a sail.

Dru'id: The Druids were the priests of ancient Briton and Gaul. Their rites were performed in forests and caves.

dugout canoe: a canoe or boat dug out from a large log.

east'ing: veering from the north or south to the east.

ef fer vēs'cent: bubbling.

Elevation and Descent from the Cross: two great pictures by Rubens. The one

represents the raising of the cross upon which the Christ was crucified; the other, the taking down of the body of the Christ after his death.

el lipse': an oval figure, bounded by a regular curve.

en'sign: a standard bearer.

en thrall'ing: enslaving; making a captive of.

ep'ī taph: inscription on a tomb.

ēquiv o ca'tion: the use of expressions or words with a purpose to mislead.

es say': to try; to make experiment of.

es'tu a ry: a passage (as the mouth of a river) where the tide meets the current; an arm of the sea.

Eu bæ'a (ū bē'a): an island in the Aegean Sea.

ē vin'cing: showing clearly.

Execution Dock: a place in England where pirates were executed, or hanged.

ex'it: a departure; a going out.

ex'o dus: a going out or away.

Family in the chapel: (see note under St. Jacques).

fānes: temples; churches.

Feast of the Kings: Epiphany, when is celebrated the visit of the three wise men of the East, sometimes called the kings, to the child Jesus.

fell off and filled again: fell to leeward and her sails filled again.

flagons of Teniers (ten'yerz), **Mieris** (mee'ris) and **Van Tal:** flagons like those painted by these Dutch and Flemish artists.

Flem'ing: a native or inhabitant of Flanders; here means a dog of Flanders.

fo ment'ing: cherishing and promoting; encouraging.

fore'cas'tle (fōre'kās'l): deck of a vessel forward of the foremast.

franc: a French coin, worth about nineteen cents.

Gates of Hercules: the Strait of Gibraltar.

gē'nī ī: good or evil spirits; supernatural beings.

glad'i a tor: one who fought in public in the days of ancient Rome.

Glō'rī a in Ex cel'sis: Glory (to God) on High; a part of the mass.

Gōl gōth'a: the place where Christ was crucified.

Gua dal qui ver' (gwä däl ke-vēr'): a river in Spain.

Gua'na ha'ne (gwä'nä hä'nē): the Indian name for the island of San Salvador.

gun'wale (gun'nel): upper edge of a vessel's side.

hāl'yards: ropes or tackles for hoisting yards, sails, flags, etc.

här'bīngers: signs; forerunners.

hard upon the scratches: hard up for food for men and horses.

haws'er: a large rope, by means of which a vessel is anchored.

helm hard-port: helm toward the port or left.

Hěl'vyn: Switzerland.

hēr'it age: an inheritance.

hob: a shelf by the side of the fireplace where things are kept warm.

hold in fee: to own.

Huel'va (wělvā): a town in southeastern Spain on an inlet of the Atlantic Ocean.

hung in irons: had the yards so braced that the sails pulled different ways.

hus'band man: a farmer; a tiller of the ground.

il lim'it a ble: incapable of being limited or bounded.

im pen'e tra ble: incapable of being entered or penetrated.

in ci'sors: teeth adapted for cutting.

in cite'ment: encouragement; incentive.

in com mōde': to disturb; to put to inconvenience.

in com'pa ra ble: not comparable; matchless.

in cum'brance: a burdensome load; a hindrance.

in den ta'tions: notches or depressions.

indomitable spirit of avarice: untamable greed for wealth.

in fal'li bly: certainly; unerringly.

in junc'tion: an order; a command.

in tol'er a ble: not to be tolerated or endured.

in un da'tion: flood.

in vet'er ate: old; long-established.

ī rōn'ī cal ly: in a manner meaning the opposite of what is said.

Isaak Walton: a famous English writer on fishing.

jib boom: a spar or boom which serves as an extension of the bowsprit.

Jordaens (yor'dans) and the **Vān Eycks** (vān iks): Jordaens was an assistant of Rubens. The Van Eycks, two Flemish painters, were brothers who lived two centuries before Rubens.

Ker'messe: an outdoor festival or fair.

kin'der gar'ten: from two German words meaning "child-garden"; a school for very young children.

kir'tle: a garment with a skirt; a frock.

knight'-er-rant: champion; lover.

knuc'kle: the knee joint or middle joint.

Kyr'ie Elei'son (kĭr'ī ē ē lī'son): Two Greek words for "Lord, have mercy," the beginning of a response in the Litany.

la teen' sails: triangular sails.

lay the ship to: to place the ship in such a position that the sails do not catch the wind.

lāv'ing: drooping; hanging down in the water.

lead'er: a short line of catgut or horsehair by which the fly hook is attached to the fishing line.

league: here, about four miles; in the "First Voyage of Columbus" the word means a little over three miles.

light-re frac'tion: change in the direction of the rays of light when they enter the water.

Long Tom: the cannon on the ship.

loon: a web-footed water bird.

Lord Pâr'a mount: king or ruler.

Low Countries: the Netherlands.

lōw'er ing: dark and sullen-looking.

luff: to turn the head of a vessel toward the wind; to sail nearer the wind.

lū'rid: pale yellow; ghastly pale.

lush: full of juice; rich.

made more leeway: made more way toward the lee, or in the direction toward which the wind blows.

Ma don'na: a picture of the Virgin Mary.

main: the sea or ocean.

mainsail and two jibs: the principal sail on a ship, and two triangular sails set upon a stay extending from the foremast to the bowsprit or jib boom.

mal e dic'tion: a cursing.

Mangi and Cathay: Cathay, as described by Marco Polo, was another name for China;

- Mangi**, the southern part of China.
- manifest symptoms of consternation**: symptoms or signs of fright that were evident.
- Mâr'a thon**: a plain in Greece, where the Persians were defeated B. C. 490.
- mâr a vē'dī**: a small Spanish coin, now worth about three mills.
- Mar'co Po'lo**: a Venetian traveler of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.
- märe'schal**: a marshal; a military officer of high rank.
- Martin Behem** (bā'hēm): a German navigator, astronomer and geographer (1459-1506).
- mäss**: a form of worship in the Roman Catholic church.
- med i ta'tive ly**: musingly; thoughtfully.
- Mi'nor îte**: a Franciscan friar.
- missed stays**: failed in his efforts.
- mizzen shrouds**: ropes in the stern of the ship.
- mo mën'tous**: important in results.
- mo răss'**: a marsh.
- My cæ'ne** (my cē'ně): a city of ancient Greece.
- myr'i ads**: many tens of thousands; a countless number.
- mys'ter ies**: here means the secret or mysterious things of Nature.
- mys'ter y**: a deep secret; something beyond the human understanding; here means the mystery of death.
- nar cōt'ic**: usually, a drug that puts to sleep, or relieves pain.
- Nō'el**: the French term for Christmas or the Nativity of the Christ.
- ob'se quies**: ceremonies pertaining to burial; the last duty rendered to one after his death; funeral rites.
- Œ'ta** (e'ta): a mountain chain in Greece.
- om'i nous ly**: in a foreboding manner.
- Pa trasche'**: pronounced pǎ-trōsh'.

pā'tri arch (ark): a venerable old man.

pāt'ri mō ny: an estate inherited from an ancestor; an inheritance.

Pau'lo Tos ca nel'li (tōs kanel'lee): an Italian astronomer who wrote to Columbus, about 1474, advocating a shorter route to China by sailing westward. Died 1482.

Pe'lops: here used to mean Greece.

pelts: skins with the hair on.

per tī nā'cious and in tract'able: persevering and hard to govern.

pet'u lant ly: fretfully; crossly.

phe nōm'e nōn: an extraordinary thing or occurrence.

pin'na cles: heights; lofty peaks.

plash'y: watery; splashy.

poop: a deck raised above the after part of the vessel.

port tack: the run of a vessel to the leeward or left.

pos'set: a drink composed of hot curdled milk.

prē'sages: presentiments; here

means fears of coming evil or harm.

prē ter nat'u ral: different from what is natural; very uncommon.

prim'ing: the combustible used to communicate fire to a charge of gunpowder.

prismatic colors: colors of the rainbow; colors made by the passage of light through a prism.

pro pī'tious (shūs): favorable; kind.

punch'eon: about one hundred gallons.

pup'pet: a small image; a doll; a person controlled by another.

Pū'rī tan: here used to mean a descendant of the early settlers of New England.

Quen'tin Mat'sys (māt'sīs): a blacksmith who afterward became a famous painter. Close by the cathedral is an old well with a wrought iron canopy, the work of his hands.

Ră ol con'da: a place famous for its precious stones.

rec on noi'ter: to make an examination before taking action.

re doubt'ed: formidable.

refractory fire: a fire slow to kindle or burn.

re nun cî a'tion: a formal refusal of, or withdrawal from (the right to be king).

reptile ancestors: the kingfisher is descended from a prehistoric bird with a lizard-like tail. It builds its nest in a hole in an embankment or cliff.

re veil le' (rěv a lě'): morning summons by beat of drum, or bugle blast.

re verb er a'tion: sound echoed back.

Rhěn'ish: Rhenish wine, or wine made from grapes grown on the banks of the Rhine.

roll'ers: one of a series of long, heavy waves rolling in upon a coast.

saint's day: it is the custom in some countries to celebrate

the day of the patron saint of a person; also called the "name day."

Săl'vă Rē gî'na: Latin words for "Hail, Queen," the beginning of a hymn to the Virgin Mary.

samp: food made of broken corn; coarse hominy.

săn'guîne (gwîn): full of hope; confident.

să'trap: governor of a province.

saun'ter: to wander.

să'vo ry: pleasing to the organs of smell or taste.

scoff of sages: the sages, or wise men, had scoffed, or laughed, at the theory of Columbus that he could reach Asia by sailing westward.

scud: vapory clouds blown by the wind.

scup'pers: opening in a ship's bulwarks to carry off water falling on deck.

scut'tled: ran; went rapidly.

sea gully: a large knife.

seer: one who foresees events; a prophet.

se ñor' (să nyōr'): Spanish title corresponding to *Mr.* or *Sir.*

- sign articles:** make an agreement with each other.
- sin'ew y:** firm; tough.
- sou:** a French copper coin, worth about one cent.
- sparred gallery:** a passageway in a ship.
- spiry lightning:** lightning in long, snake-like forms.
- spurned:** pushed aside.
- starboard and larboard:** to put the helm to the right and left.
- stern bulwarks:** the sides of a ship above the deck at the stern, or rear.
- Stir'ia:** a mountainous country located between Austria and Hungary.
- St. Jacques (sǎn zhǎc):** The Rubens chapel is in this church. Here Rubens was buried, and the altar-piece is a fine Madonna by the painter, in which the attendant figures are said to contain family portraits, St. George being Rubens.
- strand'ed:** beached; run aground.
- strike:** here means to quit; to surrender.
- sub al'tern:** an inferior in office; one holding a lower position.
- sugared saints and gilded images:** sweets and toys for children, representing saints.
- sub ma rine' (reen):** under the water.
- sũc'cors:** persons that bring relief.
- su per sti'tion:** religious veneration for unworthy objects.
- summary martial law:** swift punishment without legal trial.
- su per vène':** to come upon or over (him).
- tǎn'trum:** a burst of ill-humor.
- Těm'pě:** a mountain pass leading to ancient Greece; here used to mean Greece.
- ten'drils:** slender, leafless portions of a plant attaching it to a supporting body.
- thrall:** captive.
- thwart:** seat in an open boat reaching from one side of the boat to the other.

tithe: a tenth part; a tax; usually applied to the taxes paid to the clergy or the church.

tōc'sin: an alarm bell; an instrument for sounding an alarm.

Tō'ries: those Americans who took sides with the British in the Revolutionary War.

trans fig'ure: to give an ideal form to; to change to something glorious.

trāv'ail: labor with pain.

treas ure-trove: here means a present or treasure, in token of affection.

tunny fish: a large fish of the mackerel family.

turn'spit: one who turns a spit, or rod for holding meat while roasting.

um'ber: a brown pigment obtained from clays.

un'du la ting: rising and falling like waves.

u surp'er: one who seizes power unlawfully.

vap'id: dull; spiritless.

ve lōc'i ty: swiftness.

ves'pers: the evening song or service in the church.

wake: track left by a vessel moving through the water.

water breaker: the receptacle holding the drinking water on a vessel.

weltering splash: a splash of the water rolling or tumbling.

Westminster Abbey: the famous English abbey in London, where the kings and queens, and many distinguished citizens, of England are buried.

wharf'in ger: one in charge of a wharf.

wil'lis-whis'tler: the piper.

wind's eye: directly toward the point from which the wind blows.

yawed: veered, or turned, out of her course, or path.

youn'ker (yun'ker): a young person; a youngster.

NOTES

Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg is regarded as one of the great masterpieces in rhetorical art. On November 19, 1863, a part of the battlefield of Gettysburg, Pa., was set apart as a cemetery for the Union soldiers who were killed in that battle. Hon. Edward Everett was the orator of the occasion, and President Lincoln was asked to "set apart the grounds with a few appropriate remarks." Edward Everett's great oration is forgotten; but it is doubtful if these impressive words of Abraham Lincoln will ever die.

An Army of Two is a selection from "Horse Shoe Robinson," a story of the Revolutionary War, by John P. Kennedy (1795-1870). The hero, Robinson, was nicknamed "Horse Shoe" because at the opening of the war he had been a blacksmith. He is an excellent type of the sturdy fighters who helped to win the independence of this country from Great Britain. The rough but strong hero has many thrilling adventures, while the strife between the Patriots and Tories is vividly told by the author. The story gives a faithful picture of life in the Carolinas and Virginia in the dark days of 1780.

Just before the opening of the selection in this book Robinson had narrowly escaped being captured by a party of Tories. He now decides to do some capturing himself.

The Capture of the Hispaniola is taken from "Treasure Island," which was written by Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) for the entertainment of his stepson.

The hero of the story finds a map in a sailor's old trunk in the "Admiral Benbow," a lodging-house in England. This map shows that on a distant island is secreted the ill-gotten treasure of Flint, a pirate who is dead. Preparations are made to fit

out a ship and crew to search for the treasure. One of those in the secret talks too freely, and in consequence more than half the crew, headed by Silver, who had been a pirate with Flint, now ship on the *Hispaniola* with the purpose of seizing the vessel, killing its owners and getting the treasure for themselves. Captain Smollett, a stern but honest man, is placed in command of the ship. The hero accidentally discovers the plot of the pirates just before the island is reached. The owners, with all the honest men on board, manage to get to land with the map, leaving the pirates to seize the ship and raise the black flag.

On the island the hero finds Ben Gunn, who had been left on the island by Flint and Silver, and who knows where the treasure is. He hates and fears Silver, and makes terms with the hero. Being tired of the old fort where he had been for some days, the hero slips away from his friends and makes a tour of the coast. He finally discovers Gunn's boat, and here the selection begins.

Robert Bruce is from Walter Scott's (1771-1832) "*Tales of a Grandfather*," which was dedicated to his little grandson. These tales of Scottish history have proven of fascinating interest to thousands of people, and make excellent reading for children.

The Pass of Thermopylæ is from "*A Book of Golden Deeds*," by Charlotte M. Yonge (1823-18—), who wrote numerous volumes of history for young people. "*A Book of Golden Deeds*" has probably been the most popular of her books for the young, and is still widely read.

This story should be read with a map of ancient Greece at hand, so that the various places mentioned may be located and the plan of Leonidas fully understood.

The Alamo was an old mission established in San Antonio in 1744 by the Roman Catholics. Alamo, in Spanish, means "popular tree." The mission was so named because it was built in a grove of poplars.

In 1836 Texas belonged to Mexico. When the Texans rebelled against Mexican domination and declared for independence, the Mexicans, under Santa Anna, marched against San Antonio, which was held by Colonel Travis with a small body of troops. When the red flag of the Mexicans, meaning death to every Texan, was seen, Travis quickly prepared to defend the Alamo. After many days of fighting, Travis called his men around him, and said to them that to remain longer in the fort meant death to all; that anyone who wished might leave; as for himself, he would stay and die for Texas. Drawing a line on the ground with his sword, he told all who wished to stay with him to come across the line. Every man at once leaped across it except Colonel Bowie, who, being too sick to walk, begged the men to lift him across, which was at once done.

In the final attack, which lasted for hours, the loss of the Mexicans was enormous. But their overwhelming numbers at last overcame the brave defenders, and every man was killed.

Upon the cenotaph at Austin is the following tribute to these heroes: "Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none."

Little Crotchet is taken from "Aaron in the Wildwoods," by Joel Chandler Harris, who has written so many delightful books for the young. Among these are "The Story of Aaron," "Mr. Rabbit at Home," "Nights With Uncle Remus," and "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings."

Aaron, the son of Ben Ali, is an Arab slave who ran away from a cruel master and was finally purchased by the father of Little Crotchet. There had for a long time been a deep affection between Little Crotchet and Aaron. On account of his mysterious ways and his power over animals, Aaron was thought by the negroes to be a conjurer.

The First Voyage of Columbus is a selection from the "Life of Christopher Columbus," by Washington Irving (1783-1859). The beginning and growth of Columbus's theory of a western route to India, and the eighteen years' struggle for the means to test its truth, make, as related by this charming writer, one of the most interesting and inspiring chapters in history.

Columbus had asked aid of the King of Portugal, who, after finding out the plans of Columbus, secretly fitted out an expedition to test their merit. The expedition accomplished nothing, but Columbus was so angered by this treatment that he left Portugal and appealed to Ferdinand and Isabella, the King and Queen of Spain, and after years of struggle secured their aid. "Let those who are disposed to faint under difficulties," says Irving, "remember that eighteen years elapsed after the time that Columbus conceived his enterprise before he was enabled to carry it into effect; that the greater part of that time was passed in almost hopeless solicitation, amidst poverty, neglect and taunting ridicule; that the prime of his life had wasted away in the struggle, and that, when his perseverance was finally crowned with success, he was about his fifty-sixth year. His example should encourage the enterprising never to despair."

Even after obtaining the aid and consent of Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus had great difficulty in securing ships and men, as the enterprise was considered by many as utterly foolhardy. It became necessary for the King and Queen of Spain to order that ships and men be seized and forced into service.

The selection opens with the sailing of Columbus from the coast of Spain with three ships—the Santa Maria, commanded by Columbus; the Pinta, commanded by Martin Pinzon, and the Niña, commanded by Vincent Pinzon.



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